Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 21, 1944

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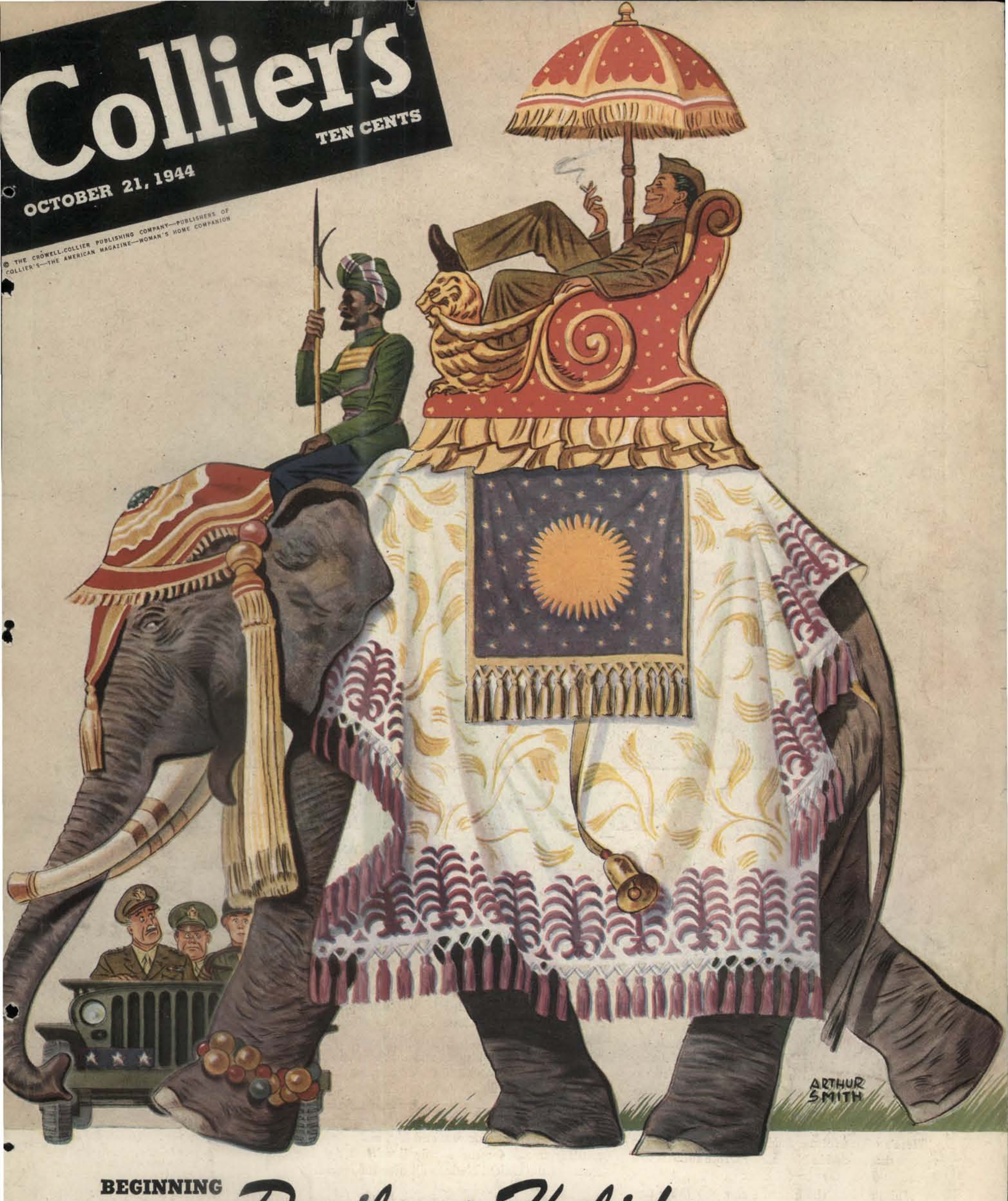

BEGINNING *Perilous Holida*

A Serial Full of Mirth and Romance • By

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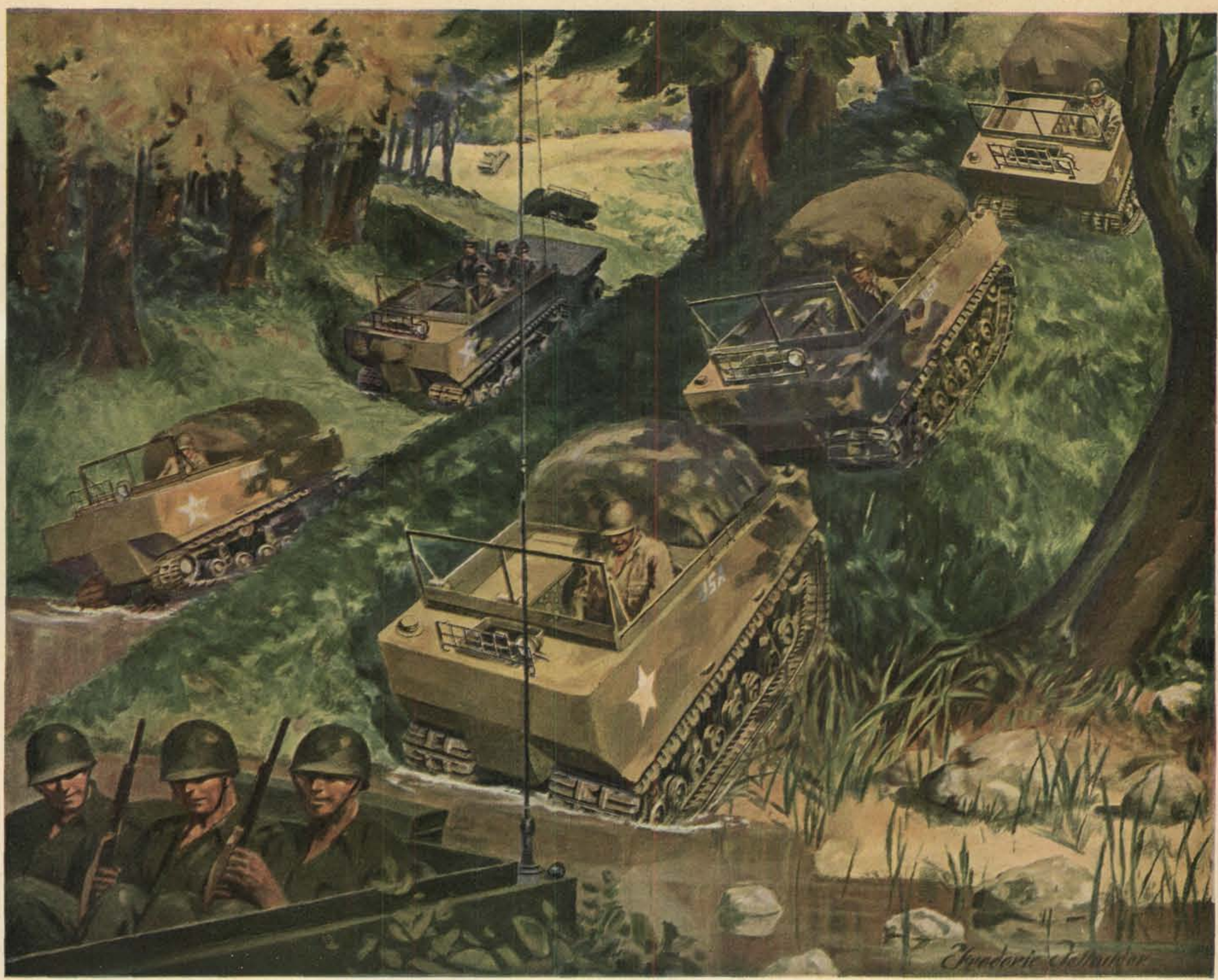

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THIS versatile new cargo and personnel carrier, nicknamed the Weasel, is officially designated by the Army as the M-29.

Brainchild of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, the War Department and Studebaker engineers, the Weasel is powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine. It's built in the Studebaker factories under contract with the Ordnance Department, Army Service Forces.

Here's what a former Studebaker man among the troops that landed in Normandy wrote about it to a friend in the factory back home:

"While still on the beach, I saw one thing that made me feel good and think of you guys. It was a Studebaker Weasel going up and down between all the fire carrying wounded boys to a hospital area. That work of you fellows helped to save many a soldier's life."

Like a weasel in stealth and swiftness, in sure-footed movement on all kinds of terrain, this new vehicle adds a third major unit of military equipment to a list of Studebaker wartime manufacturing assignments that includes Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress and big, multiple-drive military trucks for the supply lines and fighting fronts of the United Nations all over the world.

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Speed up your bond purchases now. Encourage our men and women in uniform. Every $3 you invest brings you back $4.

HOLD ON TO EVERY BOND!

Women!

Count these months in lives—not days

LIVES! Lives of American men . . . lives of the **men of your own family** . . . the boy engaged to that girl down the street, the freckle-faced kid **who used to deliver your groceries**, the youngster who whistled while he worked in the corner drugstore, the husband of your best and oldest friend . . . every man in a uniform.

LIVES! That's the measure of time in days of war. How many of them will it cost America to win the victory? How many will be lost? No one knows. But this is certain: the more women who join those already at work—take a war job, enlist in the armed services—the better chance these men will have to live.

For the truth is this: we **cannot allow** war production to lag without paying a fearful price in casualties. The serious shortage of manpower in war plants and necessary civilian work threatens the success of our military forces.

It comes right down to that!

Count these months in *lives*—not days—and no decent American woman will evade her obligation.

* * *

REMEMBER that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference. In most communities there's a job waiting for you.

Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—the armed services—in the hundreds of different-type jobs in essential business—you are needed to overcome this desperate emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in your newspapers—visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends. Act today!

The more women at war—the sooner we'll win

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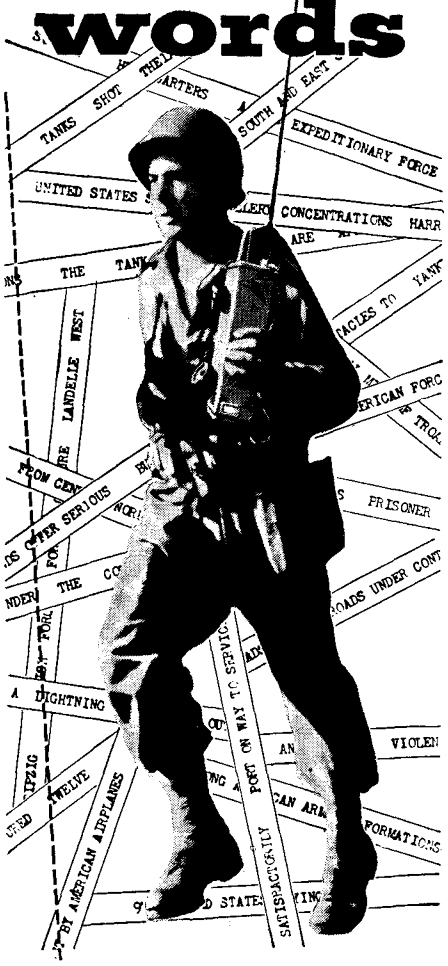

ONE DAY'S WORK FOR
OUR HEROIC SIGNAL CORPS

Every day, in every battle zone, men of the heroic Signal Corps send millions of words by radiotelephone to report vital combat results. With front line troops, where the going is toughest, the Signal Corps uses the Motorola "Handie Talkie," a portable, two-way, radiotelephone system, complete in a package no larger than a cracker box.

The operator talks, giving information and listens, receiving instructions. The "Handie Talkie," the *"fightingest radio"* in the Army, is an exclusive development of Motorola engineers. It is another Motorola Radio First, and, when Victory is won, there will be vitally new Firsts in Motorola Radios for home and car.

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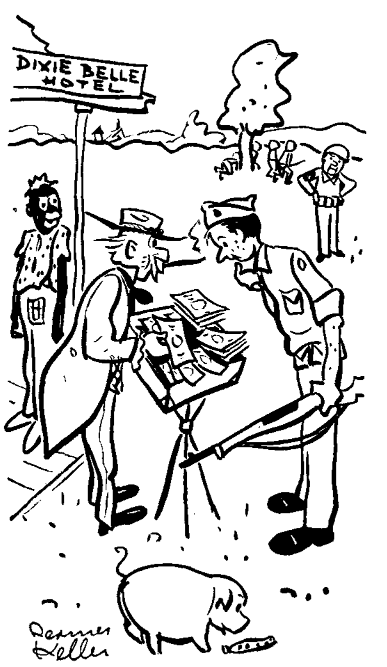
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

YOU'LL be glad to know that in the Deep South, Confederate money is rapidly going to par. Our agents report that in the early Army training days, bales of Confederacy shinplasters were hauled out of Dixie attics and sold to souvenir-hungry Yanks. The supply didn't last long, and the industry was just about petered out when more turned up mysteriously and in vast quantity. Today the old Secesh dollars are selling for six bits and going up. We hear that there's a concern known as the Confederate Money Manufacturing Company doing a grand business. Colonel Bill Trainchen notifies us that one of his kids sent some home in a letter, which explained it thus: "This is the kind of money they were using down here years ago when they were fighting Massachusetts."

COLONEL DUDLEY HADDOCK of Sarasota, Florida, the only man we know who ever delivered a Fourth of July oration (one hour) without taking his pipe out of his mouth, advises us that a ration board official whom he knows is about to be fired by Washington. Seems that this individual issued a tire certificate to an applicant that was nothing but a sugar-ration card with the word "sugar" blocked out and "tire" typed in. When his superiors called him to account he said that he was simply trying to save the government a little money by avoiding the necessity of having more tire certificates printed when there were thousands of sugar certificates at hand—both certificates being identical. The colonel reports that the fellow was sharply rebuked by his immediate superiors who said that the war could not be won by saving pennies and that the final decision in his case would have to come from Washington.



A NOTE from Mr. O. M. Cheeseman of Hanford, Washington, arrived just as we got into the office with the assistance of our cane. We read, sent our secretary out for a nail and proceeded at once to drive the nail onto the end of our cane. Mr. Cheeseman's note tells us that, out where he lives, men are getting eleven dollars a day and fifteen on Saturdays for spearing stray paper with spiked sticks.

BEFORE becoming profound, we shall dispose of a few bits of intelligence from here and there. On the door of a washroom in an airplane plant on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Jim Marshall read the following notice: "Out to work—back in ten minutes." This set Mr. Marshall to thinking. As he thought, he walked the streets, his brow furrowed, his hands locked behind his back. This fetched him to a furniture store which had succumbed to the Hollywood spirit. This store dealt in unpainted stuff. There was a sign in the window: "Furniture in the Nude."

SEVERAL of our more thoughtful readers, having read plenty about what should be done with Hitler and his associate hoodlums (if they lack the guts to do it themselves), are pondering the fate of those most miserable creatures, the Americans who have been working for the Nazis in Berlin, broadcasting Fascism for Doctor Goebbels, hysterically screaming the praises of der Fuehrer. What's to be done, they demand, with the Joyces, the Bests, the Drexels and their fellow unfortunates? Of course we don't know. But we object a little to the tendency of our readers to call them traitors. The word is weak, inadequate, even too dignified. Drop in some day and we'll tell

(Continued on page 81)

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"WE'D RATHER SAY *YES*"

We don't like to tell people that they'll have to wait to get a home telephone. We'd much rather say "yes" to requests for service. That's the way it always used to be.

But the needs of war still have first claim on available telephone equipment and on telephone manufacturing facilities and manpower. Delays in filling civilian orders just can't be helped.

All of us telephone people sincerely appreciate your patience and understanding in this war emergency.

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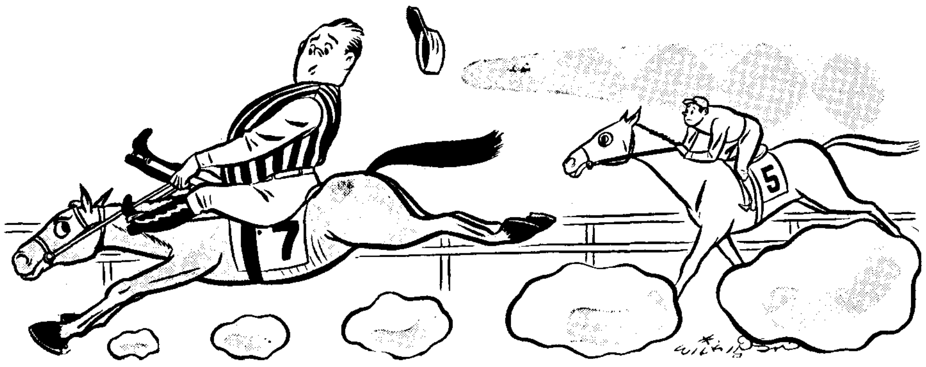

FRITZ WILKINSON

by Freling Foster

At American race tracks, the weight assigned to each horse by the handicapper varies not only with the animal's age and sex, but also with the length of the race and the month of the year. For instance, a two-year-old gelding, in a race of six furlongs, carries only 84 pounds in April, but 111 pounds, or 32 per cent more weight, in November. When this animal is five years old, these weights are, respectively, 132 and 130 pounds.

A recent survey of the voting ages in 80 countries shows that they are based on many factors—sex, literacy, marital condition, war service, and whether or not the citizens are taxpayers, state employees or members of a certain cult. While the minimum voting age in most countries is 18 years, it is as high as 30 years in several others, such as Rumania.

The fishing fish, a species of *Lasiognathus* found at great depths in the Atlantic, is equipped by nature with a fisherman's outfit. From the forehead of this four-inch creature extends a rod and line of the same length, made of cartilage, at the end of which are three illuminated horny hooks that serve to lure as well as to capture smaller fish for food.

Names identifying persons as inhabitants of American cities have no definite principles governing their formation. For example, persons living in Kansas City are known as Kansas Citians, those living in Jersey City as Jersey Cityites, and those in Salt Lake City as Salt Lakers. Others borrow their names from abroad, such as the people of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who call themselves Cantabrigians after those living in Cambridge, England.—*By Capt. Irving T. Duke, Washington, D. C.*

The "odograph," a new U.S. Army device now installed in jeeps, automatically makes a road map of the course traveled by the car on a reconnaissance trip. On any predetermined scale ranging from 1 to 20,000 and 1 to 500,000 the device plots the exact distance traveled in all directions, including small curves, by means of an odometer and an electronic magnetic compass.

A number of hospitals in Russia now test the blood of all patients upon their arrival and, if it is not diseased, it is drawn off, in case of death, within six minutes, and prepared for future use.

A new fountain pen, whose pen point is a ball bearing, uses a special gelatinous ink, one filling of which will last about six months. . . . To keep out jitterbugs and other acrobatic exhibitionists, a New York City dance hall admits only men and women over 28 years of age.

A California corporation employee, whose legs were paralyzed as the result of a fall while he was boarding a streetcar, has cost his company $63,500 in medical care alone in the past nine years, probably the largest sum of its kind ever paid under a workmen's compensation law.—*By Paul Scharrenberg, San Francisco, Cal.*

The first woman to be nominated for President of the United States was Victoria Claflin Woodhull, who headed the ticket of the Equal Rights Party in 1872; and the second and last woman so honored was Belva Lockwood, who was the choice of this same party in both 1884 and 1888.—*By Phebe A. Ward, City Island, N. Y.*

Few ominous experiences have caused the superstitious Hitler more concern than the one that occurred when he was about to lay the cornerstone of a Munich art gallery on October 15, 1933. After the chairman had stated that the ceremony was the "sign and symbol of the future of the Nazi movement," Hitler stepped forward and, in delivering the first blow on the stone, broke the silver hammer in two. Obviously extremely shocked and upset, he resumed his seat without uttering a single word.

In the past six months, Great Britain has produced no notes of a denomination higher than five pounds or $20, while the United States has issued about $900,000,000 wortn of currency in $50, $100, $500 and $1,000 bills.

Since 1928, some promising experiments have been made to produce hybrid trees that will grow faster than the natural strains and provide quick-growing crops for pulpwood and other special products. Today, in one experimental area in the state of Maine, there are 10,000 hybrid poplars which grow from two to three times as fast as do the native poplars.

Until a few years ago in Jutland, Denmark, members of a small country church always bowed to a blank white wall at its entrance as they passed in and out. No one knew the reason for this custom, which had been followed for generations, until a curious Copenhagen scientist came to investigate it and found, under the wall's white coating, a picture of the Madonna that had evidently been obliterated early in the 16th century, during the Reformation.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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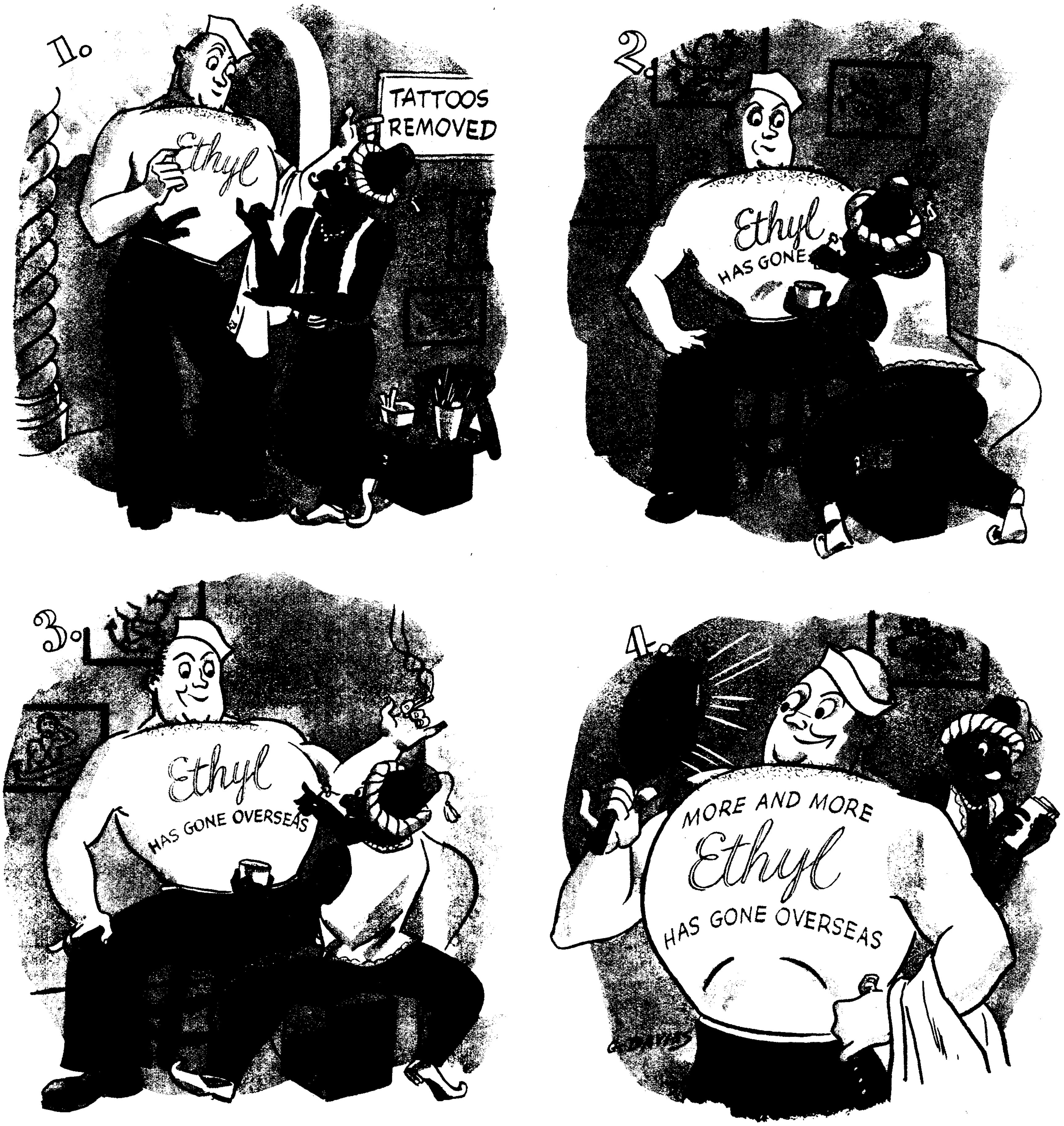

IT SEEMS there was a sailor who couldn't explain "Ethyl" to Ethel. She wouldn't believe that Ethyl was strictly official business for him—the name of the aviation gasoline he has been ferrying overseas.

Maybe this will square him. Ethyl is the antiknock fluid used to step up every gallon of fighting gasoline shipped out of the U.S.A. According to the last official statement we heard, something like sixteen million gallons of aviation gasoline a day are being improved with Ethyl.

That is a lot of Ethyl—and the big reason why Ethel and the other folks back home often can't get Ethyl for their cars. Government agencies placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use to make sure that military demands would be met in full.

Considering who is using most of the Ethyl these days, mighty few people would want it any other way.

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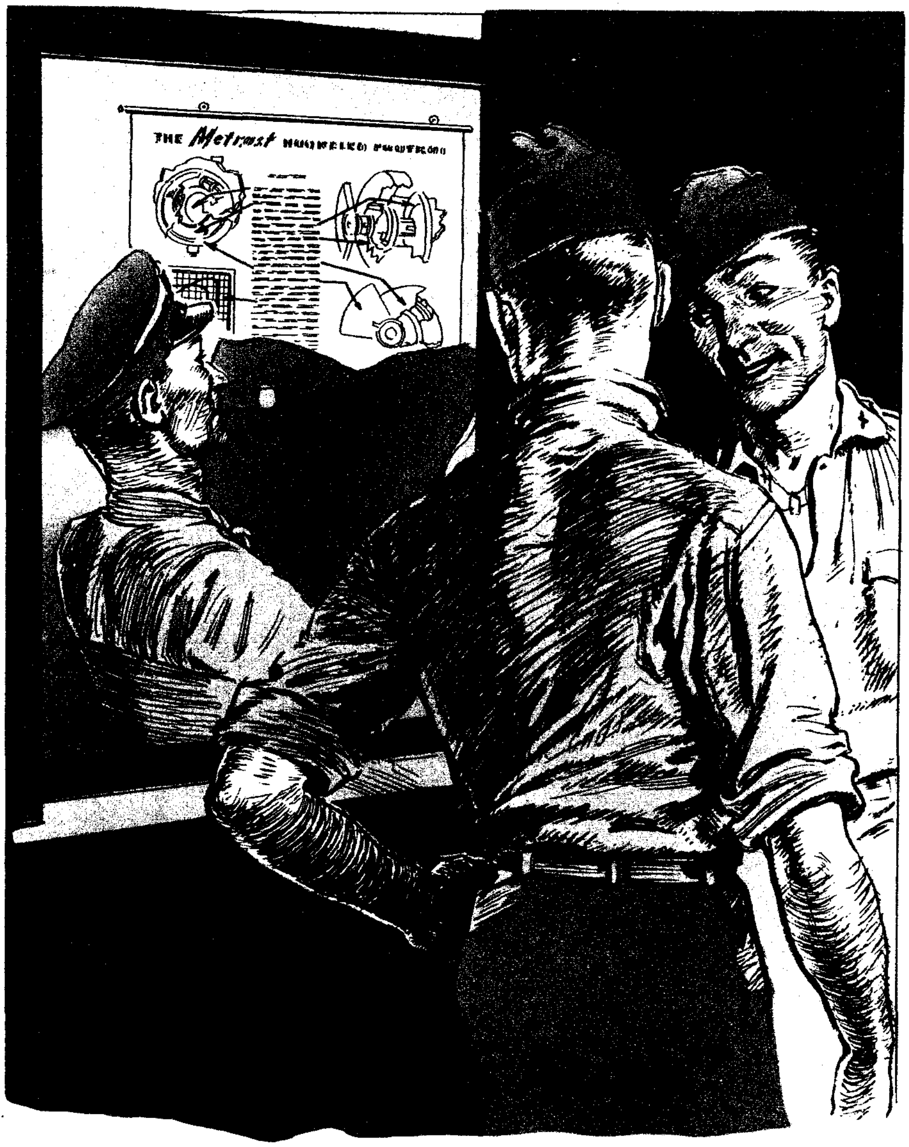


"Engineering officer, my eye . . . Why that dressed-up dumbjohn hasn't had his hands dirty in a month. All he needs to do with those Jacobs engines is to keep their serial numbers. A smart guy in his spot would let the sergeant sign all the reports and just show up for inspection!"

"Tch tch! Keeping an operating quota of these coffee grinders I have on the line would learn him. Want to trade jobs, feather merchant?"

To his brother engineering officers with the beefs, the occupant of the office says "You mail order mechanics fairly snow me!" and gives a snoot salute.

No Army Air Forces engineering officer has a soft job . . . but at the training fields, the Jacobs engine has helped to make his life easier.

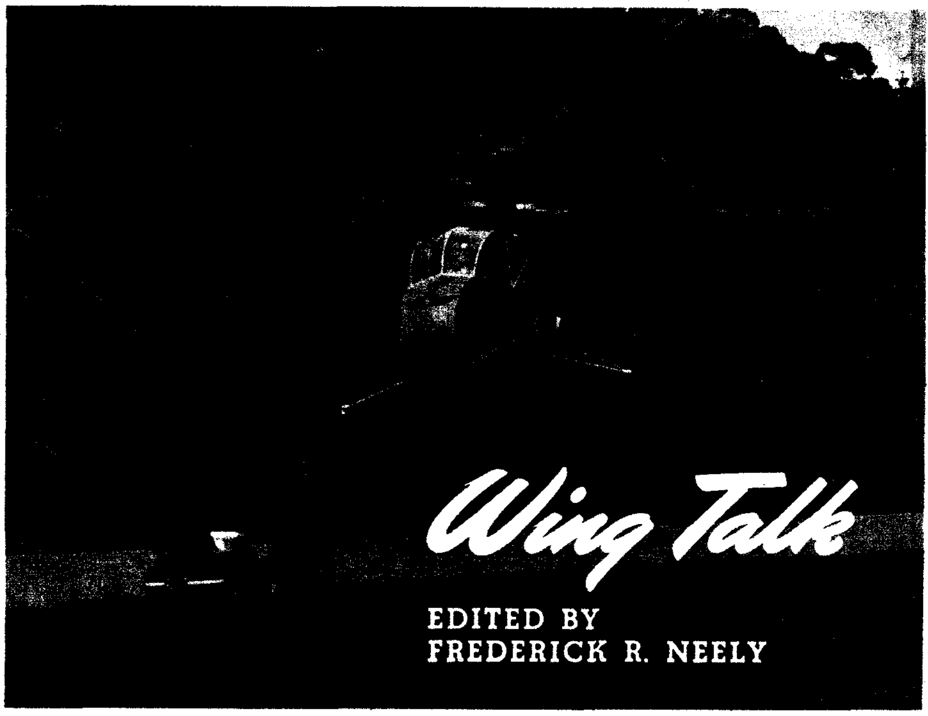
At his own discretion, he can now let the Jacobs engine run up to 1,200 flight hours between major overhauls—running time equivalent to 180,000 miles! The service period has been gradually increased from 350 hours since the start of the war.

Once overhauled, the Jacobs is good for six months service, day in and day out. Regular lubrication and minor adjustments keep it in good shape—despite the fact that these engines, under hard student handling, must make more take-offs, spend more time at full power, stand more wear and tear than engines in almost any other type of service.

Jacobs has meant less work for the maintenance crews . . . smaller inventories and fewer spare parts for supply officers . . . maximum operational air time to officers in command of training . . . greater security and safety to instructors and cadets, because these engines keep running with no nonsense, very little attention . . . more peace of mind to parents because their sons are safer . . . and a break to the taxpayers due to lower maintenance costs!

In peacetime, when costs count as well as performance, Jacobs engines will give an even better account of themselves . . . in aviation or in other fields. Because it means minimum maintenance, maximum dependability, lower costs—Jacobs is a good name to remember . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS • **Pottstown, Pa.**



Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Stanley Hiller, Jr., 19, tests his Hiller-copter secretly in the University of California stadium. Body of this new 'copter is only 12 feet long

IF YOU are able to buy a safe, roadable, family helicopter within a year or so after the war, and at the cost of a medium-priced automobile, you may have to thank a 16-year-old California high-school student, Stanley Hiller, Jr., for the development of it, and shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser for the promotional push that got it into production at a price you could pay. Other 'copters doubtless will be on the market, but at the moment, Hiller's is attracting the greatest news interest.

This tiny prototype with a 90-horsepower Franklin air-cooled engine has been flown secretly since last May in the football stadium of the University of California at Berkeley. Stanley calls it a Hiller-copter, and that undoubtedly will be its commercial name.

In public flights, which began the last of August, he has risen from the confines of the 35-foot driveway area of his Berkeley home, flown in and out of the streets of San Francisco's Marina residential section, and has had Henry Kaiser fly it alone after five minutes of ground instruction.

It was that flight that led Kaiser to make a typical Kaiser on-the-spot deal with the young inventor. Kaiser bought the patent of Hiller's still-secret control mechanism, the key to the Hiller-copter's performance; promised construction of a Berkeley factory, and retained Hiller to develop, first, a four-passenger 250-horsepower model for the Navy and subsequently a commercial model.

If the Hiller-copter develops to be your choice of a family flyabout, your future selection may be either the four-passenger version or a 125-horsepower, two-passenger design. Your cabin will have the upholstered comfort of a postwar automobile, and the body will be no longer than one. The 90-horsepower Hiller-copter now flying has a body only 12 feet long, with rotor blades 12½ feet in length.

The air-cooled engine will be housed in the rear part of the body, and between it and the seating compartment a coaxial shaft geared to the engine will rise through the roof to support superimposed two-blade rotors. The lower one will rotate from left to right, and the upper will be contrarotative, from right to left. No "tail boom" with a stability "fan" will be found on your Hiller-copter. The contrarotating rotors will give it inherent stability.

Should you be halfway to where you are going and remember suddenly, as the engine stops, that you had failed to fill 'er up at the last service station, you'll not have to give a thought to whether your insurance-policy premium has been paid. The rotors instantly will go into free wheeling, and you'll pick the most likely-looking spot for either a glide or vertical landing that will end with nothing more than a mild bump. Hiller has deliberately killed the engine of his 'copter for free-wheeling glide landings that have been made with a forward speed of about 25 miles per hour, and easy contact with the ground is attested by the fact that he has not seen fit to equip his rigid landing gear with shock absorbers.

He has ready for installation on the future commercial model a simple device that will throw the rotors into high lift automatically in power-off vertical landings and lower you the last few feet slowly on a cushion of air.

Also ready for the commercial model is a lever that will disengage the rotors from the engine on the ground, lock the rotors in fore-and-aft position, and clutch the engine into a wheel drive to make the 'copter roadable and easy to drive in and out of your garage.

Why he designed the Hiller-copter as he did, rather than experiment with either a single rotor or two rotors carried on booms, Hiller explains simply: "It just seemed to be the logical answer to many of the troubles of helicopter experiment—weight, size, stability, and control simplicity."

Designed Control System at 16

The early reference to the thanks you may feel inclined to give to a 16-year-old calls for brief explanation, because Hiller today is 19. But he was 16, and in high school, when he designed the control system that is the secret of his 'copter's success.

While his 90-horsepower 'copter has reached a top speed of 100 miles an hour, Hiller hesitates at estimating specific performance figures for future larger models. He says, "I'd rather put it this way: Its performance will be comparable to that of a nonmilitary fixed-wing airplane of equal horsepower. At the start, the cost of the civilian model will approximate that of a light airplane but as production increases, it will come down."

This is no 19-year-old technical genius talking, but a lad pretty well grounded in business methods and production costs. His father, president of the Hillcone Steamship Company, and a substantial West Coast citizen with many inventions of his own, determined to clothe him with what few inventors possess—the ability to conduct his own business affairs. So Stanley has had seven years of tutoring along this line.

When, at the age of 12, Stanley invented a miniature racing car, and the existence of a market for it was recognized, his father organized a manufacturing company and put him at the helm. The company turned out midget racers in wholesale lots and did business at the rate of $100,000 a year when Stanley was 17. Stanley probably would have been in the service by now but for draft deferments which the Navy has initiated and obtained for him. ★★★

Why do they make ashcans out of STEEL?

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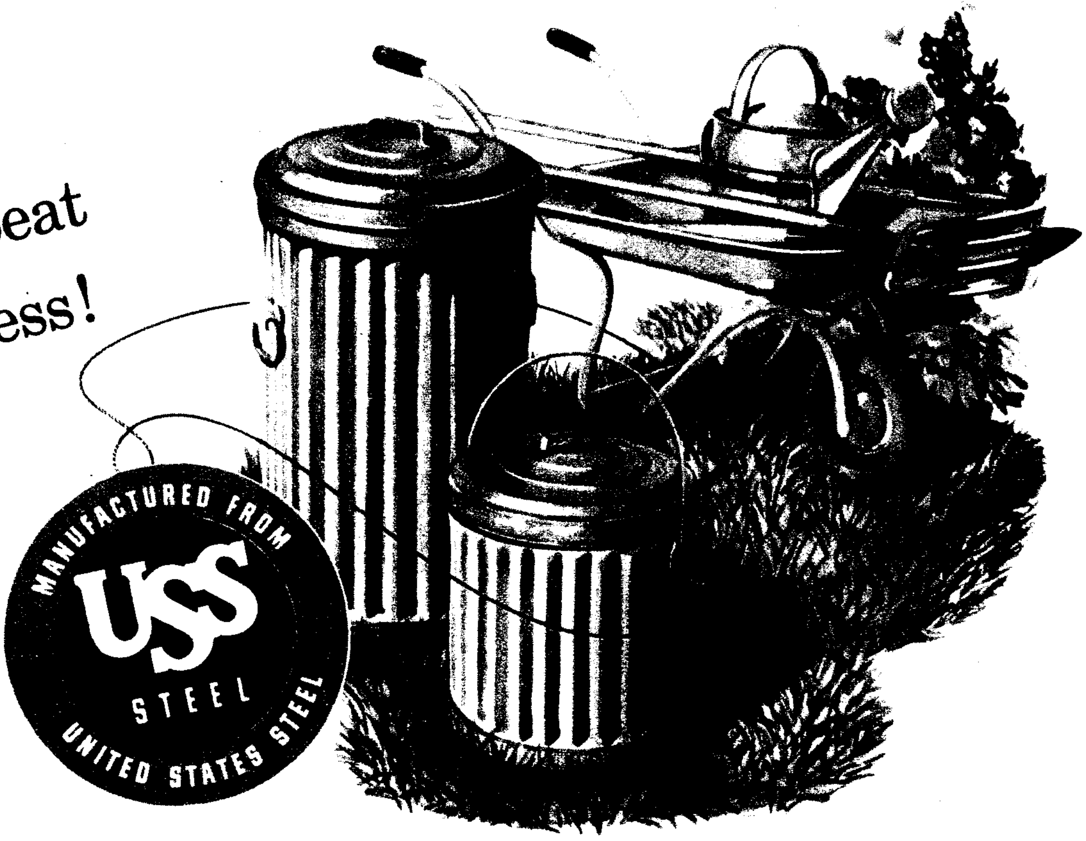

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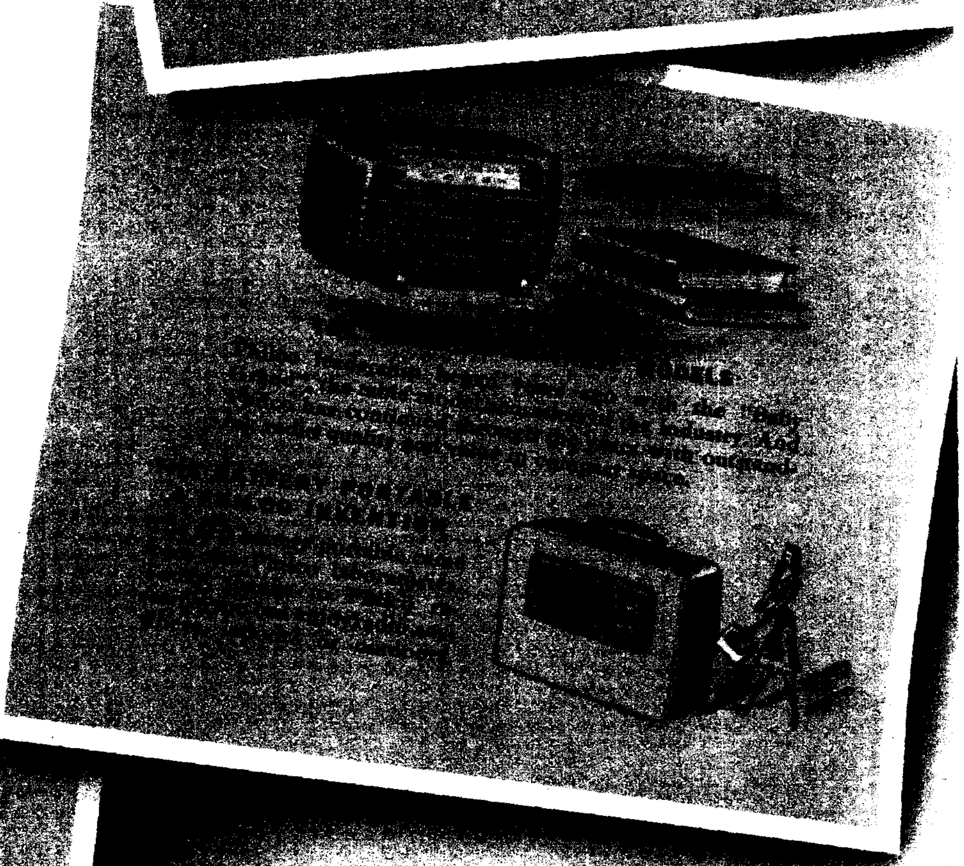
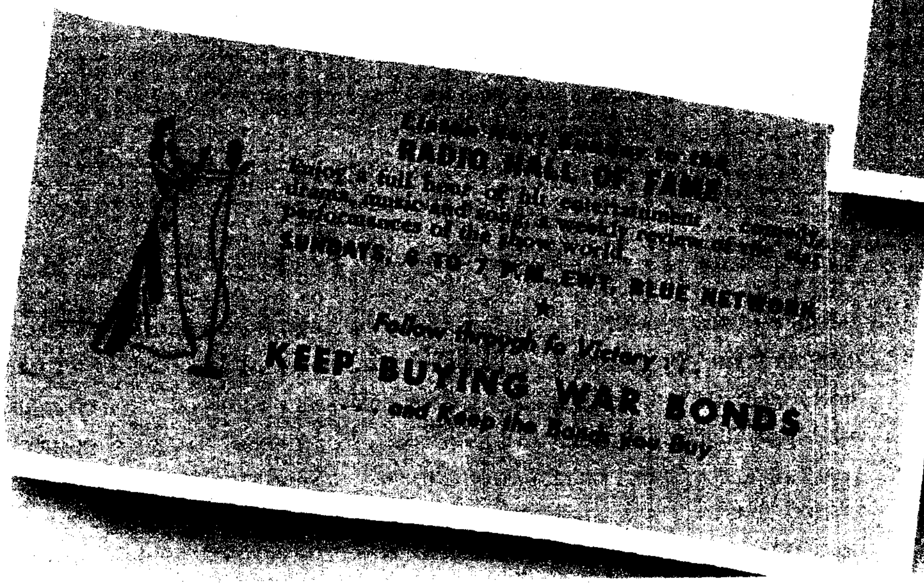
[illegible] Philco con- [illegible] For beauty, [illegible] value, it was [illegible] through the years.





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Collier's • THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR OCTOBER 21, 1944

Perilous Holiday

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

Any man—even a G-Man—might expect a Mexican vacation to be gay with bullfights, señoritas and romance. Pat found fights—but no bulls. Gals—but they were far from Castilian. And his romance came the hard way. For laughs and thrills, begin this new serial

AT ELEVEN o'clock in the morning, a slim, light-haired young man named Patrick Nevil arrived in Mexico City from various Central American countries. He registered at the Hotel Cortez, had a shower, and went for a walk along the Paseo de la Reforma, the great boulevard of the city leading to Chapultepec Castle. In the shower he had sung snatches of song in Spanish, and the high mood continued during his walk. He strolled with his hat on the back of his head, basking in the pleasant yet faintly chilly sunshine, and smoking villainous Mexican cigarettes. Twice he stopped and let needy urchins shine his shoes, rewarding them each time with a peso for their trouble. The sense of urgency which had driven him for the last few months was gone, he was in his favorite city, and the bullet hole in his left thigh had almost healed. As he limped slightly along the Paseo de la Reforma, life seemed very full and rich to Patrick Nevil.

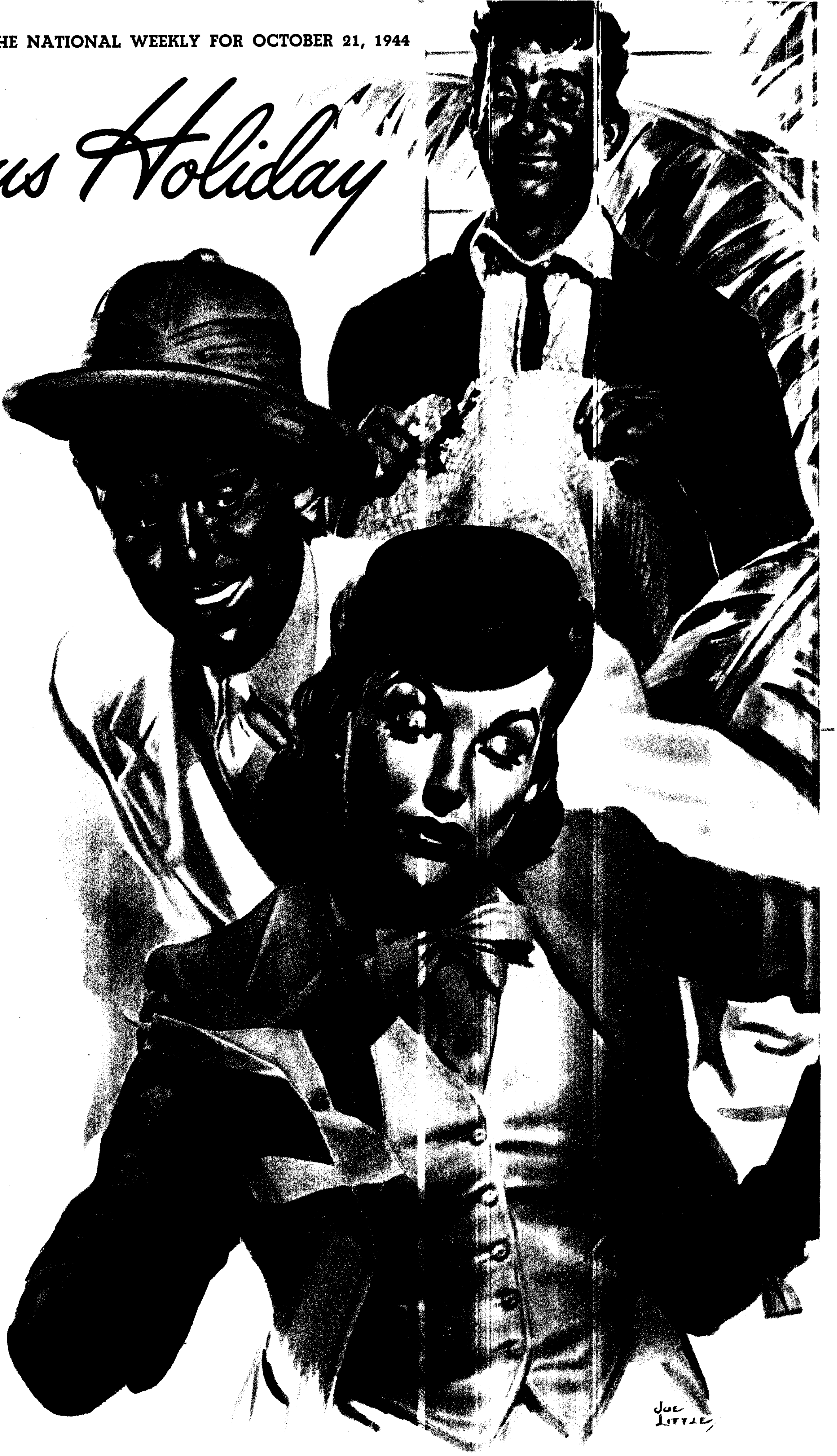
At one o'clock he was back in the hotel. He lay down in his room for an hour's siesta, visited the hotel bar for a single Martini, and then lunched hugely on chicken enchiladas and beer. The hotel lobby fascinated him for a while. Then he went outside again and watched a bunch of rookie policemen with rifles march by, a band at the head of the column.

A handsome American lady getting out of a cab in front of the hotel thought the policemen were funny. Patrick would have thought she was funny except for her daughter, who was getting out with her. The child was a slick chick named Audrey, and Patrick moved in with great speed, helping with the taxi bill, discussing the weather, and following them into the lobby. Mrs. Latham thought he was charming, which he had intended; Audrey was interested but still noncommittal. Patrick took them to the bar for an early cocktail.

One thing led to another, including dinner about eight o'clock that night. Mrs. Latham's husband had a factory converted to war production in Seattle, Washington, and was too busy for a vacation, so she had just up and taken Audrey for a little trip—the poor child was really all worn out from her Red Cross work and entertaining servicemen.

"And Mexico," Mrs. Latham said, as though she was coining a phrase, "is the only place left to go."

"How right you are," Patrick said. "Audrey, I notice that you inherit your mother's beautiful eyes."



"Would you care to examine my credentials?" Patrick asked. Aggie read the letter and, as they waited, Manuel nudged him. "You said the lady was not handsome," he said. "Is there some mistake?"

"Do you think so?" Audrey said. "If you do, I'm going to like you."

Later on they visited the hotel supper room, where there was dancing. Mrs. Latham's suite was handy and Patrick was hoping the altitude would get her, but Mother was unshakable. She was out for a good time, and she didn't care how late she was out for it. Her idea of a good time was talking. Patrick had to explain about his career. He worked in government construction, in South America. On his last job he'd hurt his leg, and now he was resting up before he headed south again.

"It sounds romantic," Audrey commented.

"Steaming jungles," Patrick said, "tall mountains, the sun coming up on lost rivers. . . . All it needs is a girl."

"Do you make good money, Mr. Nevil?" Mrs. Latham asked.

"At the prevailing rate of exchange," Patrick said, "you may refer to me as Diamond Jim Nevil."

He rose to dance with Audrey before Mrs. Latham could ask him some searching questions concerning his family and background. Audrey was soft and warm and clad in a brief bit of drapery which must have cost plenty even at the prevailing rate of exchange, and she smelled wonderful, which many people didn't where he had been. Patrick painstakingly taught her the samba and wondered how he could be so happy.

"You're a cute boy," Audrey said, in his ear. "I don't see very many cute boys in Seattle any more."

"Then you should work fast."

"Should I?"

"Yes, you should."

"You think so?"

Patrick wasn't too old, but he was too old for this kind of an evening. "We're getting in a rut, Audrey," he said. "Maybe we ought to go somewhere else. Does your mother ever get sleepy?"

"Nuh-uh," Audrey said, and shook her head. "Isn't she wonderful? She's thirty-eight years old and she can stay up all night."

"Wonderful," Patrick said.

They danced until his leg began to hurt. Audrey's legs were obviously in fine shape. They certainly looked fine.

"You know something?" Audrey said. "I was at a fortune-teller just before I came down here and she said I'd find romance on this trip. She said I'd meet a blond man who would take me to a country I'd never been. She said it'd be hot."

Patrick was trying to favor his bad leg. "No kidding? That must be me."

"Should I believe you?"

"Of course, baby."

"Positive?" Audrey asked, and arched an eyebrow.

"No, I'm not," Patrick said. "We'd better go back to the table. Your mother must miss us."

HIS leg was hurting him when he sat down. He had a quick drink, but it didn't do any good. Mrs. Latham, who missed nothing that was obvious, noticed his pale face. He had to confess about his leg.

"You poor boy," Mrs. Latham said. "Tell us what happened."

What could he tell them? They would have been astonished to learn that a cannon-ball-headed guy with close-cropped hair and a thick accent had finally got him after expending half a clip of ammunition in a submachine gun. They would have been even more astonished to hear that the guy was now dead, along with several others, and that his powerful little radio station no longer communicated with submarines of two different nationalities.

"How I got hurt," Patrick said, "is really unbelievable. Near where I was working there was a beach. Everybody said there were sharks in the water, but I thought I knew better. So I went swimming one afternoon."

Mrs. Latham and Audrey had grown tense. There was a short silence.

"Yes?" Mrs. Latham said.

"I had a good swim," Patrick said, "and was very refreshed. My clothes were piled on the beach, and a snake had curled up in them. A bushmaster. I didn't notice him. Well, I simply picked up my clothes and put them on."

"What happened to the snake?" Audrey said.

"Nothing, I guess," Patrick said. "He must have crawled away when I wasn't noticing him. Well, I started back to the camp for supper, I had to go through pretty thick undergrowth to get home, cutting my way. I don't know if you've ever had to use a machete in getting home in Seattle, but it's a big broad bush knife, awfully sharp, and there's a knack to swinging it. One misflicker and you're apt to slice a chunk of yourself off. Well, there I was swinging away and not paying much attention—and the next thing I knew I was back in the camp."

"You cut your leg and fainted and they found you?" Mrs. Latham asked rapidly.

Patrick stared at her rather queerly. "Oh, no. Why do you think that?"

"Well," Mrs. Latham said, "I don't know. I guess I—"

"He's a cute boy," Audrey said, "like I told him. He has a great sense of humor."

"Later on that night—" Patrick began.

"You went to sleep," Audrey said.

"Why, yes," Patrick said, and looked surprised, "I did. I woke up about two in the morning and wanted a drink of water. The water was outside our building, in another building. I stumbled over there in the dark—"

"Not noticing the tiger near the second building," Audrey said.

"Well, I didn't see any tiger," Patrick said. "Of course, it was pretty dark. Anyway, I got the drink of water and started back. On the way I fell over a garbage can and fractured my left leg."

THERE was a short pause; Mrs. Latham seemed confused and on the brink of being annoyed. Patrick held a match for Audrey's cigarette.

"Personally, he kills me," Audrey said. "It's getting late, Mother."

"I don't mind how late it is," Mrs. Latham said.

"I do," Audrey said. "Anyhow, Mr. Nevil's leg hurts him. The one he broke on the garbage can."

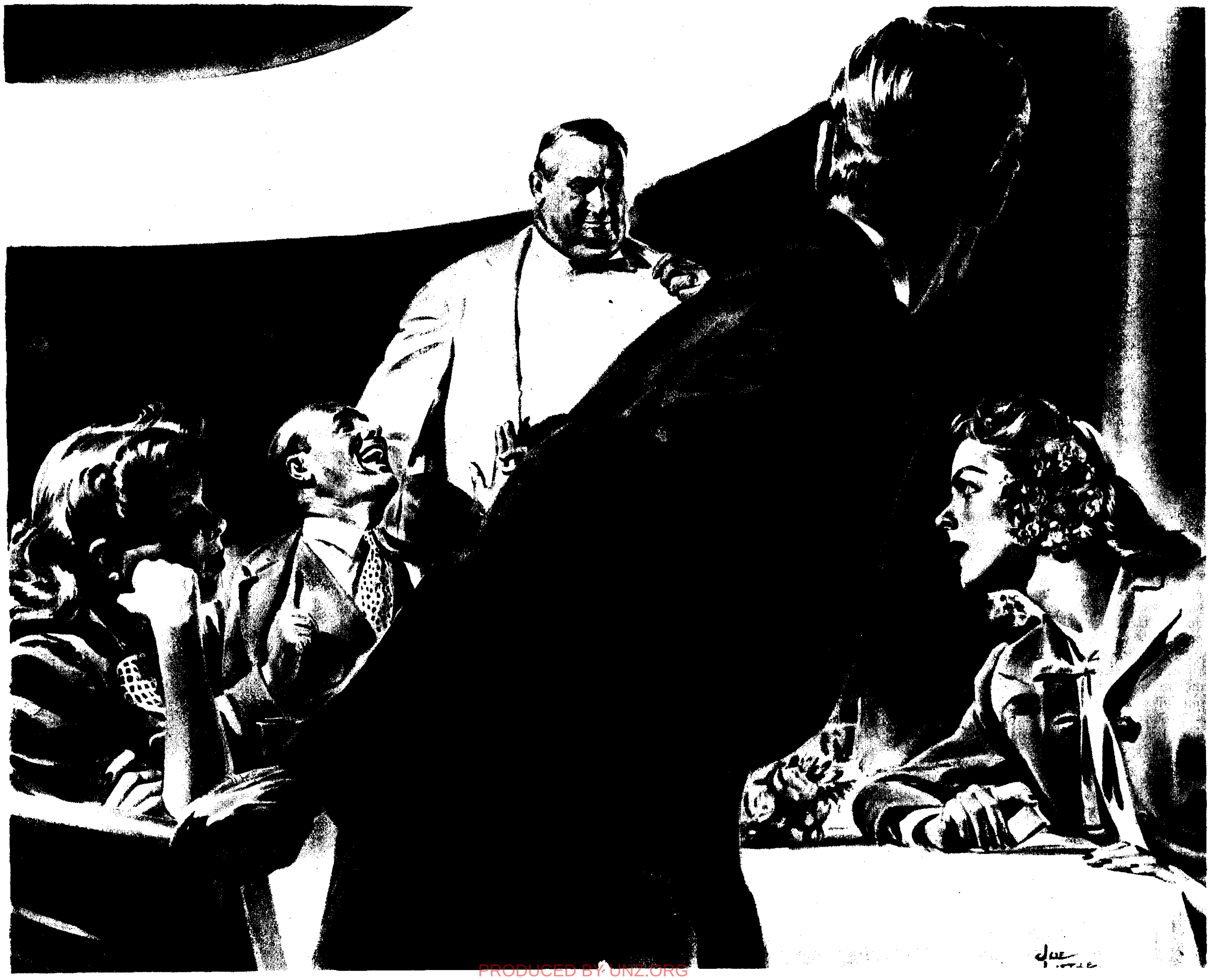
Patrick called a waiter and paid the check. They went out to the lobby together. Mrs. Latham said good night to him and thanks, and got in a waiting elevator. Audrey lingered a moment. Patrick took her hand.

"You're very nice," Audrey said, "but I don't understand you."

"I don't understand myself," Patrick said. "I guess if my leg had healed faster—"

(Continued on page 44)

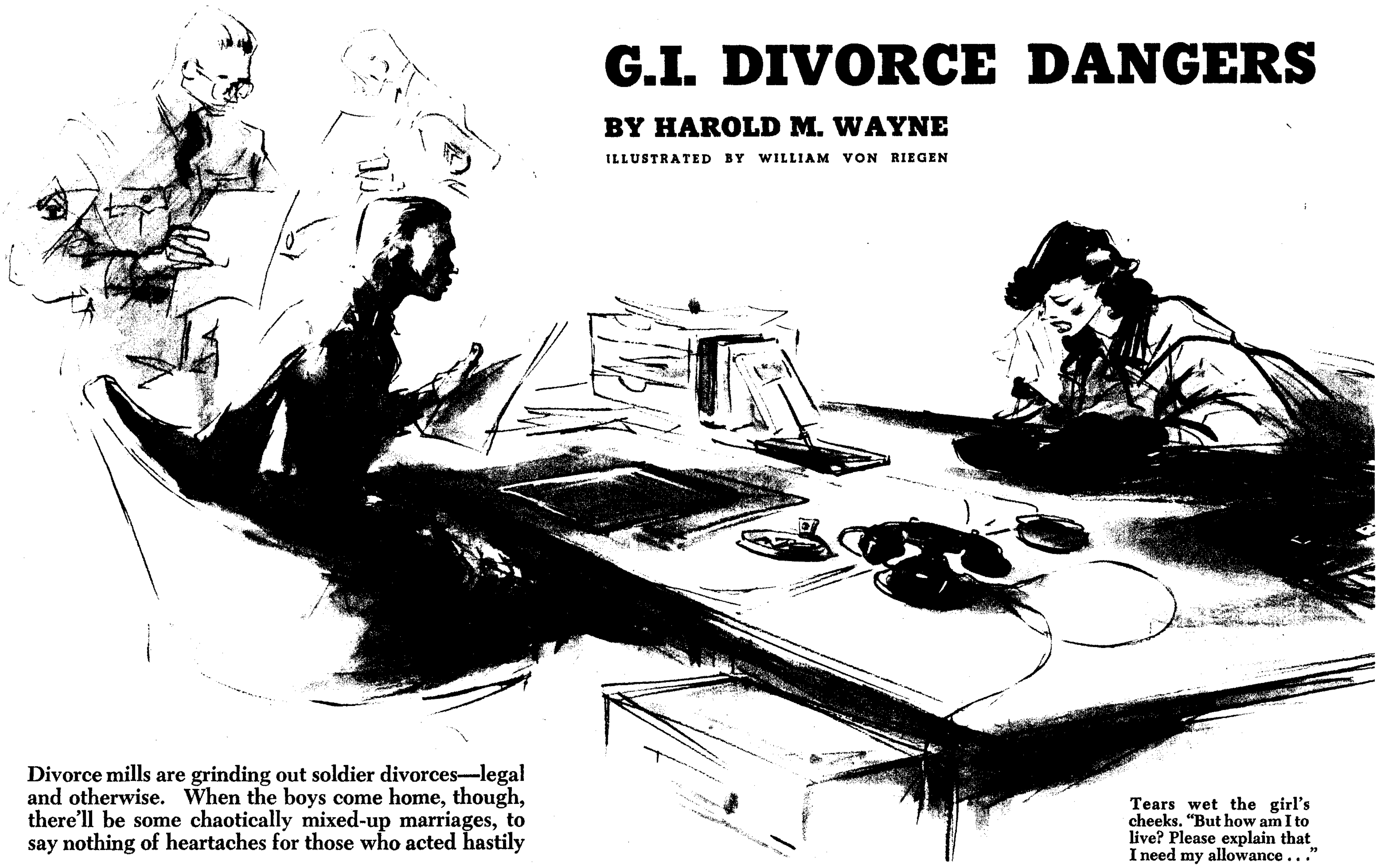
A tall man, tremendously fat, came to the table. "Ladies and gentlemen," Aggie said, "may I present the eminent Dr. Lilley, proprietor of this dive?"



G.I. DIVORCE DANGERS

BY HAROLD M. WAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Tears wet the girl's cheeks. "But how am I to live? Please explain that I need my allowance . . ."

Divorce mills are grinding out soldier divorces—legal and otherwise. When the boys come home, though, there'll be some chaotically mixed-up marriages, to say nothing of heartaches for those who acted hastily

THE girl seemed ready to cry. "There must be some mistake!" she said. "How can I be divorced without knowing about it?"

The Army officer re-examined the form notice she had brought to the Army Legal Assistance office. He shook his head. "I'm afraid there's no mistake. Your husband has divorced you. He filed a certified copy of his divorce decree with the Office of Dependency Benefits before this notice was mailed to you. Since no alimony was provided, your family allowance from his Army pay was terminated with the granting of the divorce."

"But divorce—" the girl argued. "It can't mean me. The notice must be for someone else. Besides, I never got a word of notice or legal papers or anything. It's impossible!"

The officer returned the printed form. "The War Department is very careful about such matters. There's little chance of an error but I'll be glad to forward a request for a recheck."

The girl opened her purse and carefully replaced the printed form. Sudden, unashamed tears wet her cheeks. "But how am I to live? Please explain that I need my allowance desperately—please!"

"Much as I would like to help, there's nothing I can do," the officer answered. "Until a court sets the divorce aside. . . ."

Scenes similar to this are not unusual in the Army Legal Assistance offices, which provide free legal advice for soldiers and their dependents. This is not by any means to suggest that divorce without the knowledge of one of the vitally interested parties is typical, but it can happen, and has happened often, as wartime divorce totals skyrocket. Nevada's divorce business for eleven months last year reached a new high of 11,399 against 8,614 for the same period of 1942. Florida recorded 16,046 divorces for 1943, as against 12,559 for 1942. Ten years earlier the entire year's total was less than 4,000 in both states. Arkansas, Idaho and several other recent entrants in the easy-divorce sweepstakes also show large increases.

Many of the divorces in our mounting nation-wide totals are obtained by servicemen. Legal-aid societies report, for a single twelvemonth period, more than 15,000 requests for divorces from servicemen alone. Army Legal Assistance offices receive divorce requests at an even higher rate.

One reason appears to be that some soldiers have learned to win domestic frays in an easy way—but a way sure to cause tragedy and heartache for them and their families. With no formal instruction or encouragement from the War Department a soldier may now "shop" for an easy divorce, unmindful or ignorant of the terrific immediate and postwar social problems certain to result.

The exact total of soldier divorces may never be precisely fixed. In most cases the fact that the male candidate for divorce is in uniform does not appear in the case record. It's lost in the legal recital of the complaint that, "John E. Doughboy, plaintiff, a resident of the County of Washoe, State of Nevada, as and for his complaint sets forth and alleges:" etc., etc.

The trivial fact that this particular John has never before been in Nevada or farther west than Hoboken and, except for his brief sojourn under military orders, probably never will return doesn't stop some civil tribunals from solemnly finding that our doughboy is a legal resident of its state, thereby fulfilling the basic jurisdictional requirement for divorce.

It is this jurisdictional question that causes the confusion in most divorce problems and will certainly be at the bottom of G.I. Joe's legal jousts. Whether or not a court has jurisdiction or power depends on the true residence or domicile of the parties. A person may have several residences but only one domicile.

Residence is acquired by an act, domicile by an act coupled with the intent to remain. No law prevents a person from changing his domicile, or questions his motive, which may even be that the law of the new domicile can get him an easy divorce, or any other reason. *But* the change must be bona fide to be effective.

Therein lies the rub for the soldier. He may be stationed in a given state for a long time, but, being completely subject to military control, it would be rather difficult for him to remain or intend to remain, without going AWOL, when his outfit moves on.

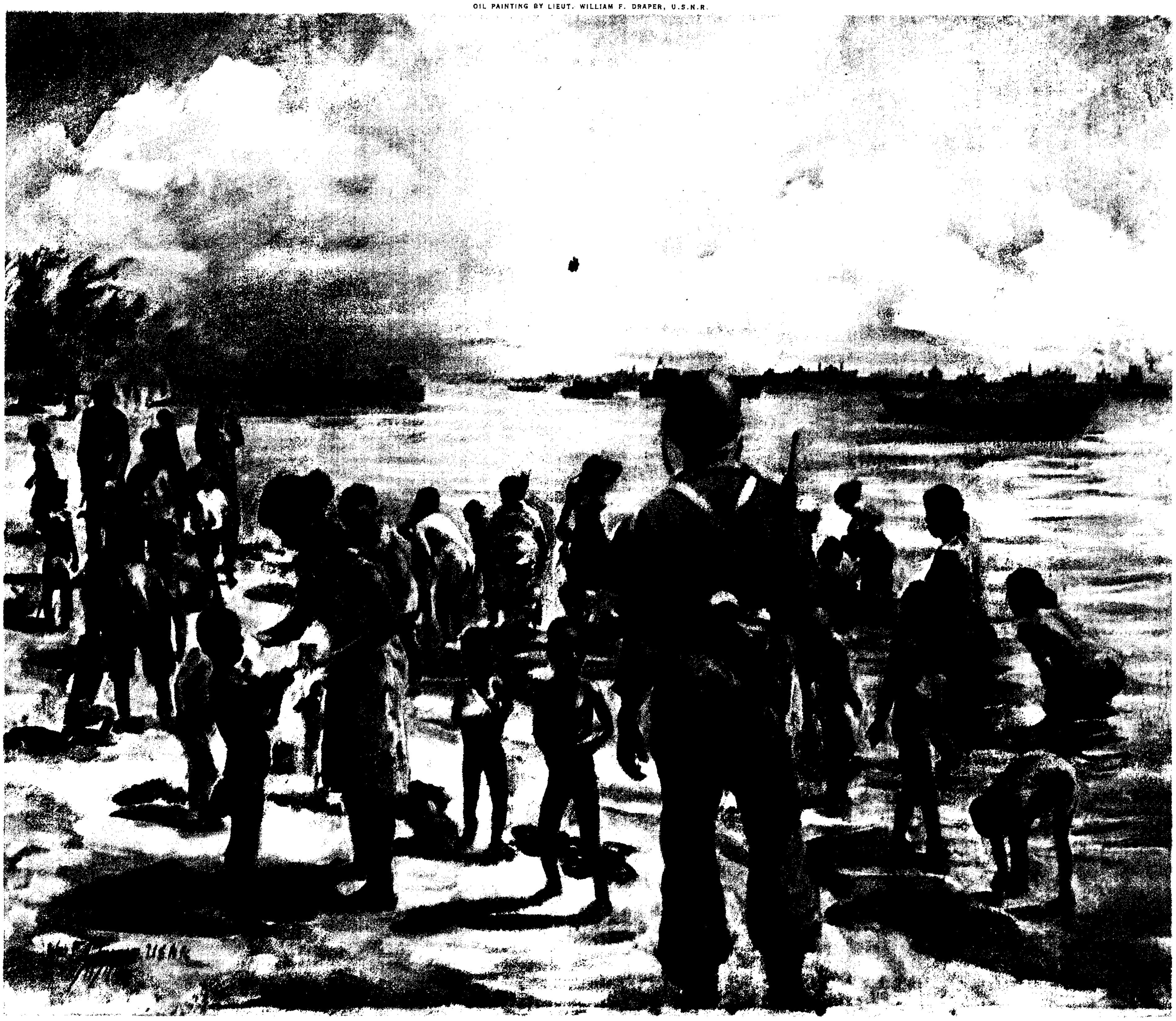
This domicile business is, of course, highly technical, and a G.I., when he decides to break out of his family circle, is usually in too much of a hurry to bother with such technical matters. The result is that divorce mills in many states are grinding out doughboy divorces.

An examination of the court records of the

(Continued on page 80)

Thousands of soldiers, with more youth than foresight, have been talked or drunk into hasty marriages

OIL PAINTING BY LIEUT. WILLIAM F. DRAPER, U.S.N.R.



Under the watchful eyes of American MPs, Japanese women and children scrub off the dust and grime of the battle of Saipan. In right background is a Jap barge from which machine gunners fanatically but vainly tried to stop the invasion. Behind it U.S. amphibious craft unload supplies

Japs don't want to Die

BY JOHN BEAUFORT and CLINTON GREEN

Holed up in a hillside cave, U.S. Marines found this Jap family of mother, four children and a dog. Many civilians reported Jap soldiers kept them in caves at gun point to prevent their surrender

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Saipan was a preview of what the civil affairs officers expect to encounter when our forces storm ashore on Formosa and Honshu. It taught them that most Japs forget fanaticism when the showdown comes

ON SAIPAN we got our first indication of what Japanese civilians—often pictured as determined to die for the Mikado—will do when Allied armed forces close in on Tokyo. The smell of the wounded and of death mixed with the odor of cordite blanketed the American first-aid station on the beach at Charan-Kanoa. The wounded lay on stretchers in the scorching sun, waiting their turn for treatment and evacuation to ships lying a few miles offshore.

Amid this litter of the dead and the living sat a woman. She was about thirty-five, if it is possible to guess at the age of a Japanese. Her face was smeared with dirt. Her hair, hanging below her shoulders, was matted in places with blood and mud.

There was fear in her eyes as she sat on an upturned box of ammunition. She held her right hand over her left breast, where blood had soaked through her filthy shirt. One of the Navy doctors approached her, a smile of reassurance lighting his tired face.

"No, don't be afraid," he said; "everything's going to be okay." Then he added, half to himself but loud enough for us to hear, "Hell, you don't know what I'm saying."

Gently, he forced the woman's hand away from her breast. Her shirt was a slipover, and he began to roll it up from the bottom.

There was a shrapnel wound, ugly and deep. From an awkward, bent-over position, the doctor went to work. We could hear him muttering, "Just a couple more minutes. Okay, so you don't know what I'm saying."

In a few minutes, he held up a small piece of metal for her to see. A smile of gratitude broke her hitherto stolid expression. Quickly, he dressed the wound, rolled down the shirt and then patted her affectionately on the shoulder. He turned away to treat a wounded American boy.

This scene was repeated scores of times that day and in the days following, as Marines and infantrymen went about the job of conquering the garrison of Saipan.

For the first time in the Pacific war, American fighting men encountered large numbers of civilians when we invaded the Marianas. On Saipan, Marines and Army troops ran into somewhat more than 15,000 nonuniformed Japanese clerks, laborers, government officials, farmers. On Guam, they liberated at least 20,000 American nationals whose thirty-one months under Japanese administration had been a period of brutality and oppression.

What was the reaction of the Japanese civilians to our troops on Saipan and Tinian? How did their propaganda-ridden mentalities respond to our offers of fair treatment in return for surrender? To what extent did they join their brothers under arms in dying for the emperor? The fact that the great majority of Saipan civilians are still alive and healthy answers some of these questions revealingly, if not conclusively.

What we learned about the Japanese in these islands may have a strong bearing on future events in the Pacific war.

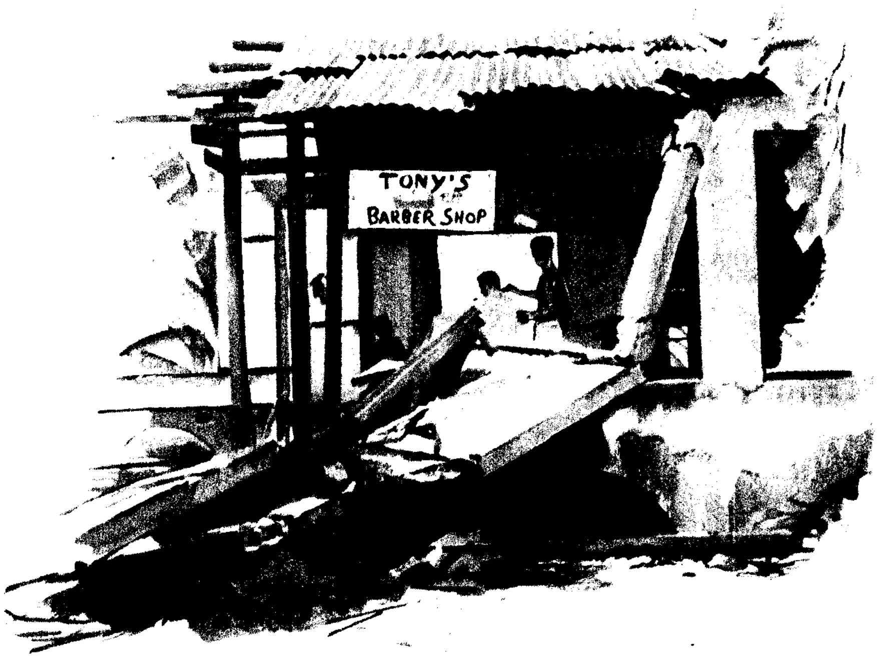
This was the first time in the nearly three-year-old Pacific conflict that Americans had been forced to contend with Japanese civilians while smashing an enemy stronghold. The attitude of our men to the enemy civilians was one of compassion—and sometimes they paid a high price for having been compassionate. They won the battle of Saipan but they did not rape, as had the Japanese in China and other places on the Jap circuit of conquest. American fighting men did not destroy for the sadistic pleasure of destruction. They gave the lie to Tokyo's warnings that only torture and death awaited those who allowed themselves to be captured. Tokyo told its people that the same treatment would be accorded both civilians and military at the hands of the American "devils."

Propaganda Victims Chose Death

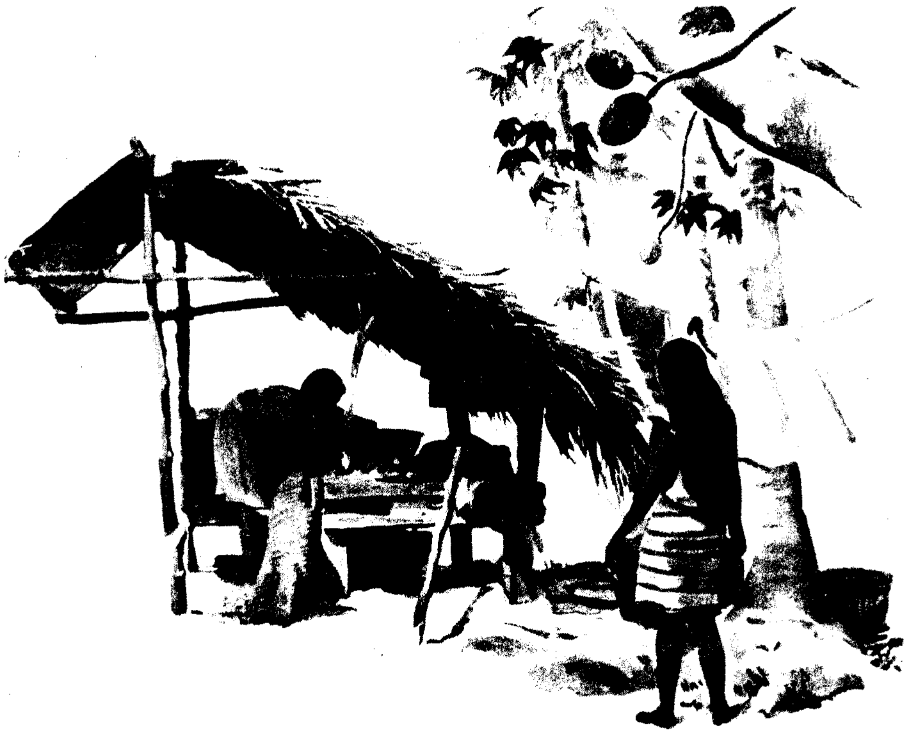
There is no denying that scores of Japanese civilians (we shall never know the exact number) believed the Tokyo propaganda. Many committed suicide in full view of Marines and infantrymen who were helpless to prevent this self-destruction. In many instances entire families blew themselves to death with hand grenades provided by the military; parents killed their children with knives, by strangulation, by hurling them from cliffs, by drowning them.

And many times our fighting men were fired on by Japanese civilians as they attempted either to treat wounded men, women and children or to evacuate them from combat areas. In one instance, an American civilian war correspondent left his jeep, made his way down a rocky slope to where he had spotted an infant lying among the limestone pinnacles along the shore. He was fired on as he made his way up the slope with the infant in his arms. But the significant thing is that the thousands of Japanese civilians who either made their way to our lines or surrendered when we approached the caves in which they were hiding, proved that this guerrillalike warfare was truly the exception rather than the rule.

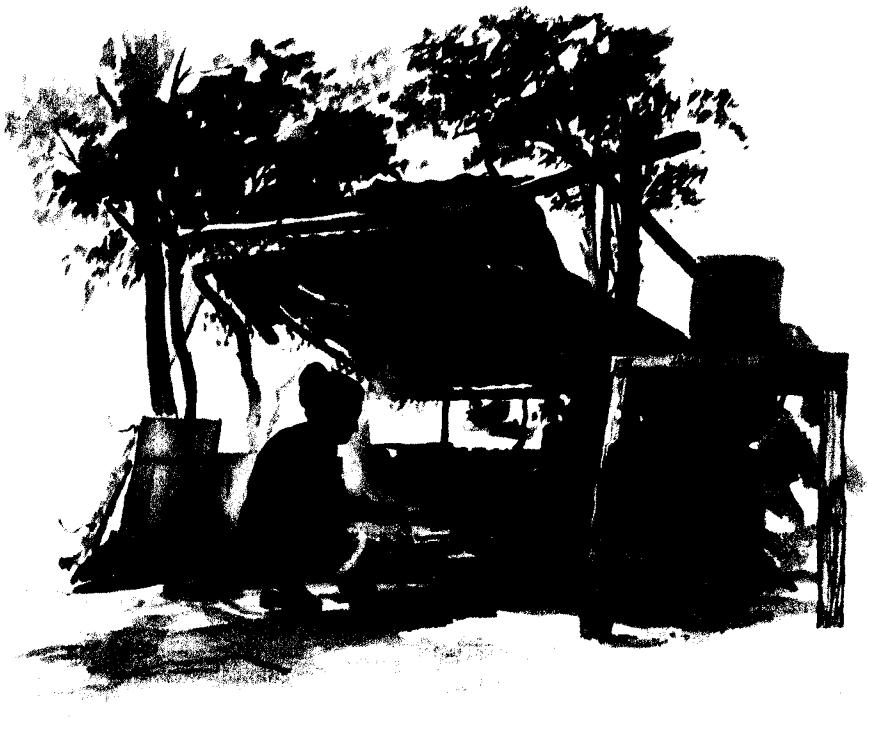
(Continued on page 63)



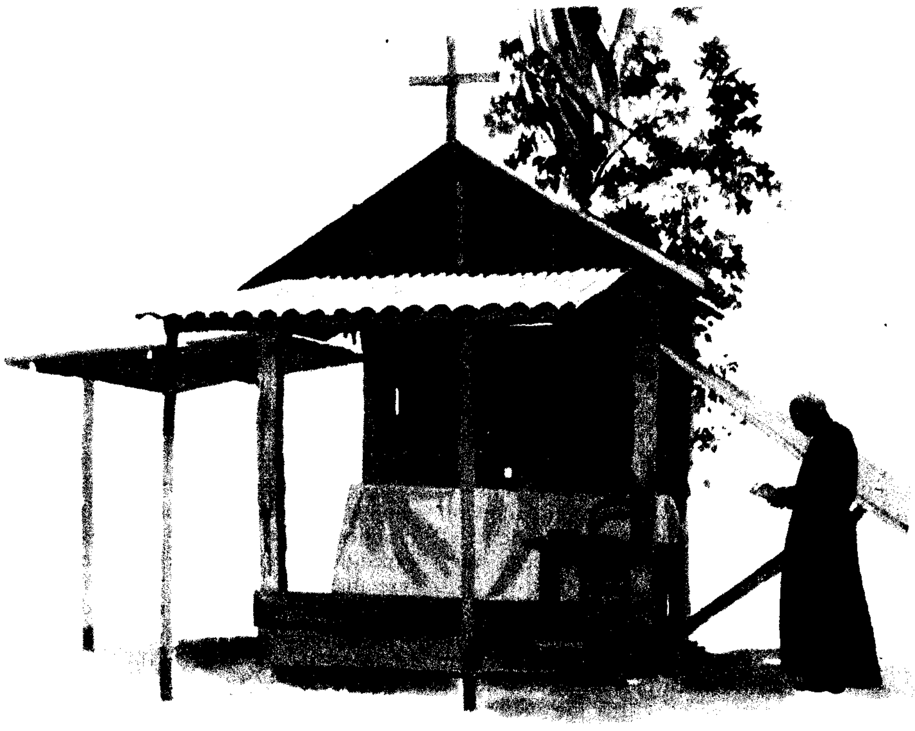
At Charan-Kanoa an enterprising barber speedily set up shop amidst the ruins



Breadfruit, one of the mainstays of Saipan diet, is baked in a rough lean-to



In the Chamorro camp the women quickly rigged up kitchens, went to work



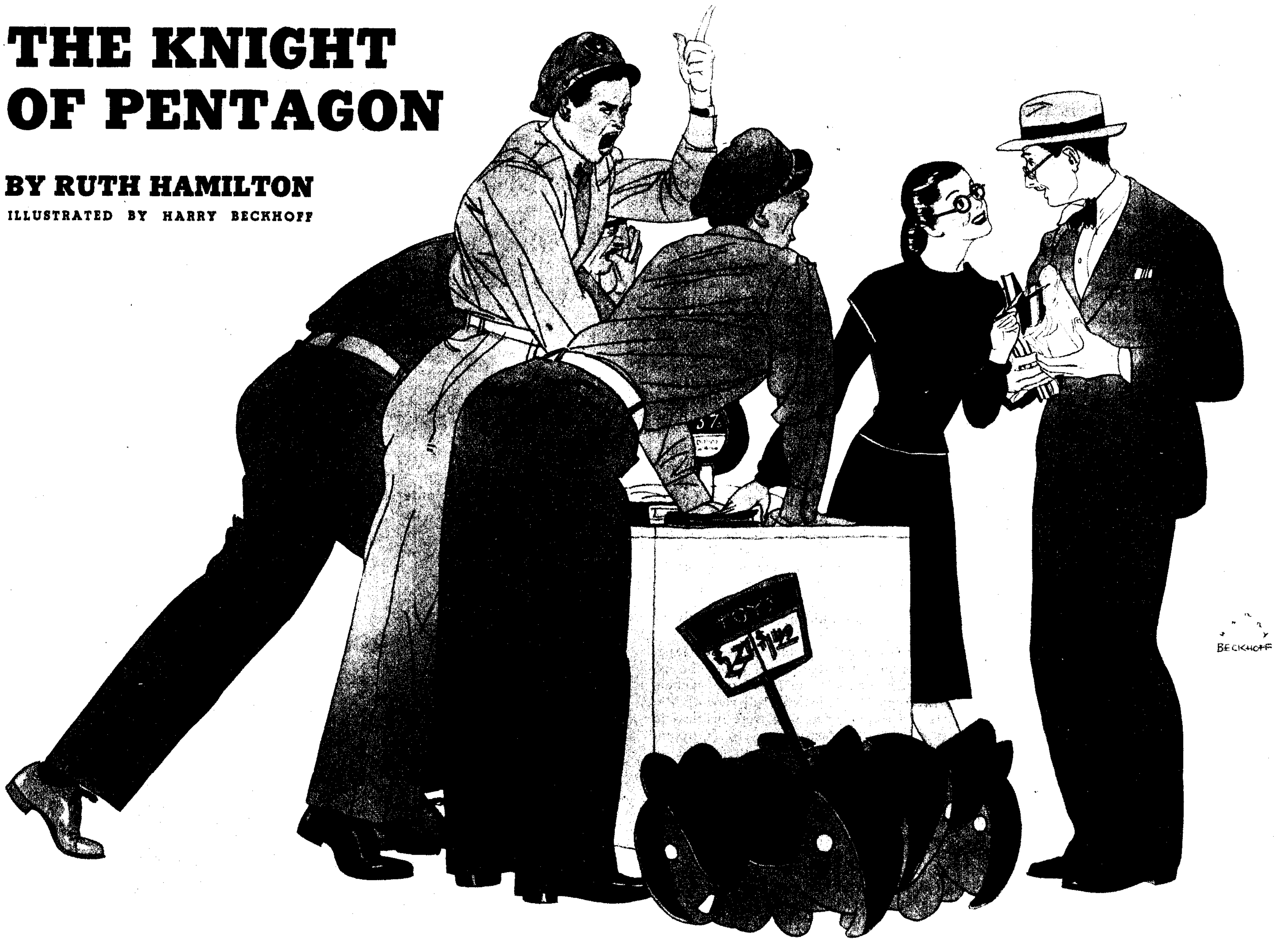
A "church" at the Chamorro camp was among the first structures to be built

WATER-COLOR PAINTINGS BY LIEUT. JON WHITCOMB, U.S.N.R.

THE KNIGHT OF PENTAGON

BY RUTH HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



The officers began to bark commands at Bennie but she gave them one frightened glance and turned to the civilian. "Can I help you?" she asked

This is a 20th-century ballad: about a farsighted damsel who feared neither spiders nor dragons, a War Department knight who crusaded on his typewriter—and a pneumatic tube which carried tokens from far and distant lands

THE clock in the Infants' Department of Arbuckle & Company showed ten minutes before the opening bell, and the inadequate but determined staff of salespersons were engaged in taking stock. All the salespersons, that is, except one. This lady, known to her home circle as Bennie Jones, but to wartime Washington as Number Thirteen, Department Eleven, leaned on a stack of diapers and studied a little gray book.

Her lips moved. "Place the sales slip in the carrier car. Insert the car in the pneumatic tube, felt end first. Cash transaction, gray car; C.O.D., green car; charge send, red car."

She removed the horn-rimmed glasses from her wide eyes and stared at the row of metal carriers behind the wrapping desk. Overhead mouthed a pneumatic tube that could defy the laws of gravity and gulp the cars upward to unknown financial realms on the eighth floor. Then she glanced down at her book again and sighed. "It seems very involved," she murmured.

"Don't worry," said Number Ten, a blond salesgirl known as Tweets, now taking stock of crib pads. "If you make a mistake, the Auditing Department won't notice it. They're as confused as we are. It's the manpower shortage." She glanced up from the pads. "Say, you look cute without glasses. You should leave them off. Glasses are no date bait. Why, they'd even scare a Marine."

"I've got to wear them," said Bennie. "Without them, I couldn't read a word."

Number Ten shrugged. "The big thing," she said, "is to read a wolf."

Bennie swallowed and stared respectfully. "I don't see much difference," she said, regarding her own image in a showcase of teething bibs. "Even without my glasses, I'm still the intellectual type. Nobody would pin me up in his foxhole. But after all, I'm not likely to see many Marines up here in the Infants' Department."

"Oh, no?" Number Ten lifted her eyebrows and gave her girdle a preliminary tug. "You mean men in uniform come up here?"

"Why not?" said Tweets. "What's the matter with uniforms?"

"Well," answered Bennie, "I'm shy of them, a little; but I like to read the hashmarks. And the campaign ribbons . . . insignia. I—when I was in my regular profession I used to paint coats of arms. I'm good at that sort of thing." She put her hands over her ears. "Good heavens, what was that?"

"It's the bell that means the joint is opened," said Tweets. "Put away that stuff and make with the powder puff, sister. The heat's on."

Number Thirteen gaped. The elevator doors were opening simultaneously, and the shoppers converged upon the Infants' Department, but it was like no shopping expedition Bennie had ever seen. It rather resembled an attack on a pillbox. For the shoppers were not mothers, they were fathers, and more than that, they were in uniform.

Bennie recoiled and left Tweets to handle the first assault wave.

"Where are the *mothers?*" she whispered at the earliest opportunity. "I thought this was a sort of maternal department."

"Home with the baby," answered Tweets, rapidly adding her total. "Everybody in Washington has a baby, but nobody has a maid. Today it's Papa who carries the shopping bag."

A huge shadow fell across the counter, and Bennie looked up to see three Army Air Force officers and one civilian approaching with ominous speed.

The officers at once began to bark commands at Bennie, but she gave them one frightened glance, and fled to the civilian, who was saying nothing at all. He was a small civilian of gentle demeanor, wearing a rumpled suit and carrying a stack of books. Bennie noticed that his hair was brown and curly, his eyes behind their glasses very blue. He would have deferred to the officers, but she brushed his modesty aside.

"Can I help you?" she chattered in greeting, and lifted and dropped the corners of her mouth as Tweets had done.

HE STARED in surprise at this facial phenomenon and removed his glasses. "I'm nearsighted," he said apologetically.

This was familiar ground. "I'm farsighted myself," Bennie said. "I've only had my glasses a week. It's a nuisance, isn't it?"

She smiled naturally and with radiance. Just a married man, a kind father. "What would you like to buy?"

The civilian put his hat on the counter and felt inside the band. "I have a list. I don't keep shopping lists in my pockets or they get mixed up with my reports. They sound funny read out loud in the War Department."

He let go of Bennie's smile reluctantly and took in Department Eleven. "What a set you've got here! Boy, it's a production."

Bennie smiled again, cocked her head to one side, waited.

"It must be nice to work here," he said, a note of wistfulness creeping into his voice. Then he pulled out his list, placed his books on top of his hat and read the little paper.

"Stork pants," he ordered solemnly.

"We're out of those. Don't you like the place where *you* work?"

His blue eyes took on a hunted gleam. "Do you know where it is? The Pentagon Building."

"Oh!"

"It's driving me crazy," he said, gritting his teeth. "A million uniforms. The Center of Strategic Planning. Civilization marching up and down on ramps." He clutched the list. "Have you got a hot-water plate?"

Bennie was stumped.

"It's a double gadget. You put hot water in the lower half to keep the baby's dinner warm. It's for a two-year-old. He eats so slowly his carrots get cold, and he gets a stomach-ache." He cracked his knuckles in agitation and paced the floor. "All last night he hollered like a stagehand."

She found the hot-water plate.

"Babies' vests, size six months."

They were located.

"A lace-trimmed slip to go under a christening robe."

But here trouble came. The Air Force, attended by Tweets, was likewise interested in slips. The civilian shied away from their vicinity.

"Never mind. That's all." He handed Bennie a bill and perched alone upon a stool to wait for change.

Bennie had a flash of heavenly understanding.

"Please. Don't let those boys get you

(Continued on page 74)

THEY'LL FIGHT Again

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

In the old days, wounded soldiers used to get a steady diet of "Oh, you poor, poor boy" from visitors to the hospitals. Pretty soon they began to believe it—and were lost. Today the Air Forces puts 'em to work almost as soon as they come out of the ether

THERE were plenty of souvenirs floating around at 18,000 feet. The waist gunners could reach out their arms and grab all the flak they wanted to bring home to the wife and kiddies. Germany was below, and the bombardier cried, "Steady . . . steady. . . ."

Then it was "Bombs away!" and the big Fortress gave a little jump as though she had bumped over a cloud and then started to leave the scene of the accident. But the flak followed. A thousand bits of shrapnel tore into her, but the ship kept on going. A gas line had been severed, and the pilot began to look worried.

"Can't make England," he called. "We'll try for the Mediterranean."

The Fort limped along. The blue of the Mediterranean showed below. Two hundred miles from Sicily, thirty-five miles off the coast of Italy, the engines coughed a few apologies and then died. It was quiet now in the big ship. The Mediterranean was cutting up a bit, and it was spotted with angry whitecaps that seemed to reach up hungrily for the stricken aircraft. The ship hit—hard. Every member of the crew was thrown off his feet. They grabbed their rubber rafts and tumbled out. Only one of them was hurt badly—Lieutenant William Conner of Oklahoma City, the navigator.

"I knew I had a couple of broken ribs, and then my back felt funny," Conner says; "but we were all so glad to be alive that we didn't notice that. The next morning a rescue boat got us. They took us to Africa."

They fixed up Conner's broken ribs all right and sent him to England. It wasn't until he reached there that he knew he had a broken back. He spent two months on his back in a cast and then he was shipped home, perhaps to be honorably discharged. A man with a broken back isn't much use to the Army. Conner could barely walk. But medical science couldn't do much more for him. Perhaps months and months of rest could strengthen his back so that he could walk without pain, but his chances of swinging a golf club, tossing a baseball or riding a horse—or bending over the navigator's desk of a Flying Fort—were practically nil. That's how it used to be, anyhow.

Initial Steps Toward Recovery

But Bill Conner didn't get his medical discharge from the Air Forces. Instead, he was sent to the AAF Convalescent Center at Pawling, New York, one of eight in a brand-new Air Forces program. They didn't tell him to lie down and take it easy. They did just the opposite. First, they tested and measured the strength—or lack of it—in his back. They told him something about his injury in language which he understood—with pictures—and handed him his own prescription book: Here's what you should be able to do, your normal range of motion. Here's what you can do now. And here's what you can do for yourself after we get through with you.

They sent him to the gymnasium for correctives. The PT noncoms sweated out each exercise with him. He used the rowing machine . . . back and forth, back and forth. He used pulley weights . . . up and down, up and down. They sent him to the pool and said, "Swim, brother, swim."

The first strokes on the rowing machine hurt like hell. So did the swimming. He wondered if maybe the doctors weren't a little nuts. They put him on a table and worked *on his back muscles. They told him to play golf* . . . good for his back! They took a lot of sports he knew how to play and adapted them for his back injury. Each day his back hurt less. He pulled more strokes on the rowing machine; he even went out on the lake and tried the real thing. The pulley weights began to be a pushover for him. He spent two hours a day for a whole month in that pool and soon he was reeling up and down the length of it with no trouble at all.

Now, Lieutenant Bill is en route to his old command, and his only anxiety is whether or not he'll get in on a bombing of Berlin.

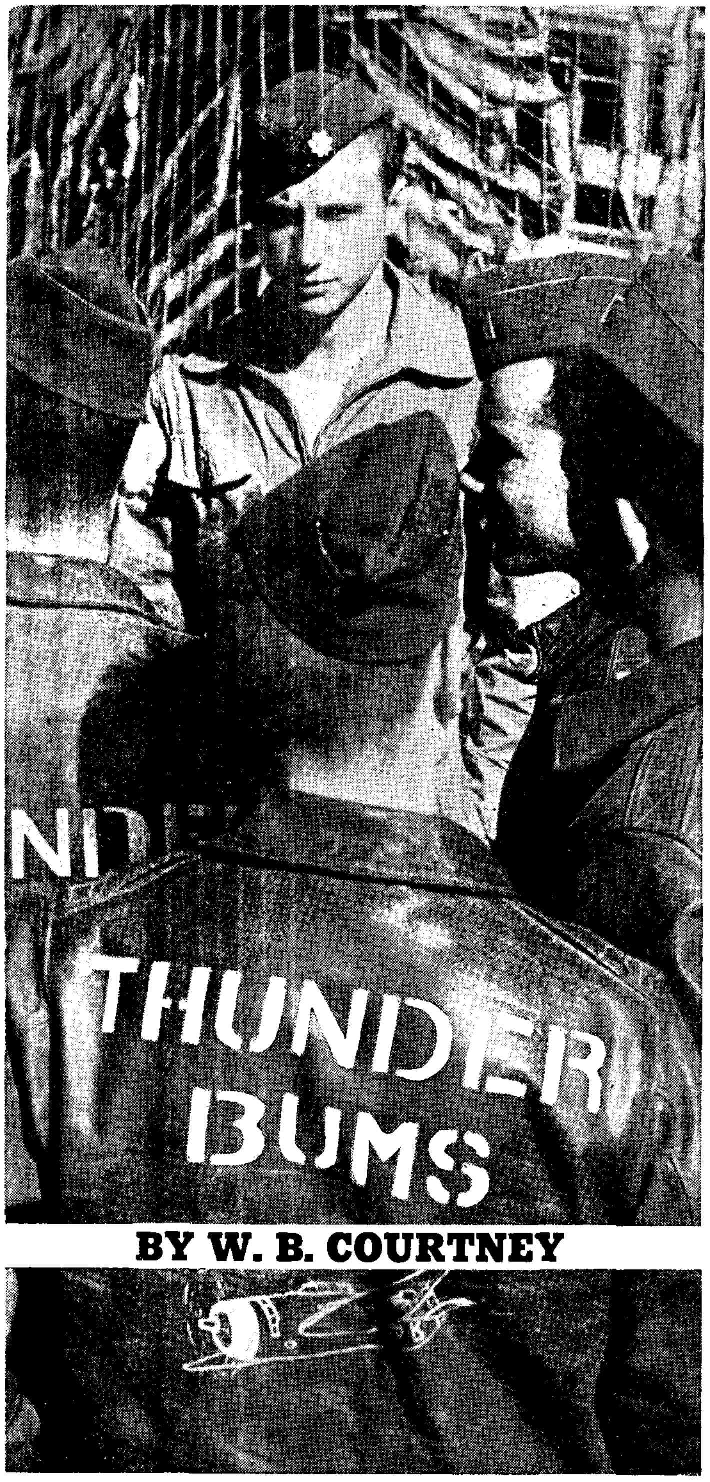
The AAF Convalescent Centers take over where the hospitals leave off. Their aim is, first of all, to get the men back in shape to return to duty, and secondly (but almost equally important) to adjust men who obviously cannot return to duty, so that their dignity, self-respect and confidence will lead them to a secure place in the civilian community.

Pawling, called "G.I.s' paradise" by the patients, is typical of the Convalescent Centers. Starting as an experiment with no beaten paths or royal roads to follow, its success has shaped a pattern for the other centers to copy.

It has the enthusiastic support of General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, Chief of the Air Forces. The Air Surgeon, Major General David N. W. Grant, *(Continued on page 71)*

The AAF Convalescent Training program has two phases—exercise and relaxation. Both are illustrated here. In foreground, wounded fliers relax, while in the background they boat and swim in Green Mountain Lake

A golf course is part of the Pawling Convalescent Center. Cpl. George Solberg putts while Golf Instructor Ernest Hurguy, Lt. Fred Marez, Lt. Melvin Whelan, Lt. Leonard Burnett and S/Sgt. Alfred Smith watch



BY W. B. COURTNEY

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

These are the brash youngsters who rip up the Tiger tanks before our Berlin-bound spearheads. They pilot the big Thunderbolts and they marvel at the guts it takes to fight without 2,000 horses and eight machine guns in front of you. But after you read this, you'll begin to wonder if the Thunder Bums aren't overmodest

IT IS a twinkling Sunday morning in northern France, and someone on a bicycle is riding toward us along the perimeter track—which is what airmen call the broken circle of road that runs around the outermost edge of a combat airfield.

Off the perimeter track, open the "bays" where the various squadrons disperse and conceal their planes and have their living tents and headquarters trailers. On the perimeter track, planes taxi to and from the flying strip. Beside the perimeter track, there is a confused hedge of overturned trees and mounds of earth that the engineers have uprooted and gouged and bulldozed aside. The perimeter track is the ground backbone of air traffic with planes, snorting trucks, workingmen, wandering jeeps—all manners and movements of the vehicles, tools and the litter of hasty war perpetually shrouded in dust and noise.

A group of us sit on the ground in the operations area of the Thunder Bum Squadron. Everybody watches the approaching bicyclist, and you can't help but notice they do so with affectionate interest.

"Here comes Johnny back from church," says the boss Thunder Bum.

"Yeah," says the Flying Dutchman. "The only way you ever know it is Sunday in this man's Army is when Johnny gets out his bicycle to go to church."

"That was only in England," declares a pug-nosed boy. "Here you know, too, on account of the way the peasants get dolled up. Even if there's nothing left of their houses but a pile of stone and junk, they climb out on Sunday all dressed up. Take the dames. Their clothes aren't as good as the English dames had, but they look better. They can fix a classy touch with a short piece of ribbon that an English dame couldn't get with ten yards of silk."

Ordinarily this would cause all the other Thunder Bums to rib him that the English girls must have been too smart for him. But now their attention is on the newcomer.

The bicycle looks so big, and the figure on it so boyishly small, and he rides with such a comical mixture of alternate sedateness and prankish audacity that you think at first it must be one of those innumerable French kids who have attached themselves to all units of the Yank Army and just tag along without let or leave, making cots, tidying quarters, fetching water, running errands, and scrounging *vin du pays*—making themselves indispensable nuisances in return for gum, cigarettes and Morgenthau francs. But when you remark this to the boss Thunder Bum, he grins.

"Sure he looks just like a kid. But he's the kid who discovered that we can knock out Tigers and Panthers with our standard armor-piercing incendiary machine-gun bullets. Everybody used to think those big tanks were invulnerable to anything in the air except bombs and rockets. This new idea was flashed all over our commands, and since then fighters have been strafing hell out of them as well as bombing them and, believe me, we have clobbered plenty that way. It has made things a lot easier and faster for the ground forces in this push. That's what that kid did."

The bicycle rider brakes sharply in front of us, jumps off, relaxes, props his back against the bike's crossbar and says, "Hello," all in one circus flourish. This sturdy chunk of American boyhood is Captain John W. Baer of Cottonwood, Idaho, West Point class of '43. His Army card shows him to be twenty-five, although if someone told you he was a 16-year-old student in some American high school, you'd find it just as credible, his double-bar silver insigne being so incongruous with his youthful friendliness and raw blue eyes. Johnny was on detached service when he first came overseas flying Spits for the R.A.F. But he would rather fly Thunderbolts than any other plane, because he thinks they are best for tank busting.

Yank Ingenuity Outwits Nazi Tiger Tanks

"Johnny's nuts on tanks," somebody remarks, and they all laugh. "How did you cut the Kraut tanks down to your size, Johnny?"

"How did we *all* do it, you mean," Johnny says. "I was element leader in Captain McLachlan's flight. We found the armored column that we were to support, but it was strung out several miles along the road and stopped dead. We established radio contact with the leader and he told us why. Around a bend in the road ahead were a couple of Tigers."

"Those Tigers are the biggest and toughest babies on the road," breaks in Captain McLachlan. "They're more than sixty tons against forty or so for our Shermans, and their main armament is the famous 88-millimeter gun, which is a murderer."

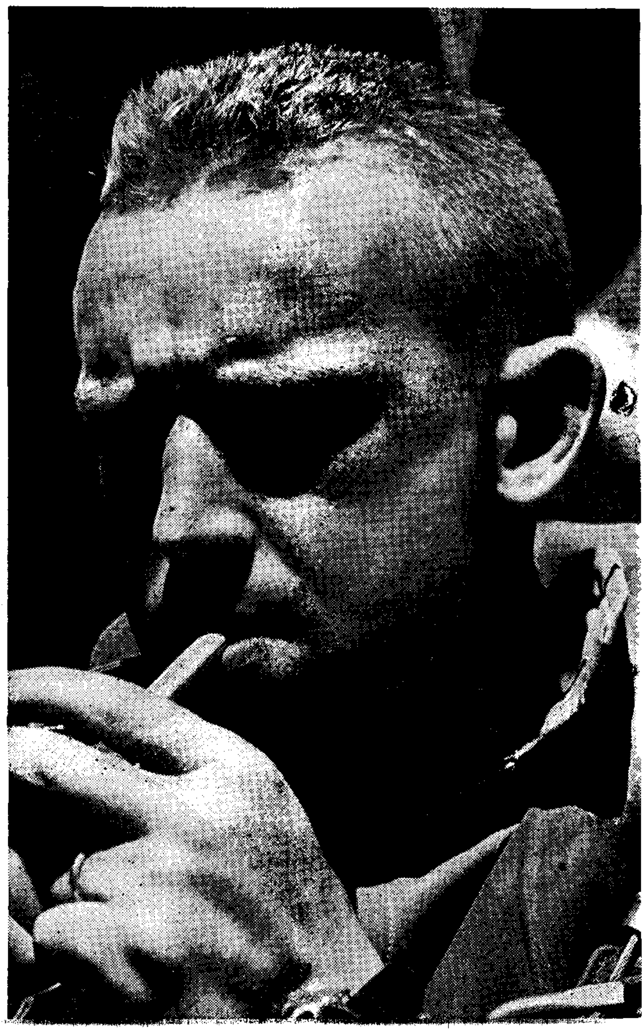
"Yes," continues Johnny, "so when we missed 'em with our bombs we felt as useful as bees buzzing around a boulder. You see it was a low ceiling and we could only get in a short dive and that wasn't good enough and our near-misses didn't knock them out. They started to shuttle fast, back and forth on the road. We flew around and watched them for a while and then I suggested over the radio to Captain McLachlan, 'Let's strafe 'em, Mac. We'll bounce them up into their bellies.' "

"We didn't figure it was much use," says McLachlan—Joseph J. of Detroit—"because Tigers and Panthers are lousy with armor. They've got two inches or more, with

Two Kraut tankmen got tough with Lt. Frank Kerchner. "What could I do," he said, "but let 'em have it?"

"You gotta be one of us," says Col. Paul S. Douglas, of Arkansas, "to be a real Thunder Bum"

"We figured strafing wasn't much use," said Capt. J. McLachlan, "because Tiger tanks are lousy with armor"



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

double that at weak points. But that was a hard-surfaced road and there didn't seem to be any harm in trying, so I said okay."

"The four of us dived at the lead Tiger," says Johnny, "in a line with the road and we walked our bullets along it toward the rear of the tank. That meant thirty-two machine guns hosing .50-caliber bullets at point-blank range. We reckoned the bullets hitting the road might ricochet underneath the tank, and those hitting it direct might penetrate the engine ventilator grill in the back or set fire to those extra gas tins it carries outside. Well, as we pulled up and banked around for a look, we could see that the Tiger was in trouble. Little red puffballs and white tracer streams were popping out of her on all sides. Meanwhile, the other tank was crabbing desperately away, but we went down and worked her over and then watched her split apart like a package of Chinese firecrackers."

"The boys in our armored column," says Mac, "had climbed topside to watch the battle. We could see them dancing and waving their arms to us, so we wagged our wings at them and I told them over the radio they could go ahead."

You find it enormously difficult to reconcile such grim, deadly business with this bland, grinning cherub from Idaho and with the equally boyish little freckle-face from Michigan, or their young Thunder Bum mates who listen with rapt attention to a story they must have heard a hundred times. You have to keep alert or you'd dream you were merely seeing again one of those movies of sacrificed youth like Dawn Patrol that racked your heart back in the early nineteen-thirties and made everybody sure it would never happen again—everybody, apparently, except statesmen.

Johnny Baer, at twenty-five, is getting on the old side. The boss Thunder Bum, Lieutenant Colonel Douglas, is twenty-five although he has the aplomb of a bank president of fifty-four. Most of the Thunder Bums have just turned twenty. Not one fighting pilot of this squadron had been born when the Treaty of Versailles arranged eternal billing and cooing among men. Few were born when the Nazi and Fascist thugs set up business.

Levelheaded Approach to War

That emphasizes a difference between the kids of this war and the last. We did not come from a disillusioned generation. They do. They are better, not poorer, fighters on account of this, because they are cynical about warmongers. However, all their talk is not so profound.

When they are not fighting or sleeping they play tricks on one another, or put up *"Achtung Minen"* signs in the latrines, or kid about girls and *vin rouge* and what fun they're going to have on leave in Paris, and how they will pawn their "gongs," or medals, after the war. They mention without morbidity friends who "went in"—which is the equivalent of the last war's "gone West."

Their group commander is Colonel Gilbert L. Meyers of Milford, Iowa. He is twenty-seven years old, really "tall, dark and handsome," and even amid the dirt and bustle of a front-line airfield, he wears his uniform with rakish neatness and handles his planes, problems and his thousand or more kids with sharply intelligent efficiency. He organized his present group at Mitchel Field, and it was first to be solely equipped with Thunderbolts. Gil has done more than his share of combat "ops" but still goes on missions when his job permits.

His deputy commander is chubby, good-natured Lieutenant Colonel Frank S. Perego, twenty-eight, of Canandaigua, New York, and the University of Rochester. Frank has to undergo much chaffing because of the banner-line detail with which his home-town papers follow his exploits. He is the man who led the spectacular fighter-bomber attack on the Cherbourg breakwater forts that made them run up the white flag.

A group is a big, tricky charge, both of administration and fighting. On a typical current day, Gil's group used more than 25,000 gallons of high-octane gas, dropped nearly three hundred bombs and fired more than 55,000 rounds of machine-gun ammunition. On this by no means record day, they destroyed 22 German tanks, damaged 64, knocked out 78 motor trucks and vehicles, and damaged 49, blasted down two enemy aircraft and damaged three more—all for a score of 13 damaged planes of their own and three lost, of which one pilot returned and the other two are known to have bailed out and may be safe.

There is a tendency for Gil's entire group to adopt the name "Thunder Bums." This is meant as a compliment but actually it displeases the fiercely proud squadron of Lieutenant Colonel Paul S. Douglas, Jr., of Paragould, Arkansas. "You gotta be one of *us* to be a real Thunder Bum," they explain down their noses. Which gives you some idea of the complexity of a group commander's life, all his squadrons being equally clannish.

However, proud as they are, even the youngest and brashest of the original Thunder Bums won't tell you that they or the Air Force have won the war. Their heroes are the kids slogging along on the ground. In fact, airmen are rather in awe of the lads who have to fight without 2,000-horsepower motors and eight machine guns apiece, and it makes you feel good about all Yanks to hear the fairness, sincerity and vehemence with which they admit it. "Those boys can't slide for home base at four hundred miles an hour or bail to safety in a parachute if things go wrong for them," says Johnny Baer.

They know that modern war is like a motorcar, with each combat and service arm representing a wheel, and if one wheel breaks down or doesn't turn at relative speed to the others, the whole drive becomes all fouled up.

It is enough for the Thunder Bums to know that General Omar N. Bradley—affectionately spoken of by Yanks in France as the greatest American field general since the giants of our Civil War—says, "We could not have achieved what we have if it were not for the pilots of the Ninth Air Force. It was teamwork beyond what we could have dreamed of a few weeks ago." Lieutenant General George S. Patton has been just as enthusiastic in his praise. This must be received with warm gratitude by Lieutenant General Lewis Hyde Brereton, who organized the Ninth, and by Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, who commands it now.

This much is certain: A revolution has taken place in airpower co-operation with ground power. Our fighter-bombers constantly hover just ahead of our tank and infantry thrusts. They are the barbs on the lightning bolts of Bradley's 1944-model blitzkrieg.

They provide ground columns with the closest air support given in this war, and the correlation of their 400-mile-an-hour speed to the 20 or so mile rate of mechanized land movements is in itself a miracle. For the fighter-bomber kids *must* be kept up close—they live, eat and sleep behind the tide of tanks and infantry as closely as a surfboard jockey rides the heel of a cresting wave, and they fly over it and dive ahead of its seething froth. Often they are only a matter of several minutes flight from take-off to target. "You can be dead or a hero in a couple of belches at breakfast," the Thunder Bums grin.

Low-Down on Dive-Bombing

Paul Douglas, Thunder Bum squadron leader, was talking about their dive bombing. "We try to let go with the thousand-pounders at no less than a thousand feet, or at seven hundred and fifty feet with the five-hundred-pounders," he said. "Any lower, the blast of your own bombs is apt to get you. Sometimes we go much lower and then, after we release, we just shove the throttle ahead like hell. One kid, for instance, had to hit a railroad yard pretty low. He said the air in front of him was full of rails and ties. When he got back, we found a big piece of rail embedded in his fuselage. Another thing about going low: You come into the range of small arms and automatic weapons added to your flak trouble."

"Flak has no respect for experience," remarks Colonel Meyers, which is the most cogent summing up of a war pilot's risks that I have ever heard.

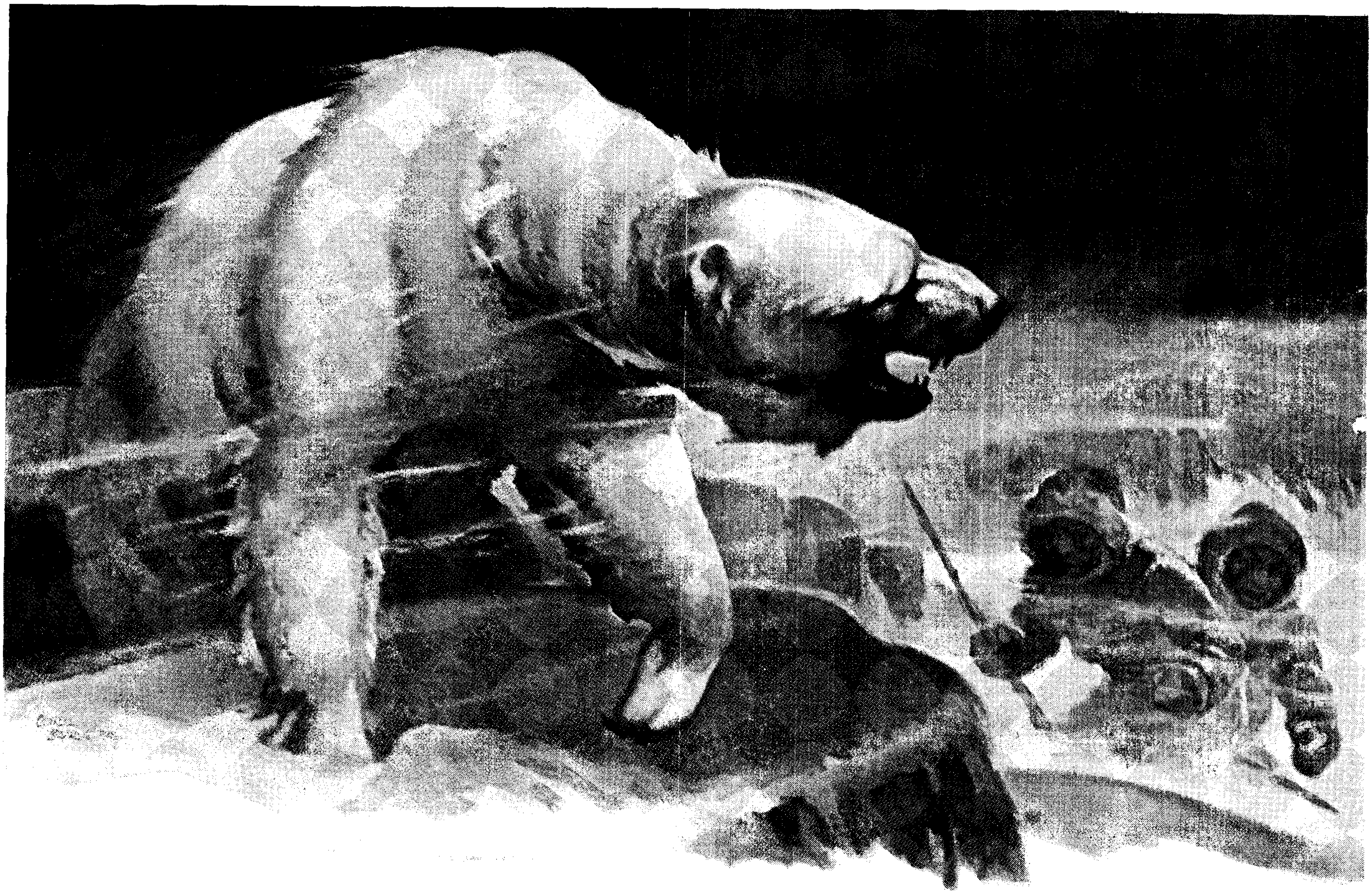
"Check," says Paul. "I think any of us would rather tangle with a couple of Messies or FWs any day than have one good flak battery hammering at us. You can outthink an enemy human; you can't outthink an exploding shell. But we go plenty low, all right, if the mission requires it or our armored columns need that kind of support. Lieutenant Horlacker actually came back with dirt on a wing tip. He grazed some high ground while trying to locate a target.

"You see, we won't strafe unless we're awfully sure it's the enemy. When the fight is confused, as it gets in a swift battle like this, identification is tough. We've got to know the outlines of not only all German tanks and vehicles, but Allied types as well. Signal panels get dirty, or dust-covered, or torn off. Put it this way: Most folks at home are familiar with American cars. Try from the

(Continued on page 32)

Capt. Johnny Baer, of Cottonwood, Idaho, figured a way to "get" Tigers. He bikes to church on Sundays

The Thunder Bum in this P-47 got back safely. Col. Gilbert Meyers, group commander (left) and his executive, Lt. Col. Frank Perego, examine loose chunks of wing. The pilot was wounded



Suddenly the bear knew he was doomed. The men closed in slowly, ready to jump if he struck

OVER THE TOP OF THE WORLD

by Hans Ruesch

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER

To us the Eskimo is a backward primitive. But picture yourself on an icecap during a blizzard. You see a polar bear—food—but you are unarmed. Would you have the intelligence, the ingenuity to pit your life against the bear's?

WHEN Kellitjuk pulled his head out of his sleeping bag his thoughts usually ran first of all to the heap of fish and meat rotting into tenderness behind the seal-oil lamp. But not today. Today, seeing Utukuluk kneeling in a corner of the igloo over her husband's caribou skins, an alien thought flashed into his mind, took sudden possession of him: murder.

He would kill Angutjuk and take Utukuluk for his wife. He was young, Kellitjuk, and had never had a wife, but he knew that a woman of one's own was important, to scrape skins and sew boots and keep company in one's sleeping bag. And Utukuluk was the only woman he had seen in two years.

Because this region of the Central Arctic was so remote that some of its Eskimos had never even seen a white man, they had changed little since the dawn of history; they were as children, forthright and pitiless and gay. Sometimes, however, they were as unaccountable as Nature, seized by sudden, unwarranted storms which drove them along a path of delirium, until the outburst had spent itself and, just as unwarrantedly, peace returned and oblivion. In the age of tanks they still hunted with bow and stone-tipped arrows, shared all they possessed, and were simple and open in their dealings with one another.

On the soapstone cooking lamp the tea had long since cooled off; they couldn't drink it warm. Utukuluk went to fill a cup and walking pigeon-toed in her high boots, waddled over to Kellitjuk. She had a pleasing face with a flat nose and fat cheeks.

"Where is Angutjuk?" asked Kellitjuk.

"He went spearing the great seal. Yesterday you and he guzzled a whole caribou." She laughed and returned to her work, and Kellitjuk gazed at her levelly over the rim of his cup. With his fingers he wiped up the tea leaves and ate them and crawled out of his bag.

Over his jacket suit of caribou hides with the hair on the inside he donned another suit with hair outside and tucked the trousers into his boots. Then, stooping under the vaulting ice, with a circular knife he cut himself big chunks of frozen fish that he crammed into his mouth with the palm of his hand.

There were no farewells when he left, for only arrivals are cause for observance; departures pass unnoticed and ignored. Crawling out of the tunnel, he pulled after him the leader of the huskies who slept there buried in the snow, and the rest of his team followed, shaking the hoarfrost from their thick pelts and yapping for food—wolves rather than dogs, with pointed snouts and glaring eyes.

Kellitjuk threw some frozen fish at them, and while they fought over it he iced the runners and lashed the sled. Then he took his harpoon, harnessed the dogs, and whipped them on. They went off rapidly after the leader, spreading fanwise, pulling eagerly and yapping after the white puffs of smoke from their panting muzzles.

IT WAS warm, only thirty below, and Kellitjuk didn't have to trot after the sled for warmth, but could sit on it, enjoying the ride. In the south the sky was a meek and mellow blue, reflection of an absent sun, shading into a tender mauve in the north. Under this pallid heaven the earth was mild and anemic, with neither shades nor hues, as it might appear in a dream, or to the eyes of a dog that can make no distinction between colors.

This was the Glacial Ocean on which they traveled, frozen six feet deep and stingily carpeted with snow. A few miles to the right were low bluffs and hills, white and dead.

The tracks of Angutjuk's sled were clearly visible on the ocean; he hadn't crossed it in a straight line but had kept in sight of the coast line for landmarks.

Kellitjuk never turned to glance at the solitary igloo he had just left, a tiny blister of ice on the roof of the world. His mind, capable of but one thought at a time, ran forward, forward to the next island's great bay where Angutjuk had gone sealing. He had even neglected to bring food with him, and blubber for fuel and light—first rule for those who travel, for any moment a blizzard may surge over the world, turning an hour's ride into a week's long wait in an improvised igloo. But Kellitjuk was too concerned with his purpose to think of blizzards.

For two years now Angutjuk had spoken of the impending arrival of his brother Pedersuak. "He has two daughters, and you can take your choice," Angutjuk had said, laughing. And as the months had drawn by and Kellitjuk had kept waiting in vain, Angutjuk had simply shrugged and said, "Perhaps he comes at the end of next winter." A winter more or a winter less was unimportant to Angutjuk, who had seen many.

But not to Kellitjuk. And what if Pedersuak never came? He might have changed his mind. Or be dead. Or someone else might have taken his daughters.

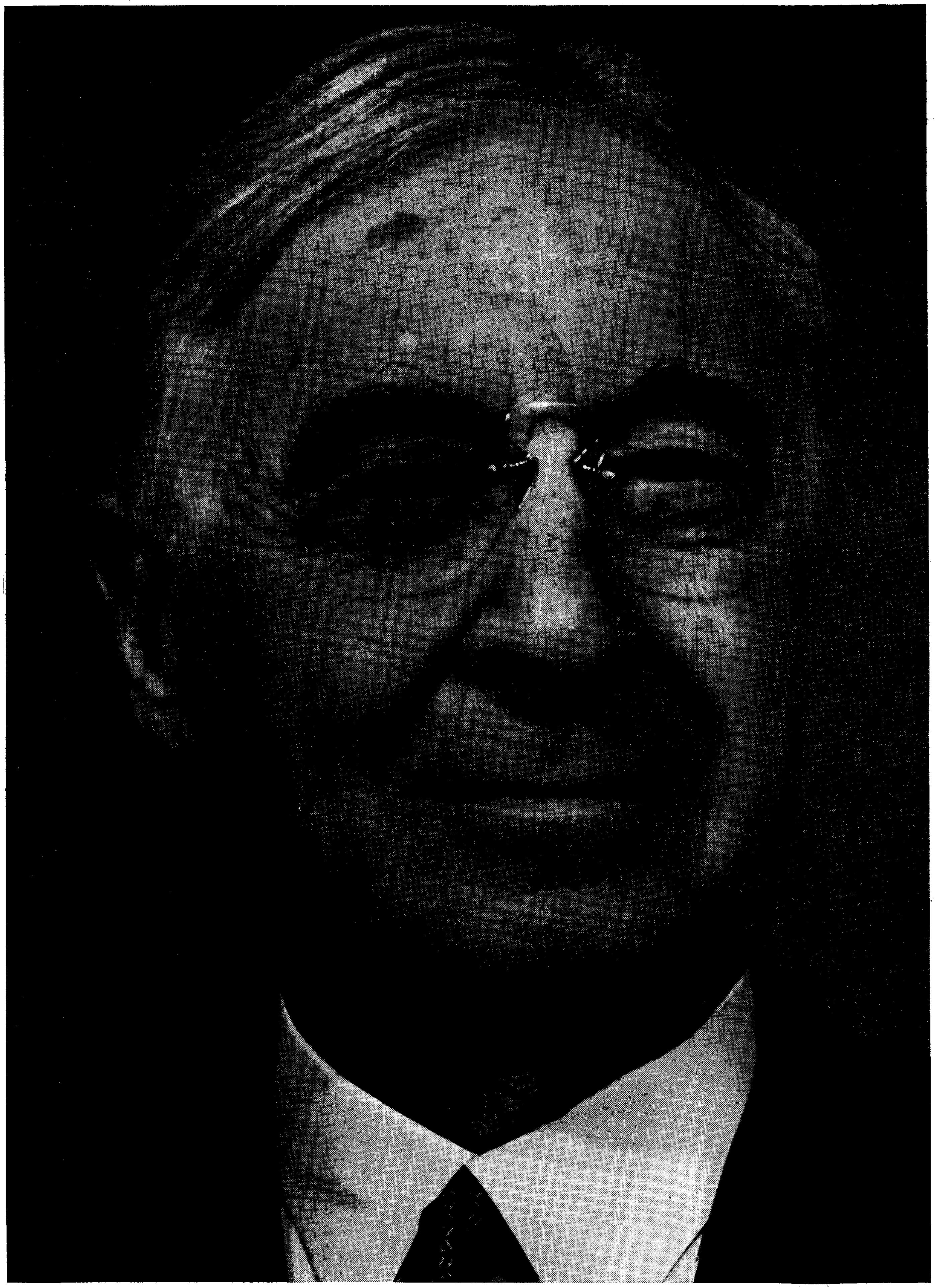
Kellitjuk was tired of waiting, and killing Angutjuk was so simple. Yet the thought

(Continued on page 69)

BARUCH on Postwar Prospects

BY GEORGE CREEL

The opportunity for great prosperity will come after the war, Bernard Baruch believes, but only if we meet the challenge of reconversion to peacetime business. Here is a survey of progress made thus far toward the famous authority's postwar program



IKE VERNE—PIX

IF YOU suffer from reconversion jitters, and your sleep is broken by horrid dreams of a postwar collapse, these cheering words may be of help: "We will emerge from the war with the greatest opportunities any people ever had. A postwar depression is not inevitable. Handled with competence, our adjustment after the war is won should be an adventure in prosperity."

This deliberated judgment, coming from Bernard M. Baruch, cannot be brushed off as wishful thinking. Aside from the fact that he stands today as the accepted authority on reconversion, no man was ever less given to crystal gazing or hair-trigger statement. Elephants, supposedly the last word in caution, are headlong compared to the dean of America's elder statesmen. Moreover, he does not stop at prophecy, but carefully tabulates the reasons for his optimism. All in this one, two, three order:

Every store in the country, and every home, has empty shelves waiting to be filled. Not a family but sweats with impatience for the chance to satisfy needs deferred by the war. All lines of business will be in the market for replacements and expansion. In addition to domestic requirements, there is a ravaged world that will have to be rebuilt.

Billions for Postwar Spending

This enormous consumer demand is backed up by an equally huge accumulation of buying power, cash on the barrelhead. Reliable statistics prove that the American people have not gone on joy rides and spending jags. Individual savings, plus corporation reserves, run high into the billions.

Postwar unemployment is more of a fear than a fact. Ten or eleven million men, now in the Armed Forces, are not going to be dumped back into civil life all in one big, unmanageable lump. Demobilization is bound to be a filtering process rather than a flood. Nor is it sound to assume that all of the men and women engaged in war work will stay on in industry, creating a job-placement problem. The estimate of potential retirement is large.

These are not new conclusions with Baruch. Virtually all were set forth in the report that he and John Hancock filed with the Director of War Mobilization last February. At the same time it was stressed that none of these recovery factors was automatic or self-operating. All had to be implemented by White House decisions and Congressional action. *Sound laws based on sound policies!* Failure by these branches could and would take rose coloring out of the picture.

What gives Mr. Baruch's views high value is that he never rests content with flat statements. Each and every one is always companioned by the facts on which it is based. In Washington throughout the spring and long hot summer, often from his favorite bench in Lafayette Square, he has preached his gospel of reconversion in painstaking detail to officials, lawmakers and molders of public opinion.

Here, for example, is his detailed analysis of the banked-up civilian needs that have the making of a boom market. With all but absolutely necessary construction stopped by war, billions will have to be spent on new homes and new factories. A whole population is in line for the purchase of hats, shoes, clothing, radio sets, household furnishings, household appliances such as pots, pans, refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, etc., etc. The automobile industry counts confidently on a demand for 6,000,000 cars a year, and that carries an inevitable increase in the sale of oil, gasoline, tires and automobile accessories.

As a result of war curtailments, railroads, shipping, airlines and bus lines will be clamoring for new equipment, and factories and farms for new machinery. The revival of dormant service businesses—laundries, dry cleaning, etc.—will add to the demand. With rationing a thing of the past, a leap in food consumption at home, plus shipments abroad, will not only sustain agricultural production, but may boost it.

Treasury figures fully support the Baruch claim that consumer demand will be balanced by adequate purchasing power. From 1940 to 1943 inclusive, the liquid savings of individuals totaled $74,000,000,000. Of this vast amount, $29,000,000,000 went into government securities, $9,000,000,000 into life insurance, $5,000,000,000 into savings, and $4,000,000,000 into debt reduction, while the balance of $27,000,000,000 nestles snugly in currency and checking accounts. States and municipalities, with equal prudence, also reduced their obligations, setting up substantial reserves for postwar improvements. By the end of 1944, Mr. Morgenthau's bright young men estimate, the people's savings may reach the colossal figure of one hundred billion, or an average of $757.57 for every person in the United States.

In the matter of jobs, Mr. Baruch and Mr. Hancock take 7,600,000 as industry's net increase in employment, due to war. They then relate the number to potential retirement. Thousands of wives will go back into the home, and thousands of young women will marry and change from factory work to housekeeping. Thousands of both sexes will resume courses in high schools, colleges and universities, and thousands past sixty-five will either return to pension rolls or else take advantage of old-age benefits.

(Continued on page 27)

SWAMP Angels

by

HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

The most unusual outfit in the U. S. Armed Forces patrols the Grand Chenier's eighty miles of swamps, bayous, ditches and lakes. "If the mosquitoes are biting, we give a feller just four hours to live," they say. So far they have saved thirty-five men

Cajun Coast Guard men, natives of Louisiana's treacherous bayou country, lift a swamp victim into their rescue boat

UNTIL the war began stationing men on pin points in the Pacific and ice floes north of Iceland, you could call Grand Chenier, Louisiana, the end of the world and get away with it. It is a tiny ridge, fifteen miles long and a mile wide, stuck into a treacherous morass of swamps, bayous and mosquitoes on the Gulf of Mexico near Texas. The only inhabited spot along an eighty-mile stretch of coast line, it was used centuries ago by the pirate Lafitte as a hide-out and, more recently, was picked by Berlin as a good spot for landing its saboteurs.

Today it is the base of one of the most unusual outfits in our armed services, the Grand Chenier Coast Guard, which is made up almost entirely of natives of the ridge. Originally organized to prevent the landing of saboteurs, in their eighteen months of service the Coast Guard men have saved thirty-five fliers who crashed in the desolate swamps from certain death by exhaustion, starvation and mosquitoes. As lean, bushy-browed Chief Petty Officer David Dolan puts it, "We give a feller just four hours to live if the mosquitoes are biting."

Coast Guard officials say it is the only outfit in the U. S. Armed Forces whose members were recruited for service in their own back yards. The reason: They are the only men who can go into the swamps and come back alive. With the exception of a few radio operators and its commander, Lieutenant Winn Hawkins, all are natives of the ridge.

Most of them are Cajuns (a slang contraction of Acadians)—descendants of the French colonists who were driven from Nova Scotia in 1763 and settled in Louisiana's swamplands. They speak broken English and a dialect that will crumple anybody's college French, yet they send more kids to college than the rest of Cameron County combined. Until they entered the Coast Guard, they lived by hunting, trapping, rice farming and guiding duck hunters. Crack shots, they recently embarrassed a machine-gun demonstrator by knocking the target to pieces after he had missed it.

They have been in the swamps so long that sometimes their instincts have the sensitivity of a wild animal's. One day our speedboat was roaring through the Gulf toward a distant beach hut. We had not gone far when Seaman Ray Trahan began sniffing the wind, searching the horizon. Suddenly he cried, "Something's wrong. Stop the motor."

We looked at the motor, expecting to see it smoking. But everyone else looked out to sea. Then Chief A. E. Morgan said, "There it is," and they picked up a soggy kapok life preserver, empty and without a trace of identification. The empty jacket was eerie in itself, but what really impressed us was Trahan's ability to detect its presence while racing along at top speed.

Back in 1942, immigration authorities found twenty-six aliens who admitted they had been smuggled in from Cuba by way of Big Constance, a large bayou near Grand Chenier.

The Coast Guard, which had previously been maintaining only an offshore patrol of the area, promptly asked Winn Hawkins, wealthy oilman and part owner of the Grand Chenier Hunting Club, to make maps of the region, showing all its bayous, ditches, lakes, swamps and trappers' huts. The maps convinced Coast Guard officials their offshore patrol was inadequate. There were too many bayous a small boat might hide in, too many trappers' huts, inhabited only a few months a year, where saboteurs could put up until contact was made with agents already in the country.

Investigation also showed the Coast Guard *another important fact: The area could be* patrolled only by natives.

Beautiful—but Treacherous

Looking at the swamps' shimmering little pools and beautiful green marsh grass, it is hard to believe they can be treacherous. But at the first step, you sink up to your knees. Then your foot finds a hidden root and you are only ankle-deep. The next step carries you in to your hips. You lose your balance. You struggle against sinking by trying to move fast. You remember to take Cajun advice and try to move slowly. But as the others move ahead, you try to go faster.

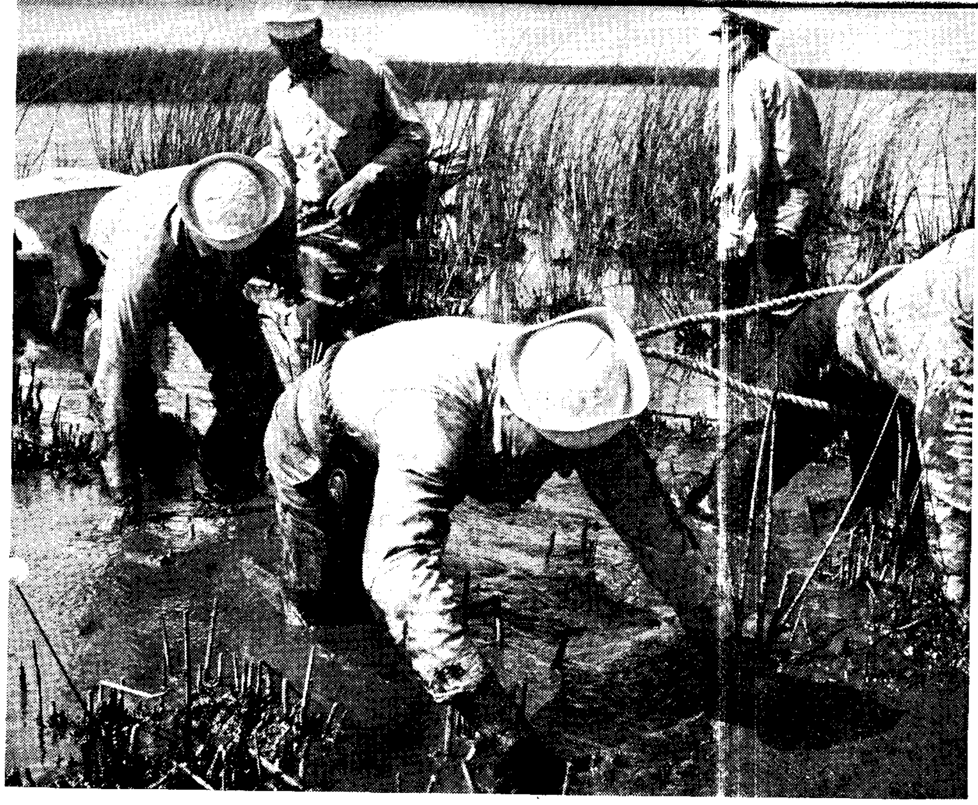
If you stop to catch your breath, you sink deeper and deeper until, in panic, you lunge, yank, plunge, stumble and fall. Suddenly the grass which waved so invitingly is taller than you are, and you have no idea in which direction you were headed.

The mosquitoes, the swamps' most dangerous menace, are at their worst during the summer months, when they breed by the millions in stagnant pools. They are quite capable of killing men and have often killed cattle. When attacked, most persons try to fight them, and succeed only in wearing themselves out flailing their arms, so that inevitably they become too weak to fight.

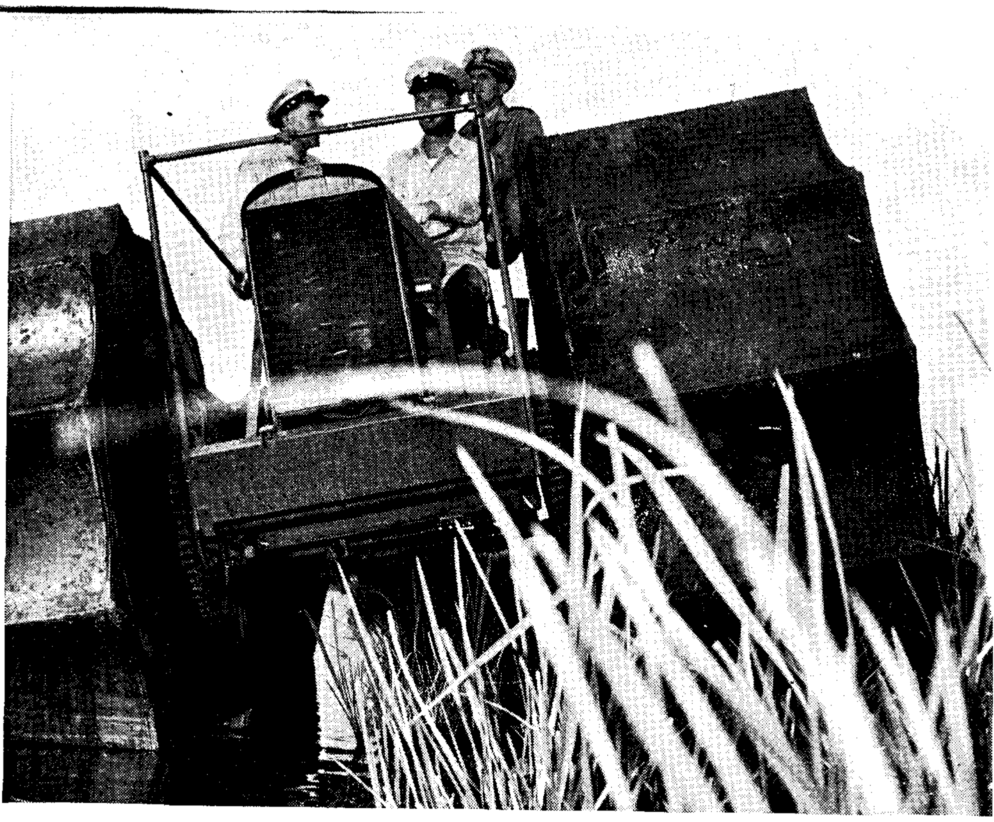
Yet the Cajuns seem immune to them. They never try to fight them off. They will allow their necks and faces to become covered with the bloodthirsty insects. Then with a sweep of the hands, they will brush them off. When we complained about them, Radio Operator Tommie Miller just laughed at us. "You should be here in August," he said. "They come in with fighter escorts then."

The idea of establishing a unit to patrol its home grounds broke all precedents in our Armed Forces. It took some argument, but the area obviously had to be patrolled, obviously couldn't be by regular Coast Guard men. Once those facts were established, there were not enough brass hats in Washington to stop it, though things moved slowly at the beginning.

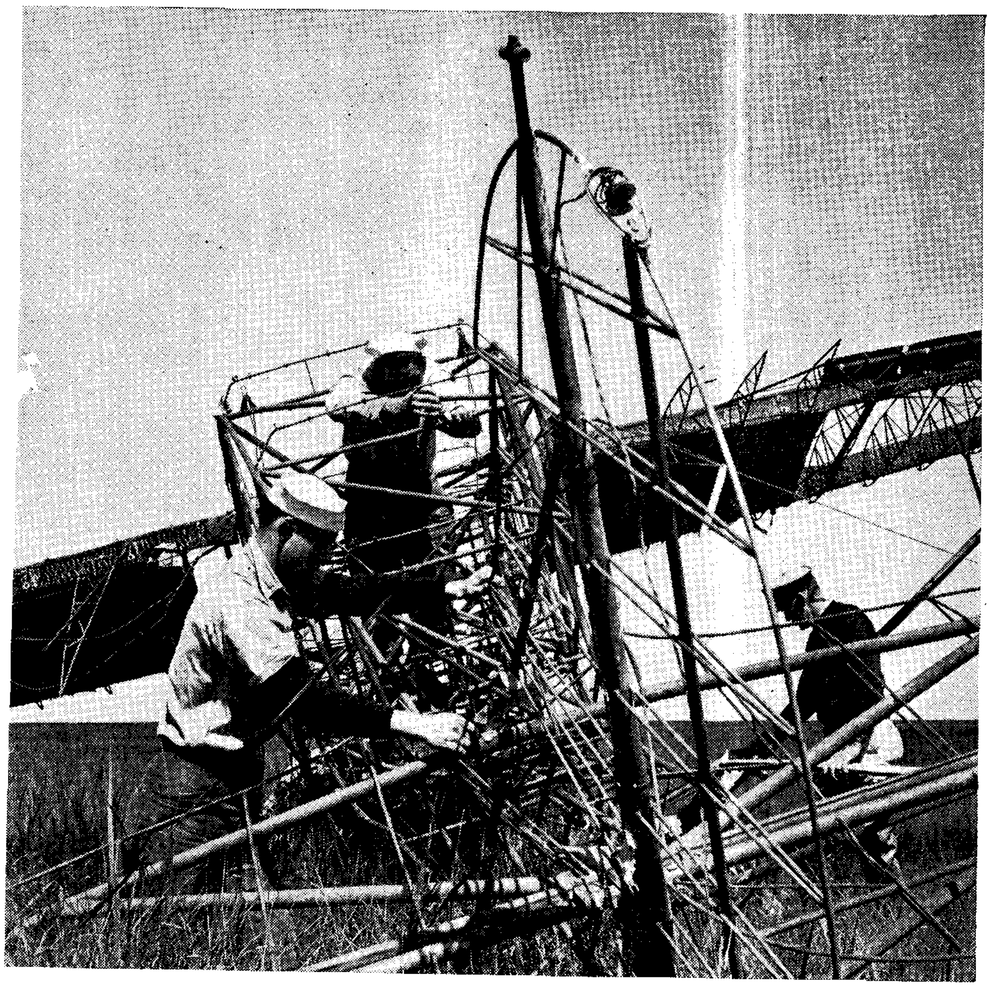
In July, 1942, Hawkins was called into New Orleans, commissioned a junior-grade lieutenant and given command of the Grand Chenier station. With David Dolan, who became a chief petty officer, he began recruiting. It was easy. Virtually every man on the ridge between 18 and 65—there are



To reach fliers who have crashed in swamps, Coast Guard men crawl through miles of hip-deep swamp pulling a pirogue containing a basket stretcher

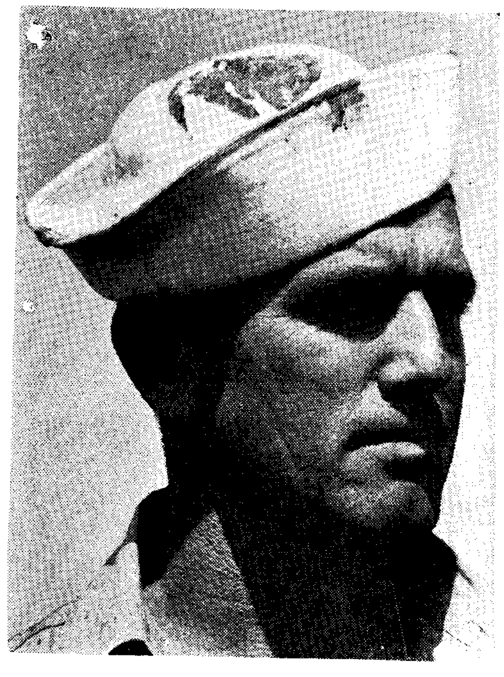


A "marsh buggy," which uses drums for wheels, crosses worst swamp at 20 miles an hour. Swamp victims are given four hours to live if *mosquitoes are biting*



This Civil Air Patrol plane crashed and burned in an attempt to land beside a wrecked bomber. Seaman Evans Broussard (foreground) saved CAP plane crew

Alabama-clad Lt. Winn Hawkins and Chief Petty Officer David Dolan hear from Chief A. E. Morgan how this empty life jacket was found off Gulf shore



Specialist Ray Trahan, native guide and trapper, handles boat on rescues

100 in all—joined in a body. Not one thought he would be paid or given a uniform. Each knew only that the country had asked him to help prevent saboteurs from landing, and that was enough. The hunting club became the station's headquarters. Their boats and marsh ponies became the Coast Guard's, and when more and faster boats were needed, they built them.

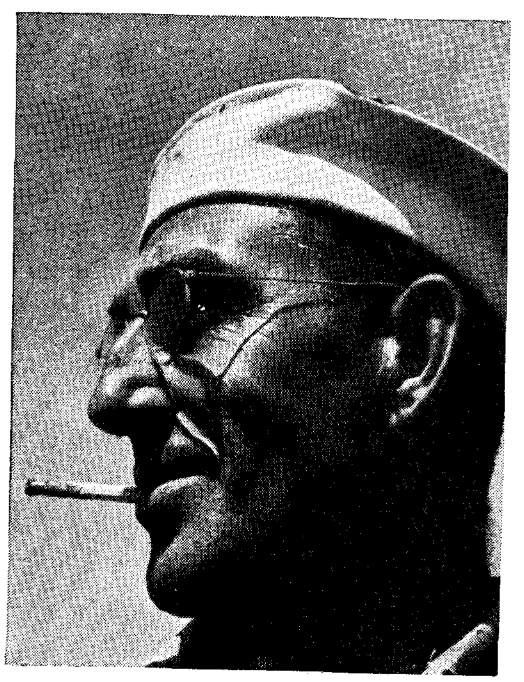
Probably no other outfit in our armed services has less spit and polish. Titles mean nothing. David Dolan may be chief petty officer to the Coast Guard, but he is still David Dolan to the men. Lieutenant Hawkins is usually "Mr. Hawkins," and there is no saluting except at the bridge leading onto the ridge. Nobody is ordered to do anything: he is told; and a completely regulation uniform is seldom worn. When a visiting admiral was constantly addressed by the men as "Lieutenant," Chief Dolan tried to apologize.

"Don't," said the admiral. "A lieutenant *is the highest rank you can have down here.*"

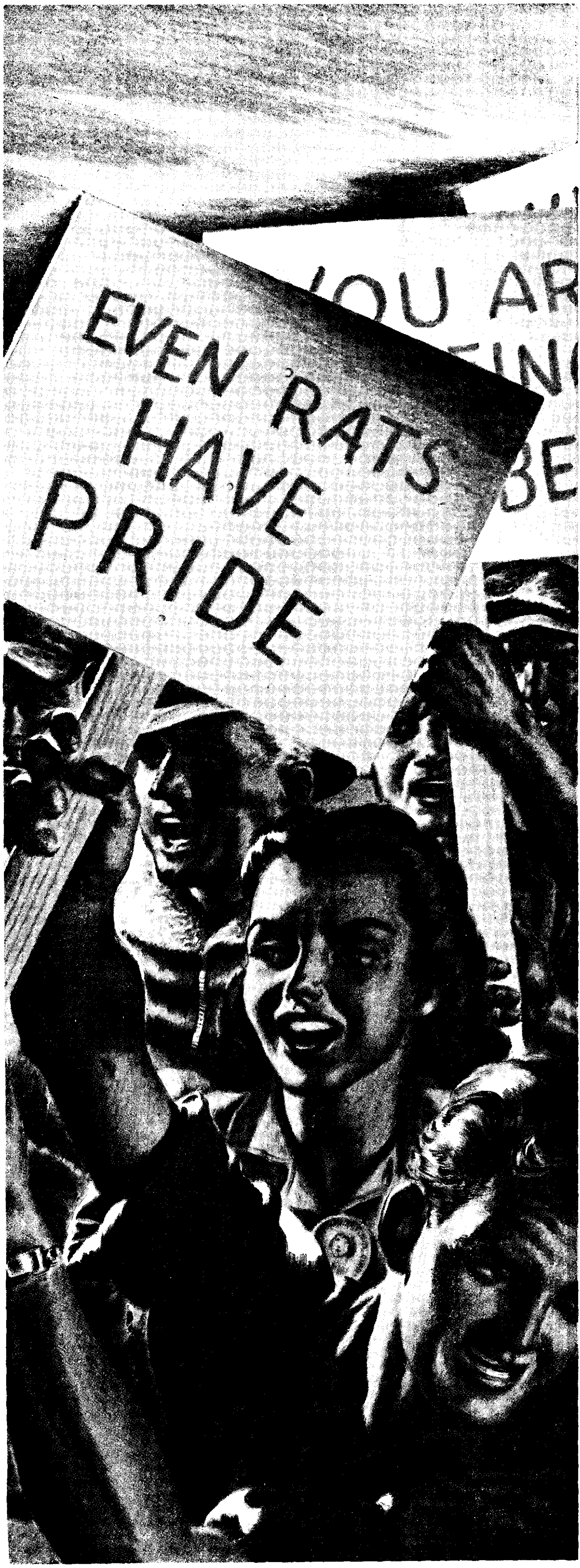
Yet discipline is nearly perfect. Only one leave has been granted since the station's establishment. There is no such thing as an overnight pass; everybody works every day.

Patrols were begun in July. Nobody knows for certain whether a large, high-powered boat frightened away from Big Constance the first night of their patrol was a Nazi U-boat or smugglers. But it is significant

(Continued on page 88)



Coxswain Willie Broussard, also a guide, has been on six rescue parties



Letter of Reference

BY ANNE HOMER WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

LYDIA found the letter in her mailbox and thought uneasily: Now I'll really know all there is to know about Lieutenant Bill Grandin. From the very first she had wanted to fall in with his gay, spontaneous plan of getting married on the spot. It might be months or even years before they could go through the formality of meeting each other's families. Hers were in California and his in a town called Weymouth, Illinois. And Bill was stationed here in New York and might be sent overseas any day, week or month. "Come on, honey," he'd said just last night. "Time is running out like the proverbial sands. We've known each other two weeks, and as far as I'm concerned, my life didn't begin until that particular day."

His voice had had that undercurrent of teasing, but his dark eyes had been serious. Yet Lydia had hesitated. She wanted her marriage founded not on Bill's "proverbial sands" but on deep and impregnable rock. And to attain that, she felt she needed to know him in a different way.

They had met two weeks ago at someone's party. They had seen each other against a background of restaurants and movie houses and the tops of innumerable Fifth Avenue busses. She knew she loved him—and that he loved her. But she had never seen him in his home town, with his family and friends. And that made a kind of gap.

Then a solution came to her—one so easy that it was almost transparent. It just so happened that Lydia's roommate from college days was Janey Brownell, whose home town was also Weymouth, Illinois. So a week ago she had written Janey. She hadn't asked any point-blank questions about Bill. That would have seemed disloyal and wasn't necessary, anyhow. Instead, she had used the light touch. She had said, "There's a boy from Weymouth stationed here now—Bill Grandin. I like him a lot, in fact, I might even marry the guy . . ."

All of it had been deft and easygoing like that, but Janey would come through with everything Lydia needed to know. They had confided too often in each other, and although they had not always agreed in the many long and speculative discussions college students mull over—arguments ranging from international politics to interior decorating—they were much too close to have any barriers when it came to the question of the man either of them would marry.

AND now here was Janey's letter, and Bill was coming tonight; Lydia's apprehensions vanished in a wave of happiness. Somehow she was sure that Janey could have only wonderful things to say about Bill. How could she help it when she thought of Bill's vitality, his intense interest in people and things?

Bill was more than just attractive; he was, Lydia felt sure, something of a genius. He had a hundred schemes to put into practice when the war was over; he looked forward to that promising era with an ardor quite different from the easy cynicism she had found in so many men.

And he was always so wonderful to her. She remembered the time he had brought her four dozen red and yellow tulips. "I wanted a whole sea of them, Lydia," he'd said. "They match you somehow. You have so much color—maybe your eyes are hazel, but your hair has lights in it, all sorts of lights." Then he'd made her hold the tulips in her arms, while he'd kissed her. . . . She remembered how it was when Bill kissed her, the mounting happiness, the feeling of *knowing* that she belonged.

At high school he went in for all sorts of isms. When he was at college he went down to the local mill and actually did some picketing!

All of this came to her in a flash while she unlocked the door to her apartment, went into the miniature bedroom, flicked some powder on her nose and grinned at Bill's picture on the bureau. She waved the familiar square envelope. "Here's your letter of reference, darling!" she said. Then she walked into the living room, lighted a cigarette and, curling up on the sofa, tore open Janey's letter.

"Lydia darling!" the letter began, in Janey's familiar, rounded scrawl. "You say you like Bill Grandin, but if you really knew the lad I'm afraid you'd think differently. Bill always was a crackpot from start to finish, and I can't imagine a worse husband for anyone. He just isn't *our* kind of person, Lydia. At high school, for instance, he went in for all sorts of isms. And when he was at college he went down to the local mill and actually did some picketing! Anyone in Weymouth could tell you that Bill Grandin has no stability at all.

"He's attractive, and I can see how you might fall for him in New York. But everyone here agrees that Bill's an impetuous, radical sort of guy, and that even the war won't steady him down. Has he told *you* that just before he left, he was plotting some crazy scheme for bringing cheap electricity to the entire valley? I hate to tell you all this, Lydia, but it didn't seem fair to let you jump into one of those hasty war marriages without knowing. Maybe Bill means well, but he simply hasn't got much common sense—hope this letter will help you to see the kind of person he is. . . ."

LYDIA let the letter fall to her lap. Through her tears she gazed at the single blazing geranium that Bill had brought her just last night. She didn't read the letter again, but phrases in it darted out at her from the scribbled pages. Crackpot . . . crazy scheme . . . no stability. Bitter, final phrases, from someone who had known Bill all his life, instead of just two weeks.

Then she heard his ring—three shorts and a long. She got up, feeling weak and wavery, hid the letter in a desk drawer and worked the buzzer. A moment later she heard him again, taking the steps two at a time.

She opened the door and right away he said, "Why, Lydia, honey, what's the matter?"

"Come in," she said shakily, "and I'll tell you."

He looked deeply concerned. "Is anyone—sick, or anything?" he asked uncertainly.

"No." They walked into the living room and sat down on the sofa. Lydia took a deep, uneven breath, because she didn't know just how she was going to tell him.

Bill put his big hand over hers. "Come on, out with it," he said, in that curiously gentle way of his.

Lydia looked up for a moment, then turned her head, staring again at the blazing geranium plant. "It's just this, Bill," she said. "I'm going to marry you, and I love you more than I ever have before, and I know you better than anyone else in the whole world."

He didn't take it in all at once. He looked down at the geranium plant, too, and then he said, in a kind of whisper, "You mean that, Lydia?"

"In just this little time!" Lydia continued brokenly. "Maybe I'm the only person in the whole world who knows you at all!"

And then he had her in his arms, gently, so that the happiness was mounting all around them. He never asked her why she was so sure; he didn't need to because they had another language that was better than any words.

It's always that way when two people are really in love.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Still up there!

If you've tasted Four Roses recently, you know it's still on top of the world. The quality of Four Roses has not been changed in the slightest. It's the same magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

And if you *haven't* tasted Four Roses lately, make it a point to ask for it at your favorite bar or package store today.

Its full, rounded flavor, and its gloriously mellow richness will tell you instantly why so many men call it America's top whiskey.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
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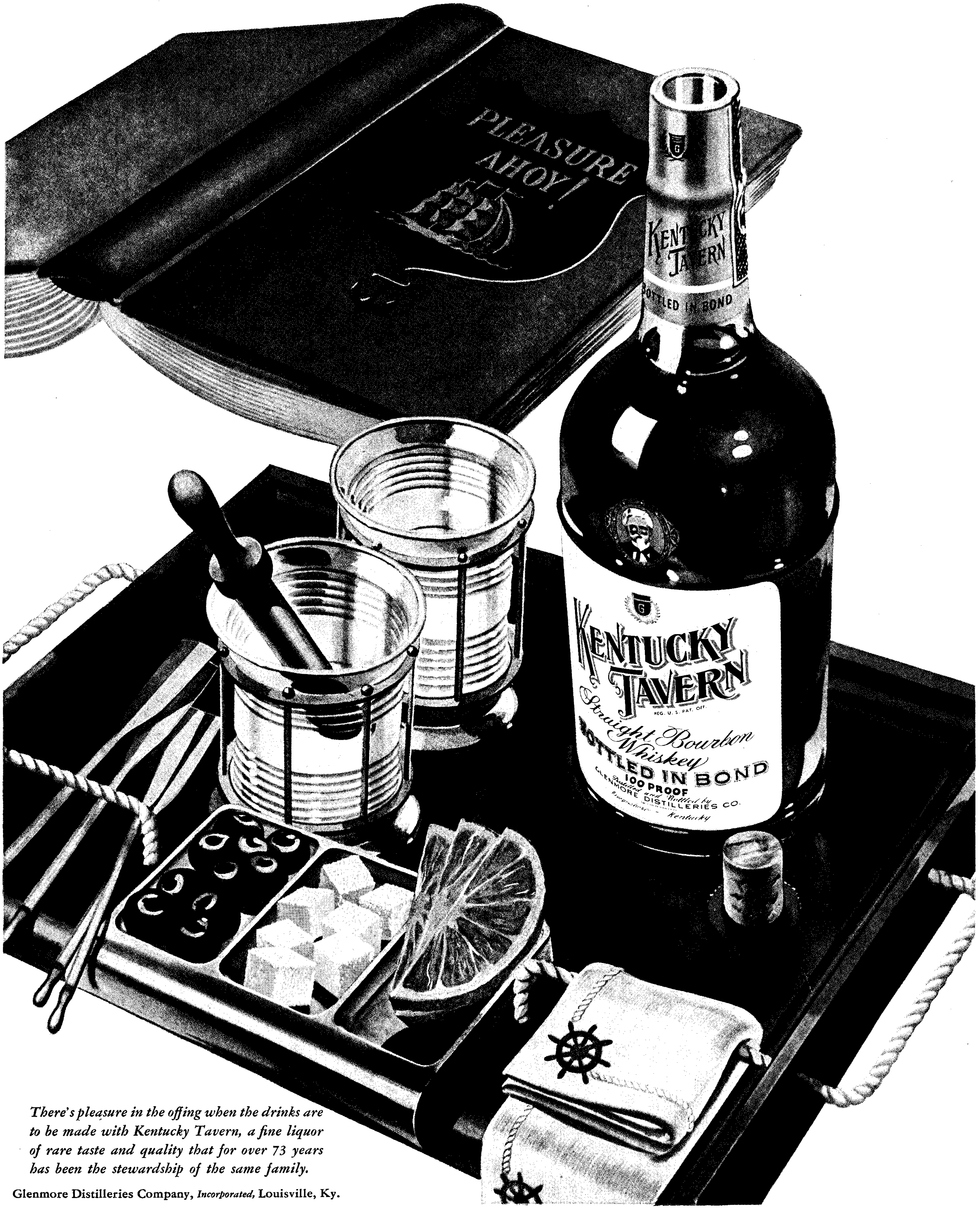
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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There's pleasure in the offing when the drinks are to be made with Kentucky Tavern, a fine liquor of rare taste and quality that for over 73 years has been the stewardship of the same family.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,* Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

Baruch on Postwar Prospects

Continued from page 21

Many now in war work will go back to their former jobs as farm laborers, clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers and domestic servants. The law, medicine and other professions, skeletonized by war, will recruit to full strength again, and the shorter work week and strict enforcement of child-labor laws will add more jobs.

With respect to Mr. Baruch's claim that demobilization is bound to be staggered, it is supported by no less an authority than General George C. Marshall. The United States stands committed to the occupation and demilitarization of Germany, and it follows inevitably that a considerable force will have to be kept in Europe. Until Japan has been defeated crushingly, Secretary Forrestal states emphatically, the Navy and the Marines will maintain their strength intact.

In this connection, there is a point that the War Department likes to make. Due to the highly mechanized nature of modern warfare, soldiers have received postgraduate courses in the construction, operation and repair of tanks, planes, tractors, trucks and every variety of complicated ordnance. As a consequence, demobilized men will come back with skills never possessed before that will fit them for quick absorption into industries begging for trained workers.

Contrary to pessimistic belief, the reconversion of America's industrial plant from war to peace is not going to be such a long, time-taking job. "At most," Mr. Baruch contends, "only twenty per cent of our industrial capacity will have difficult changeover problems. Other industries will have the simpler task of switching from war to peace with no physical changes."

Obvious enough when pointed out. Steel mills, railroads, air and bus and truck lines, the textile industry and agriculture will go on much as before with scarcely more than a shift of gears. The same holds true with respect to the food and clothing industries, public utilities, and wholesale, retail and service businesses. The manufacturers of passenger automobiles, electrical equipment and household appliances, in fact, are about the only producers facing great physical alterations that will hold back the quick resumption of civilian production, and many of them are already setting up ingenious methods of speeding the process.

Under Mr. Baruch's analytical treatment, the disposal of war surpluses loses many of its terrifying aspects. Estimates of value, to be sure, run from forty to sixty billions, but only a comparatively small percentage will ever be put on the market. Between four and five billions have been invested in plants designed wholly for the manufacture of munitions. Close to a billion and a half represents improvements and expansions in arsenals and Navy yards. Net additions to the merchant fleet have cost around ten billions, and there are battleships, fighter planes, bombers, cantonments and airfields to be taken into consideration.

Just what is or is not surplus waits on the answer to a lot of questions. How large an Army and a Navy are we going to maintain after the war? Will we have universal military service? Until these decisions are made, how can the Army and the Navy know what plants and machinery to keep as stand-by reserves for the national security? What airfields for training and what camps for storage and warehousing? What raw materials to keep as strategic stock piles.

Considering the millions spent for purely military purposes, and barren of all peacetime value, it is not likely that more than $15,000,000,000 worth of surplus property will ever be put on sale in the United States. A staggering total, but dangerous only if handled recklessly and incompetently. If Uncle Sam's auctioneers follow these rules, Mr. Baruch insists that disposal will be a help to normal trade rather than a hurt:

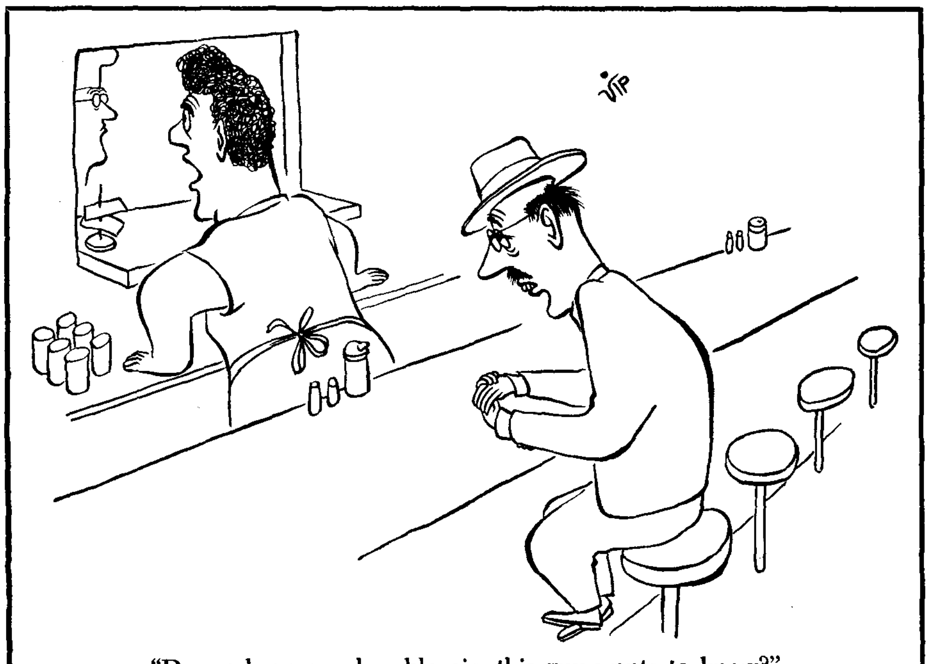
Program for Surplus Disposal

Sell as in a goldfish bowl; no sales to speculators, promoters or monopolistic bidders; give preference to those who will use the property for the greatest public good; sell in small lots wherever possible, dividing and subdividing to the limit; sell and lease on credit, if necessary, so as to give small enterprises the opportunities that would otherwise be denied them; take losses rather than gambles. A large number of plants, for example, have been built in remote places, and while it may seem wasteful to junk these ghost towns, it will be far more wasteful to keep them alive with federal funds for "social experiments."

It is in his consideration of our aid to other countries, however, that Mr. Baruch has done some of his best talking. In his report, his public speeches and his private conversation, he has never failed to insist that a ravaged world has got to be reconstructed on higher levels. The peoples themselves will demand it. War has taken modern equipment into the most remote hinterlands, and after having seen bulldozers, broad highways, jeeps and trucks, not even the most backward nation is going to be content with mud roads, wooden plows and spavined horses.

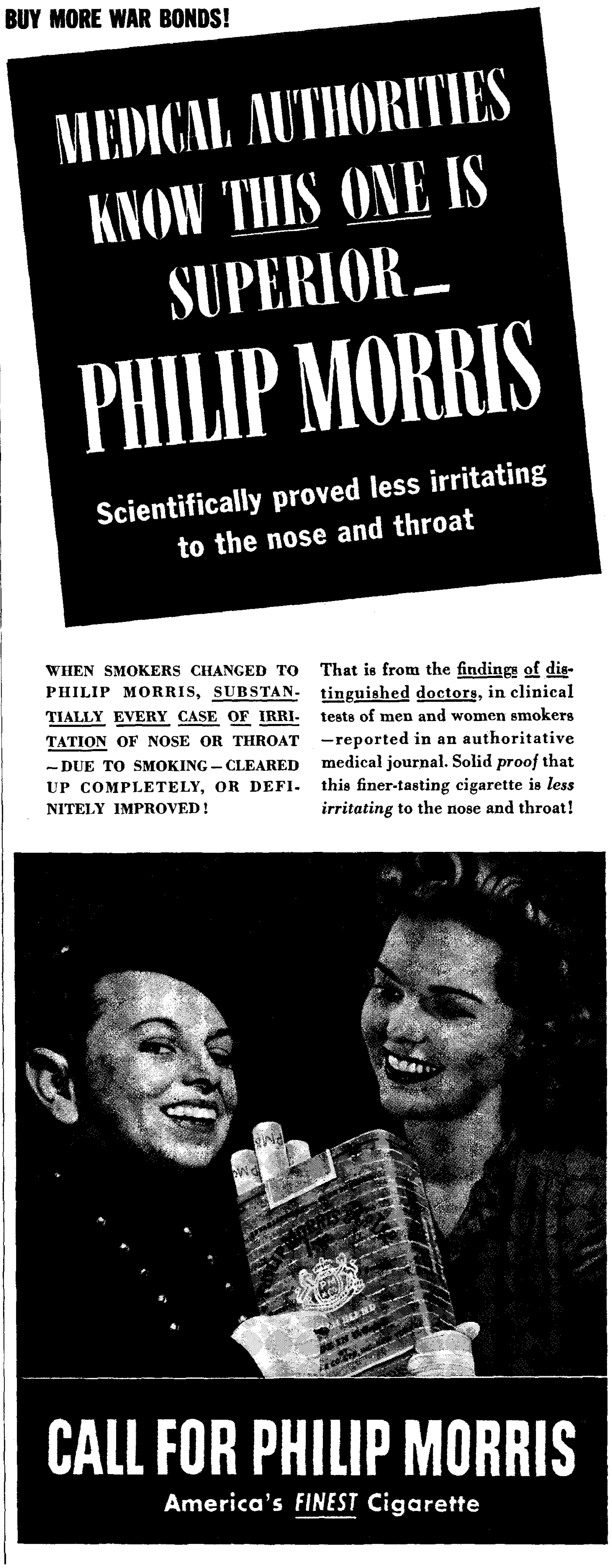
Viewed realistically, and not as a WPA project, Mr. Baruch holds that there is no reason why these dealings should not be put on a business basis. Loans will have to be made, of course, but if care is taken to see that the money goes into sound undertakings, the danger of default and repudiation can be reduced to a minimum.

Much, undoubtedly, will have to be given



"Do we have any humble pie, this guy wants to know?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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MEDICAL AUTHORITIES KNOW THIS ONE IS SUPERIOR—PHILIP MORRIS

Scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat

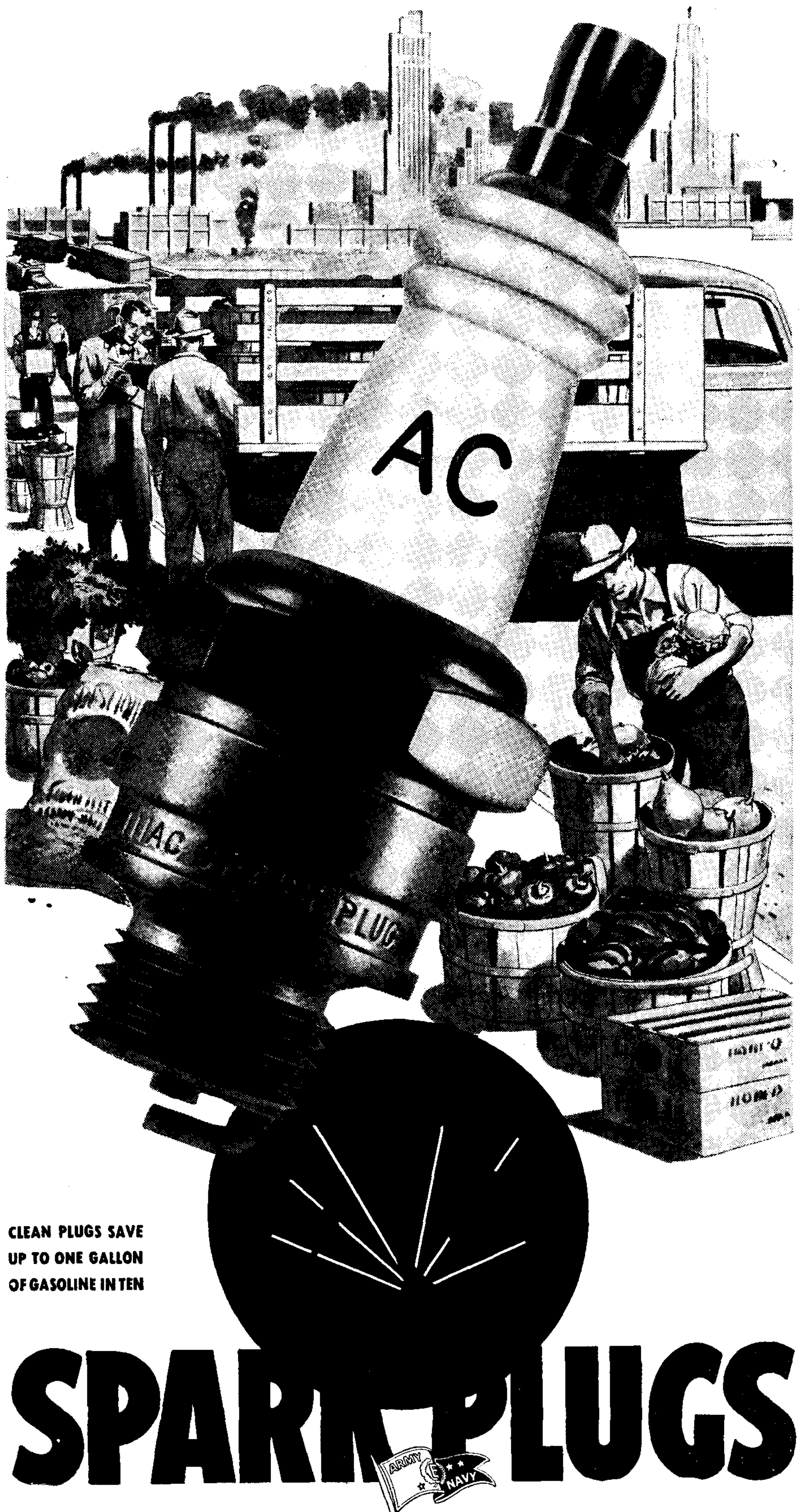
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid *proof* that this finer-tasting cigarette is *less irritating* to the nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

The nation's huge war industry gets every pound of its workers' food with the help of America's motor haulers. Many thousands of those truck operators depend on *AC Spark Plugs* to help keep that food moving. To conserve gasoline, oil, and many engine parts for themselves and for Victory, those motor-wise operators have their spark plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000-5,000 miles. *The same care will produce the same results for YOU.* When replacement is necessary, select AC Spark Plugs and be sure of *utmost reliability.*



CLEAN PLUGS SAVE
UP TO ONE GALLON
OF GASOLINE IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS

BRING YOUR SOLDIER HOME SOONER • BUY *ANOTHER* WAR BOND

outright, but much can be sold on long-term credits or in return for raw materials that we need. Many of our industries would fold up without imports, for in spite of bumptious brags, the United States is far from being self-contained. We lack mica, chrome, tungsten, industrial diamonds, copra, vegetable oils, etc., etc., and our production of wool, sugar, hemp and various minerals meets only a small percentage of our domestic demand.

There are also tropical fruits, drugs, coffee, tea and cocoa to be considered. Aside from these things that we do not produce, common sense suggests the purchases of many materials for the conservation of our own diminished natural resources.

With a distressed world crying for rescue from the pit, talk of a business approach to the problem falls unpleasantly on the ears of the sentimentalists. By way of answer, Mr. Baruch points out that the United States can aid others only in exact ratio to our own strength, stability and well-being. In a prosperous America there is hope for the whole earth; an America weakened by the quixotic dissipation of her resources can only contribute to confusion and failure.

There, then, is the Baruch case for postwar prosperity as opposed to a postwar bust. Now for the "sound laws, based on sound policies," that were set forth as vitally necessary if high hopes were to be realized. In one thing, at least, Congress has delivered in fairly full measure. On the termination of war contracts, contractors are being paid in full for all work done and work under way. Where delay in the validation of claims is unavoidable, loans are made by local banks with government guarantees. As a result, peace will find all contractors, both prime and sub, with money in hand for pay rolls and the purchase of materials for civilian production.

Not the least of the Baruch-Hancock insistences was that all government property must be removed from private plants within sixty days after the filing of inventory lists. How else could room be made for new equipment and new materials? In his recent report to the President, Director of War Mobilization Byrnes stated that plans for such speedy clearance were under way. "Large, centrally located storage centers," he claimed, "are being developed where prefabricated temporary store shelters can be erected quickly to protect stored equipment."

Machinery for Demobilization

Congress has also acted with commendable promptitude with regard to the "human side of demobilization." Already spread on the statute books are the authorities necessary for providing returned veterans with the care and attention to which they are entitled. Job placement, unemployment insurance to take care of lags; physical therapy for the wounded and disabled, loans for the purchase or construction of homes, farms and business properties; vocational training and the resumption of education interrupted by the war. A good program if backed up by smooth-running machinery competently operated. In all else, however, "sound laws, *based on sound politics," remain expectancies.*

Specifically, repeatedly, Mr. Baruch has urged the necessity of providing special credit for Small Business during the change-over or in the starting of new undertakings. And what does he mean by Small Business? To use his own words, "It is the broad backbone of enterprises, scattered throughout the country, which rely on the initiative and resources of the individual proprietors." If this "backbone" is to stand the strain of reconversion, the Federal Reserve System's authority to make loans to the little fellows must be liberalized and expanded, permitting as much as $500,000,000 to be outstanding at any one time. Also, the Smaller War Plants Corporation, at present restricted to war loans, must be allowed to lend up to $100,000,000 to meet the postwar needs of those who do not have easy access to credit facilities.

Taxes figure importantly in the Baruch list of things that call for Congressional action—not war rates but peace rates. What more helpful than to draft a postwar tax law at once, and then put it on the shelf for use when victory has been won. Let businessmen know what to expect, so that they can plan *confidently and intelligently.* Until it is definitely known what peace tax rates are going to be, the launching of new enterprises and the expansion of new ones will be deferred.

Individuals and groups have since risen in support of the Baruch contention, urging early action by Congress. Both Beardsley Ruml and the Committee for Economic Development concur in the statement that "lower taxes, stimulating a high volume of business and a high national income, will yield greater total tax receipts than high rates which depress business volume, employment and income."

The CED, going into greater details, urges the abolition of all federal excise taxes, the reduction of corporate income tax rates, and that business should be allowed to carry forward losses to apply against earnings for a six-year period. Job creation, in plain, is the standard by which new tax laws should be written.

No Government Competition

What is going to be the policy with respect to private enterprise? Mr. Baruch first asked that question seven months ago, and has repeated the inquiry time and again. His own position has been made plain in every speech and every paper. He stands four-square against the operation of government-owned plants by any federal agency. The lease of properties must not be used as a hidden device for government competition with private industry, or as a concealment for subsidies. Business is not the sure thing that campus experts assume, for even the soundest ventures have an element of risk. No prudent man will want to put money into plant expansion, or even plant maintenance, if he knows that he will have the United States as a competitor.

Give private enterprise the green light. There, in a sentence, is the heart of Mr. Baruch's philosophy and the keystone in his postwar prosperity arch. "And why not?" he asks. "From the outbreak of war, the American system has been in competition with all other economic systems—Nazism, Fascism and Communism—and it has out-produced them all.

"War Mobilizer Byrnes, at least, has declared himself, stating flatly that the government did not plan, and would not plan, to operate in postwar competition with private business. Until Congress acts, however, it is only Mr. Byrnes' individual view. Another matter, vital to private enterprise, is the attitude of the law-making branch toward the provision of employment by the expenditure of public funds."

At the time of the issuance of the Baruch-Hancock report, an illuminating exchange of views took place. Certain radical groups attacked it savagely, declaring that the "basic problem of creating full employment" must be put ahead of "economic demobilization." One of the things they proposed was a vast and expanding program of public works, a plan that still finds favor in many quarters.

"How," answered Mr. Baruch, "can there be employment without employers?" And unless the government itself is to be the Great Employer through the means of "made work," where are employers to come from except by the encouragement of free enterprise and individual initiative?

Moreover, with the American people in dire need of thousands of things, for which they have the money to pay, where is the sense in promoting a federal works program that will compete with industry for materials and manpower? States and municipalities, Mr. Baruch pointed out, have a great backlog of necessary construction—schools, hospitals, public buildings, paving, sewers, roads, etc.—and, if proper preparations have been made, such projects can be made immediately available in any localized area of unemployment that may develop during the transition period.

And, he mentioned gently, states, cities and towns were in a far better position to finance public improvements than a debt-loaded central government.

Public works, Mr. Baruch went on to ex-

Loose talk got there first!

1. THE RUMOR: Again and again, John and his wife read the letter they have just received from their son overseas. In it they discover a hint that his outfit may be moving toward a certain war zone...a hint that was innocently phrased in his letter. Naturally, they worry...and speculate over this bit of "news."

2. THE RUMOR SPREADS: That evening in a café, John gets talkative about his son and where he may be going. Enemy ears are alert and keen. His careless words are overheard. Soon they are pieced together with other seemingly harmless "slips" into a complete piece of information the enemy can use.

3. THE RESULT: When our attacking convoy moves toward its objective, the enemy is informed and some of his torpedo bombers get through to sink one of our ships. Men are needlessly lost in this surprise operation. Once again...careless talk takes its deadly toll of precious human lives.

4. THE REMEDY: Whatever you hear, whatever you know...keep it under your Stetson! No matter how trivial the information may seem to you, it can be vital to the safety of our fighting men. So, unless you read it in the paper or hear it on the air, don't repeat it. Think before you speak ...keep it under your Stetson!

* * *

And a good Stetson to "keep it under" is the "Stratoliner"...a national favorite for light-weight comfort and trim styling. Stays smart, too, because of the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* Process, $7.50. Other Stetsons in a wide range of prices. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.

*REG. U.S.PAT.OFF.

Keep it under your STETSON

THE LARGEST-
SELLING MAN'S TALC
IN THE WORLD!
MENNEN
TALCUM
FOR MEN
Neutral Tint
Won't Show
On Your Face
—the perfect finishing touch
—"hammerized" for smoothness
—neutral tint, doesn't show on face
—removes "face shine" after shaving
—makes your skin look years younger
—also use it all over body after bathing

plain, can have only a limited function. Their true usefulness lies in helping to fill "valleys of depression." Out of that belief, he advocated the planning, designing and engineering of worth-while federal projects now, and then putting the blueprints away on a shelf for use if and when needed.

Until that time, give private industry a clear road.

By free enterprise, however, Bernard Baruch does not mean freebooting, the Black Flag and buccaneering. Far from it. No man stands more strongly against monopoly and monopolistic practices, and every law to take away the "loaded dice" from Special Privilege has had his support. Even before Pearl Harbor he advocated high and still higher taxes to lift the profit out of war, and has been the consistent champion of Small Business.

At no time has he ever challenged the right and duty of the government to ride herd on private enterprise, guarding against evils and abuses.

An Industrial Millennium?

Even so, he has an idea that regulation does not have to be built on suspicion and actual distrust, and that the relations between Washington and industry can be made closer and more helpful without danger to the public interest. He put this idea forward after the last war, and now that a second world war has compelled unity, it is in his mind again. Here, briefly and sketchily, is the way his thought runs:

Chiefly responsible for the miracle of American productivity is the manner in which the government and industry have worked hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder. Under the pressures of war, the two antagonistic forces have come to a better understanding.

Business has been brought to admission of the necessity of supervision and controls, and government has legitimized group action by industry. Practices formerly forbidden are now not only permitted but compelled. Trade secrets and trade information are exchanged, patents and equipment pooled, and cutthroat competition put under a ban.

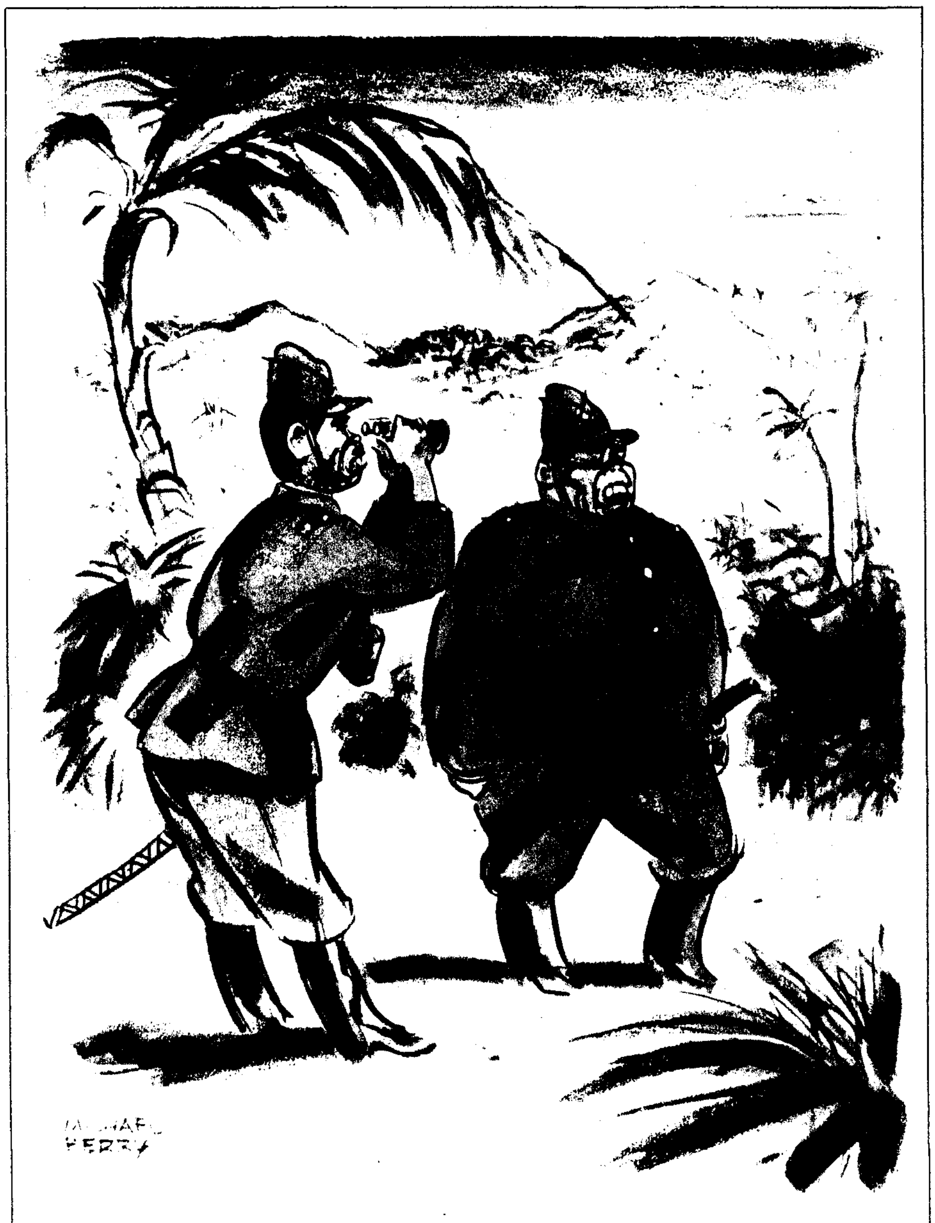
If good in war, why not in peace? The Sherman and Clayton Antitrust Acts, while necessary, are purely prohibitive, punitive and inquisitorial. Why not supplement them by an agency that has positive and constructive powers? Powers that will permit business to combine and co-ordinate, under strict government supervision, for the increase of production and employment; the elimination of waste and wasteful methods; the improvement of products, the development of better methods of distribution, the conservation of natural resources, and the promotion of efficiency.

Vigilant watch, unceasingly maintained, and backed up by adequate penalties, can be counted on to guard against monopolies, restraint of trade and like abuses.

Unfortunately, Bernard Baruch does not go in for pressure tactics. Just as he has not campaigned for the adoption of his recommendations for postwar adjustment, so is it his habit to offer counsel only when asked. Since 1917, when he put by money-making at Woodrow Wilson's call, public service has been his passion, and no one will ever know the time and fortune he has spent on study and research in connection with national affairs. Even so, he looks on his collection of facts and findings as a public property, and holds it on call. Wanting no office and cautious of the limelight, he leaves his park bench only when summoned.

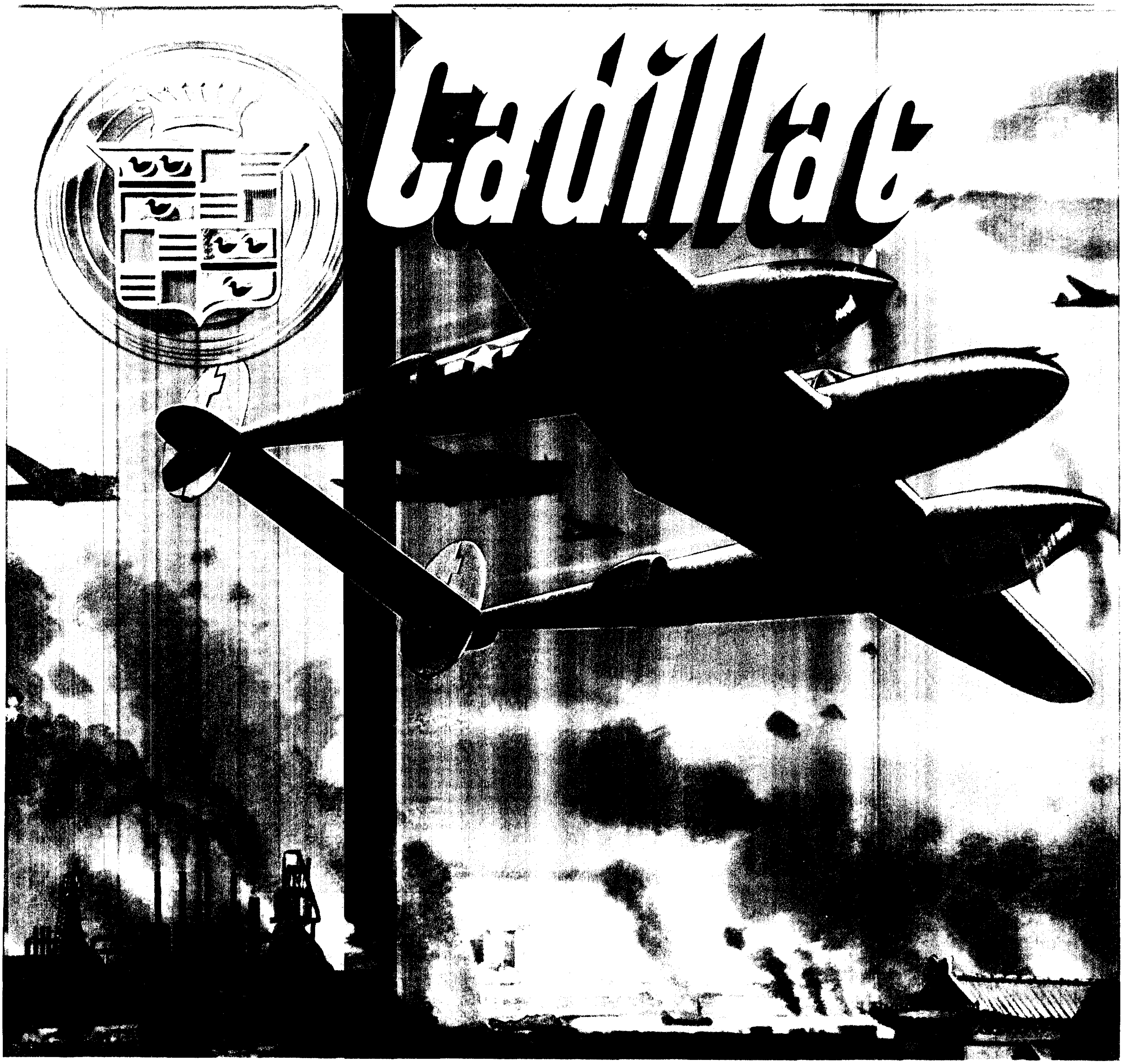
If his suggestions are accepted, he is pleased pink. If rejected, he ambles back to the pigeons and the squirrels, adjusts his long, lean length, and waits patiently for another chance.

THE END



"Very short fight. American soldier lose temper—Japanese soldier lose head"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



Pay-off for Pearl Harbor!

Three years ago, the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor found America unprepared to defend its rights. Yet, even at that early date, Cadillac was in its third year of building aircraft engine parts for military use. Today we look hopefully forward to the time when this important contribution to America's air power will pay off in such a scene as that illustrated above.

For more than five years we have been working toward that end. Back in 1939, we started building precision parts for Allison—America's famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine—used to power such potent fighters as the Lightning, the Warhawk, the Mustang, the Airacobra and the new Kingcobra.

In addition to our work for Allison, which has included more than 57,000,000 man-hours of precision production—we assisted Army Ordnance Engineers in designing the M-5 Light Tank and the M-8 Howitzer motor carriage, and have produced them in quantities. Both are powered by Cadillac engines, equipped with Hydra-Matic transmissions.

We are now building other weapons which utilize some of our Cadillac peacetime products. We can't talk about all of them yet—but we are confident they will prove significant additions to Allied armor.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

"I just love *getting* close to nature, Mr. Parker, now that you avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'."

Nature looks good with foliage—*you don't!* So take no chances; switch to genuine Gem Blades and get clean, cool, refreshing shaves which keep you face-neat *far longer*. Gems are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They fit *precisely!*

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

WRITE OFTEN - WRITE V-MAIL!
IT'S SURE · SAVES TIME · SAVES SPACE

Thunder Bums

Continued from page 19

window of a train going sixty miles an hour to call off the various makes you pass on a highway beside the tracks. Then imagine you are going seven times faster. How many would you be sure of?"

Paul is a little disconsolate today. He's mourning the loss of his old ship, and you have to be a combat pilot to know what that means. Recently he was chewed by flak. With his sieved plane shaking apart and his engine dead, the only lucky thing he had was altitude, so he turned and began to glide back toward the Yank lines. His element leader, Lieutenant Ryerson, of McFarland, Wisconsin, followed him and radioed: "There's a hospital down there. It's probably American. You'd better hit the silk."

The chute jerk blacked Paul out, the landing knocked him fully unconscious, and the next thing he knew, he woke up in the hospital—an advanced one that had just been set up. His plane crashed, but Paul made inquiries and knows where the wreck is and he's going to get a picture of it to cry over.

Pilots Reject Brand-New Planes

"Funny thing about a plane that's been through it with you," he says. "It becomes a part of you. A while ago we got a couple of brand-new ones for the squadron. I thought of using one and offered the other to Captain McLachlan, and we went to look at them. You never heard such hemming and hawing, and then both Mac and I decided to hang on to our old ones."

But now Paul had to have a new plane, regardless, so we walk out to inspect it. The love of these boys for their ship is genuinely touching. Paul sits in this new one like a man with bad corns trying on shoes, fidgeting, squirming, feeling here and there. To me, it's just a standard Thunderbolt which, more than any other plane, always looks unhappy on the ground. It sits there like a corseted rhinoceros on its tiny wheels and seems on the point of waddling off by itself if someone doesn't come to fly it.

The Thunderbolt is the largest, bulkiest and heaviest single-engine fighter in the war. Its 2,000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney double-bank radial air-cooled motor, equipped with a turbosupercharger, will take it up to fight in the substratosphere or swish it over treetops with equal flexibility, and it has a water-injection booster device to give that life-saving extra bit of zip in emergencies to its normal top speed of better than 400 miles an hour.

In firepower, it's a flying bully with eight .50-caliber machine guns, plus racks for a 1,000- or 500-pound bomb under each wing. Moreover, it can take four rockets. The Thunder Bums, however, do not have the rocket-firing ships. They have one big gripe. They deplore the space and weight taken up by the supercharger gear which, in fighter-bomber operations is, of course, just excess baggage. "Without that," they say, "we could sling another thousand-pounder in the belly."

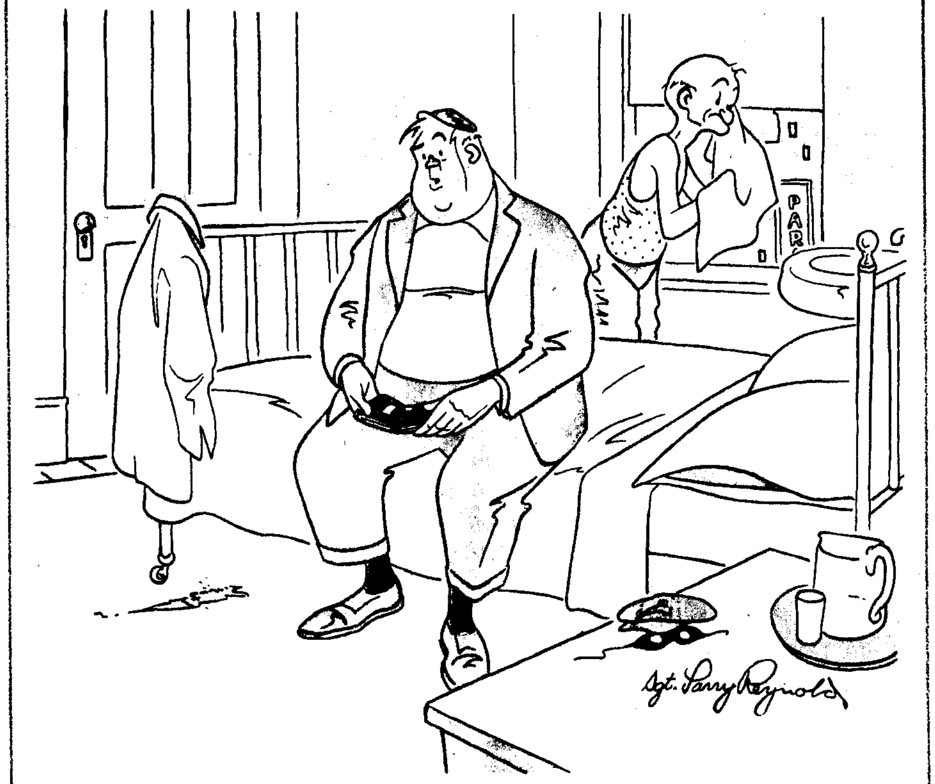
The Thunder Bums live in tents, which are no sooner up than they may be down again for advancing to another field. The tents are pitched over slit trenches in which the boys put their cots or bedding rolls. Some, who are squeamish about sleeping in a grave-like hole, bed down beside it and just roll in whenever there's an alert. But everyone must go down for protection against both shellfire and bombing. What is left of the Luftwaffe is used chiefly for night prowling, especially at the front. Mankind in Europe—soldiers, civilians, women and children alike—lives underground nowadays more than it has done since prehistoric times. The service crews emerge from the earth like woodchucks to greet the returning planes.

But the Thunder Bums' "Ops" trailer is the real beating heart of the squadron. Here you listen to their jokes, boasts, headaches, shop talk—and to the stories of their adventures told while the fuzzy sweat of battle and the fear and exultation of victory are still glistening on their flushed young faces.

Here is Lieutenant Frank S. Kerchner—"Sammy, the Flying Dutchman"—freshly back from a mission. Sammy is jittering all over the place and making incredible maneuver descriptions with his hands.

"I go down like this, see, and strafe a truck," he yells, "and two Krauts jump out and run up the road behind it. One of them has a rifle and he's firing at me. I knock out the truck and then I pull up and come around like this, see, and those dopes are standing right in the middle of the road. The Kraut that has the rifle hands it to his pal and he starts shooting at me. Boy, they must have been crazy, because what could I do but go down again and let 'em have it? Eight ma-

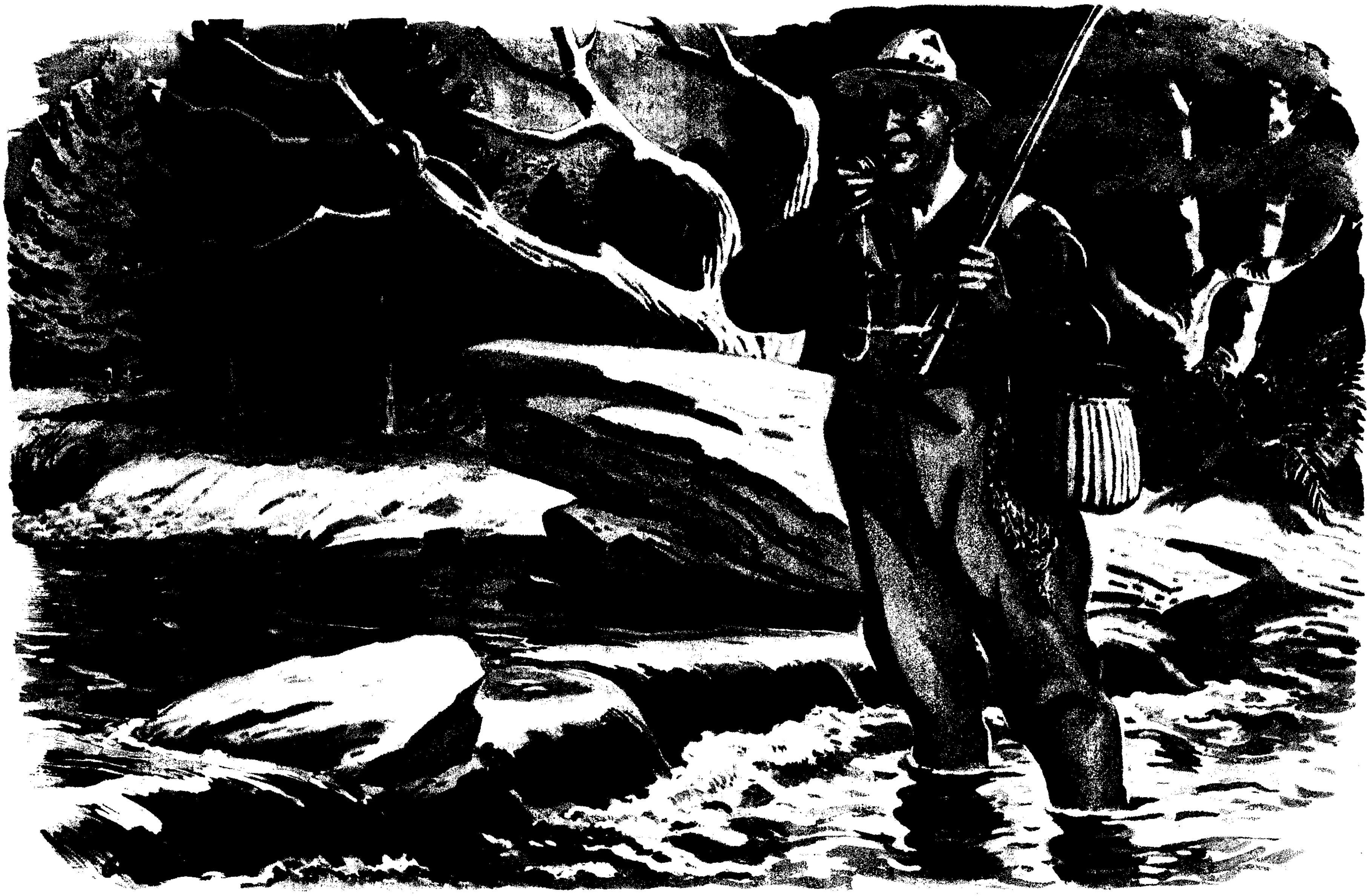
BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I'm a little disappointed in O'Malley. I picked his pocket today—an' found my wallet"

COLLIER'S

Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.



TOMORROW'S PRIVATE "WALKIE-TALKIE"

When you've caught your creelful of trout in a stream miles from anywhere, you can reach your wife by your personal, portable radio-telephone...ask her to invite the neighbors for dinner...

Then, driving home in your car, you can tell her just what time to expect you!... Fantastic? The portable radio-telephone is already in use by our Armed Forces. Today's weapon, tomorrow's convenience!

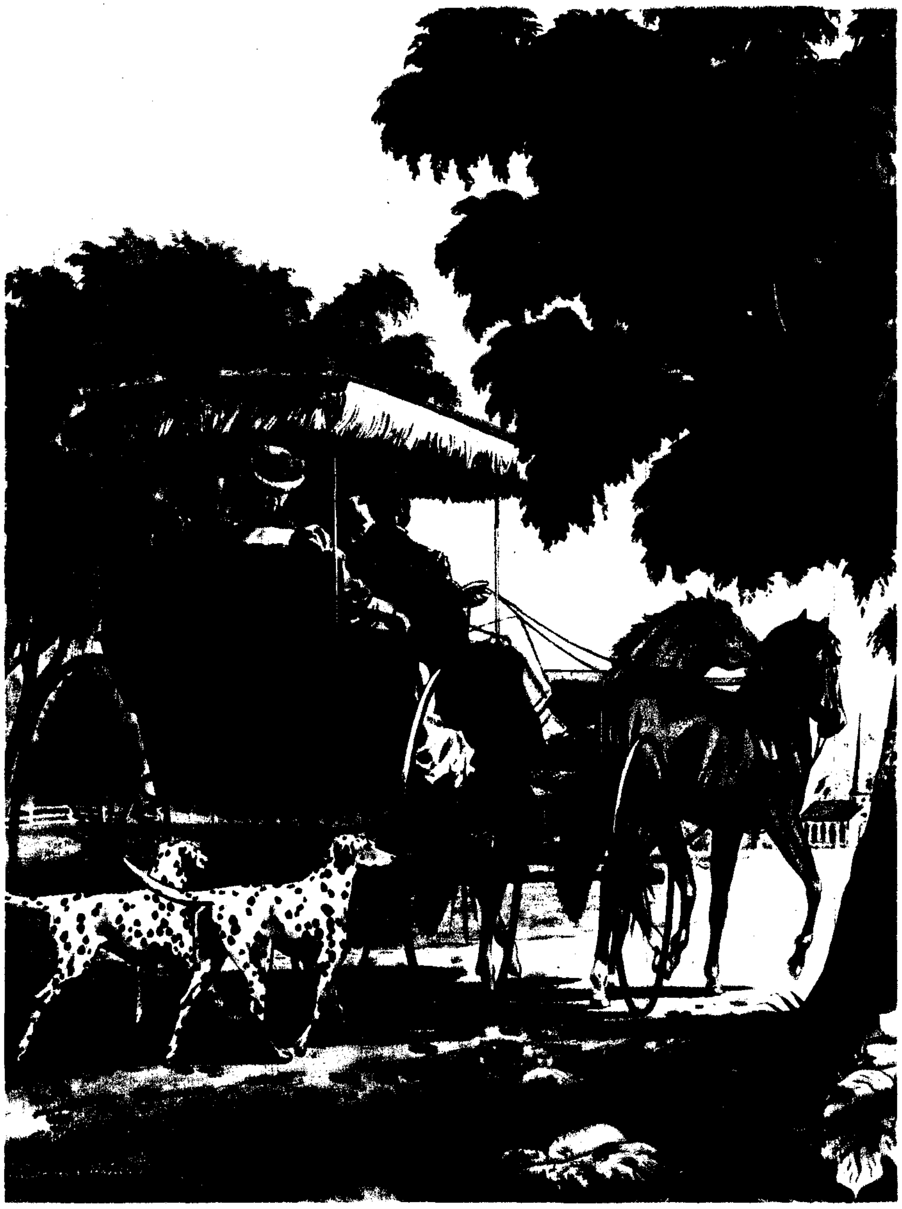
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF

Six years ago, in 1938, the first stratosphere airplanes were being built...the U.S. tennis team defeated Australia in the Davis Cup matches...Delaware was celebrating its 300th anniversary...and Seagram was selecting the choicest Canadian whiskies. Light when they were first stored away, those whiskies in your Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN of today bring you the world's lightest highball—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best!

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



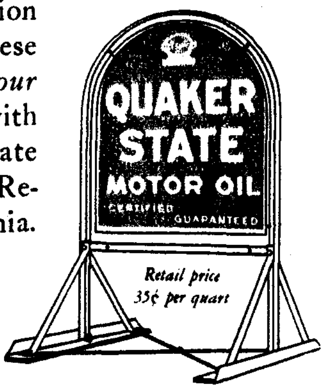
Built for the Job

THE DALMATIAN—or "coach dog"—was trained for years to run under the wheels of buggy or surrey in order to protect the horse from other dogs. He was a *safety factor,* built for the job.

In today's horseless carriages, Quaker State gives you an equally important factor—in protection against faulty lubrication—it, too, is built for the job.

There's good reason for this. Not only does Quaker State come from Pennsylvania, world's top-ranking field for quality crude oil, but skillful refining with the most modern refining facilities makes it more resistant to heat, keeps it flowing smoothly and lubricating better under any and all conditions.

Today, the lubricating oils manufactured by Quaker State are in great demand for the air forces of our own nation and our allies—because of the extra protection they afford for this vital service. In these times, especially, care for your car for *your* country in the best way possible — with Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

chine guns! When I come around for a look, there is nothing left but a lot of messy stuff and a couple of helmets."

Here, too, at Ops there is a huge map on which the progress of the battle lines is pinned, and there is a radio to follow the chatter between our planes and the tanks they are helping. It is a somber thrill to recognize the voices of youngsters who just a few minutes ago were standing beside you here and are now engaged in life-and-death combat.

An obviously amazed pilot is reporting that a file of Germans are jumping from a roadside ditch and waving handkerchiefs and white flags at him. He shepherds them like an aerial collie dog, gets them marching up the road toward the American column, and informs the commander: "Kraut prisoners approaching." Then he remarks to listeners at large, "What a war! Infantry surrendering to planes. Hot dog!"

Each tank outfit has an expert radioman for liaison with the support planes, and for unit identification purposes, each has a different nickname. Sentences are repeated twice and interlarded with okays and profanity and "Rogers." This is a simplified version of what you are listening to now:

Flight Leader to Potato: "Here we are, son. Got anything for us?"

Potato to Flight Leader: "I will stand on top of my tank. Are you the one on my right?"

Flight Leader to Potato: "Yes."

Potato to Flight Leader: "I'm going to turn on a spotlight. Tell me if you can see it."

Flight Leader to Potato: "Yes, I can see your damn' light. What do you want to do—flirt?"

Potato to Flight Leader: "Now I'm going to shine it on one of the two buildings three hundred yards ahead on my right. Can you see it?"

Flight Leader to Potato: "Sure. Think I'm blind?"

Potato to Flight Leader: "There is an eighty-eight hidden in that building and he's holding us up."

Flight Leader to Potato: "Dearie me! Why didn't you say so? Will fix."

There is a few minutes' silence during which we all strain our ears.

Flight Leader to Potato: "Betcha can't find any old building to shine your spotlight on now."

Potato to Flight Leader: "Nice bombing. Now we can go ahead. Thanks, pal."

Flight Leader to Potato: "Don't mention it. Call on us any time."

Presently we hear an exchange between a flight and a ground unit that wants an ambush pocket in a field strafed for the infantry. One pilot gets excited when he begins his dive and forgets to switch off his transmitter. The roar of his eight machine guns flattens our ears, but that is a whisper compared with the blast of damning he subsequently gets from his flight mates and the ground unit and from everybody else on his frequency.

Twenty-four Hour Devotion to Duty

Thus it goes hour by hour at the Thunder Bums' Ops. The kids who have returned from missions and those who are waiting to fly off, seldom rest in their tents as you'd think they would. Instead, as if afraid of missing something, they hang around, study the map, listen to the radio and pounce on newcomers.

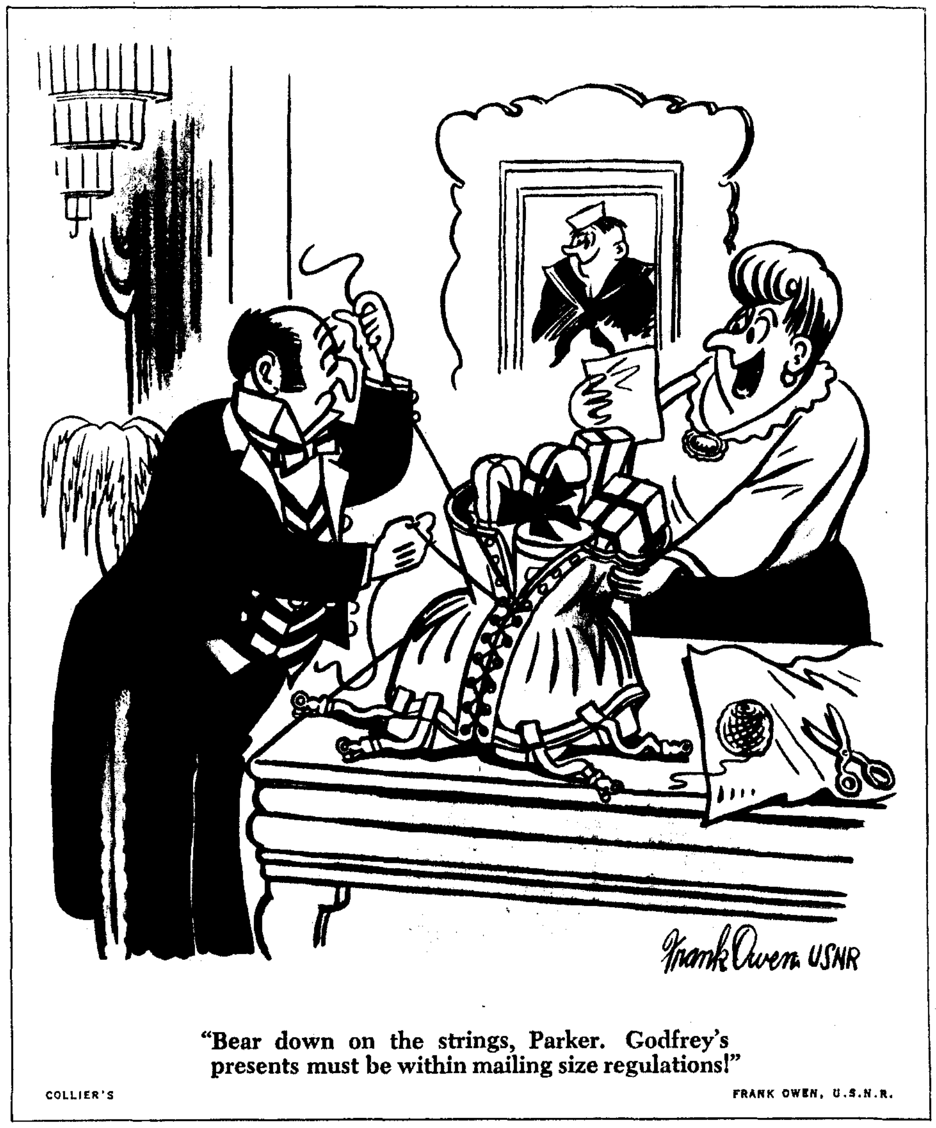
That's the kind of morale they have in the Thunder Bums. Soon it would be Sunday again, and Johnny Baer would get on his bicycle and before, after, or in between missions, pedal off to church with the blue eyes and sparkling boyishness that would illuminate any gathering. Right now, however, he is going on a little air-support job, and you walk out to his plane with him as he buckles up his parachute.

"John," you ask, "suppose you don't have any missions to fly on Sunday, suppose you have the day off, what will you do after church?"

"I will hitch a ride in a jeep or take my bicycle and go up to the front lines to visit the tanks. I'd sure like to talk to the guys who drive those tanks. That's a dangerous business. They've sure got guts."

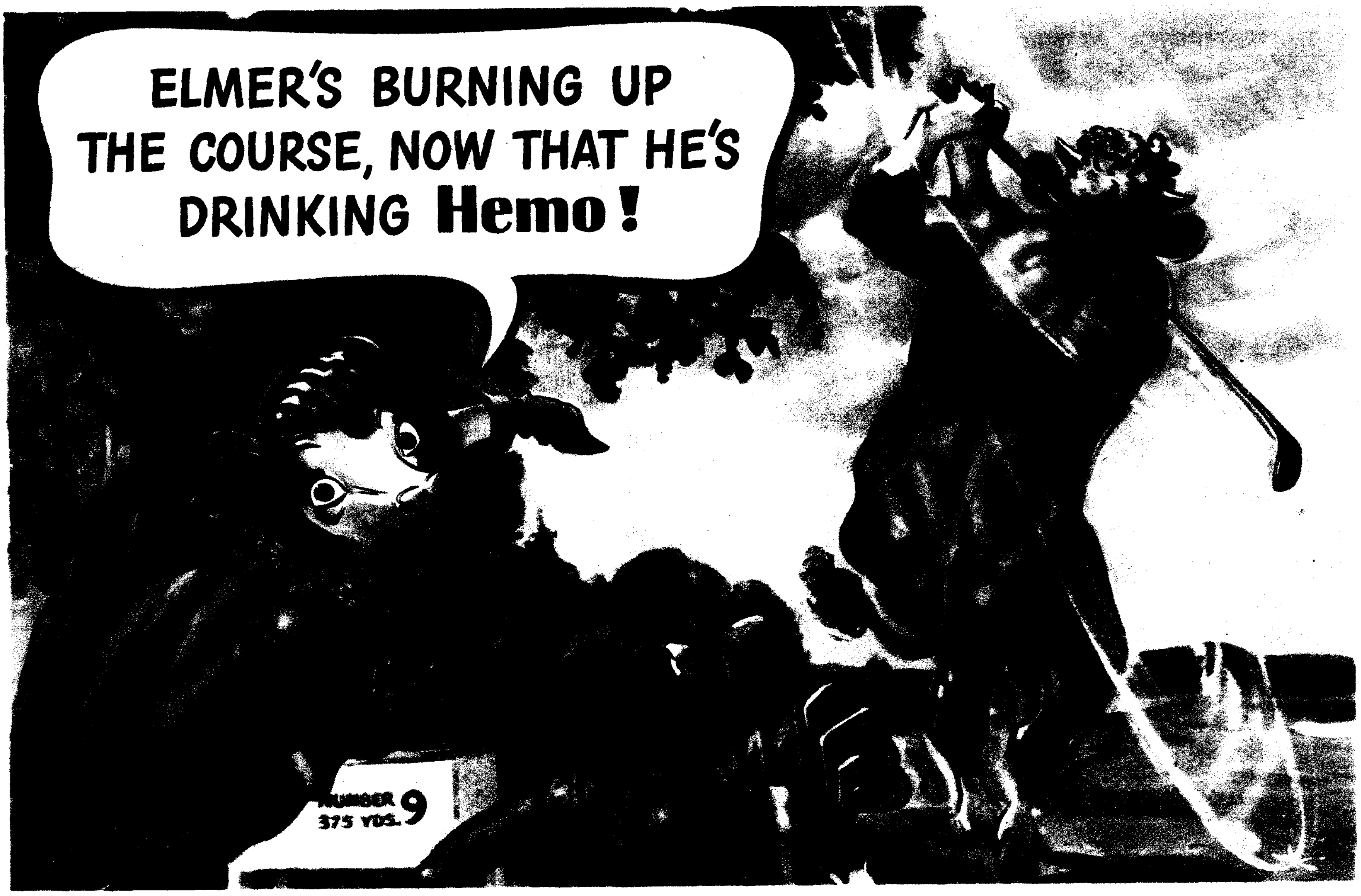
A few minutes later, you see Johnny and his flight streaking over the trees in the distance at the end of the runway, off to pay a visit—not friendly—to some tanks—not ours. Every man to his own guts, you think.

THE END



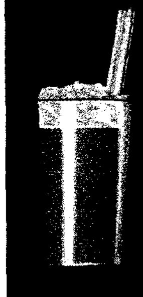
"Bear down on the strings, Parker. Godfrey's presents must be within mailing size regulations!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN, U.S.N.R.


ELMER'S BURNING UP THE COURSE, NOW THAT HE'S DRINKING Hemo!
NUMBER 9
375 YDS.

Wake up to Hemo—
Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU



The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
plus
The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
plus
The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
plus
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
plus
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
plus
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
plus
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S,
IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Hemo
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Look what wonderful, wonderful HEMO gives you:

YOUR ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS of all these vitamins: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus from two glasses of HEMO mixed in milk—*according to Government standards!*

And HEMO's *fun* to drink! Everybody *loves* it!

HEMO'S a taste-tingling, malty-rich, chocolate milk drink that's chock-full of vitamins and minerals you need every day—*and may not be getting enough of!*

Pep in every sip!

HEMO is a *real food*, not a medicine. It's fortified with MORE vitamins and minerals to give you added pep for work... more energy for play when work is done!

Economical! The full-pound jar of HEMO costs just 59¢ at drug and grocery stores.

It takes only 2 heaping teaspoons of HEMO (*you don't need more!*) mixed in milk for each delicious, pep-lifting, taste-thrilling drink!

So let the whole family enjoy the glorious refreshment and the wonderful benefits of HEMO every single day—*starting today!*

Minimum daily adult requirements set by government nutritionists		2 servings of HEMO, mixed in milk, exceed government requirements
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A	4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B_1	400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B_2	3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

©Borden Co.

What is the Wild Wave Saying?
OF COURSE I LOVE YOU! BUT I'VE TOLD YOU I WON'T MARRY YOU—AND I MEAN IT, JOHNNY!
AND AS FOR YOU—A FINE SIDE-KICK YOU ARE! YOU KNOW WHAT JOHNNY'S TROUBLE IS, SO TELL HIM!
OKAY! YOU'VE GOT A BAD BREATH RAP PINNED ON YOU, JOHNNY—WHICH MEANS YOU BETTER TURN YOURSELF IN TO YOUR DENTIST...ON THE DOUBLE!
HERE'S WHAT JOHNNY'S DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
NICE GOING, JOHNNY! LEAVE IT TO US BOYS WITH THE BLUE ARMBANDS TO GET A WAVE TO SAY—I DO!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

FOR SPIKE'S SAKE!

By Dan Parker

Wherever the U. S. Navy is winning its fight, look for officers with battered ears and busted noses, and just say, "I know Spike Webb." Don't be alarmed if they plant manly kisses on your brow

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY

Capt. "Bat" Cruise, one of Spike Webb's boys, won the Navy Cross at Guadalcanal

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. NAVY

Lt. Johnny Powers is another. He earned the Medal of Honor before he was killed

LOFMAN-PIX

FOR over a half-century, old Chief Tecumseh, a bronze Indian, has gazed with visage stern at Bancroft Hall, on the spacious, leafy campus of the U. S. Naval Academy, as he collected his tribute of coppers from those midshipmen who needed his moral support on the eve of exams or Army-Navy football games.

If the frown on the metallic Indian's face has darkened and the furrows in his brow have deepened of late, as some Annapolis men insist, it's probably because he senses a rival in "Spike" Webb. Spike is a man of steel rather than of bronze and he has been around the Naval Academy for only twenty-five years, but of late he has been collecting a tribute of medals that makes the bronze chieftain's face turn green with envy. Spike's boys, the fighters he has turned out at Annapolis during the quarter of a century he has been coaching its boxing teams, have been winning so many medals in every theater of war in which our Navy is active that it must be apparent to Axis naval strategists by this time that Pearl Harbor was a grave tactical error; they should have sunk Spike Webb.

Spike, bald as one of Tokyo's lies and deaf as is a dictator to the voice of the people, modestly disclaims credit for the Navy's successes on the Seven Seas.

"I simply seen my duty and I done it," he says, causing the senior English instructor to lift a polite pair of eyebrows, but prompting the keepers of the records at Annapolis to point out that fifty-three of Spike's former boxing pupils have been decorated for gallantry in action, ten have given their lives to their country, and six have been wounded.

Spike Webb has become a Navy institution. That shopworn simile, so hated by the Navy, about "spending money like a drunken sailor," must have been inspired by Spike. When he lays his fins on a finif, money really starts circulating. In the chips, Spike is as fast with a buck as the Aga Khan himself. He's the original "share the wealth" guy. That's why the Naval Academy has made Spike its ward and manages his financial affairs, so that he is able to keep the curly wolf at its distance, although constantly fanned by its hot breath.

Spike, a native of Baltimore, has a secret which he has kept from most people until now. He was christened Hamilton Murrell Webb in 1889.

Spike Tackles the Fight Game

From the very baptismal font where he drew his extraordinary moniker, the unusual has been happening to Spike. Starting his boxing career as a southpaw, that is one who puts his right arm and right leg forward, Webb was converted to pugilistic orthodoxy by Joe Gans, his famous fellow townsman, then in the last throes of tuberculosis. Later he was rechristened "Spike" by Hughie Jennings, at the time manager of the Baltimore Orioles.

In congratulating Webb for knocking out an opponent, Hughie said, "You sure spiked him with your left, kid. From now on, you're Spike Webb."

Training with the 29th Division at Camp McClellan, Alabama, during the first World War, Spike punched himself into the post of division boxing instructor by spiking two soldiers with his lethal left because they threw waste foods from their mess kits on the ground after he had finished "policing up" the premises.

Major General Charles G. Norton who witnessed the one-man army in action took down his name, summoned him to division headquarters and commanded him to teach the rest of the division how to use its dukes. Spike thereupon originated mass boxing instruction, just out of spite. Since then, his course of instruction in the ten basic moves of boxing has been widely copied by boxing instructors everywhere.

In France, where Sergeant Webb served with distinction as an artilleryman, he fought

(Continued on page 78)

Spike teaches young middies the fundamentals of boxing at the Naval Academy

How's your Libra today?

G-MEN COMICS
COMICS

IT MUST be pretty good, because...

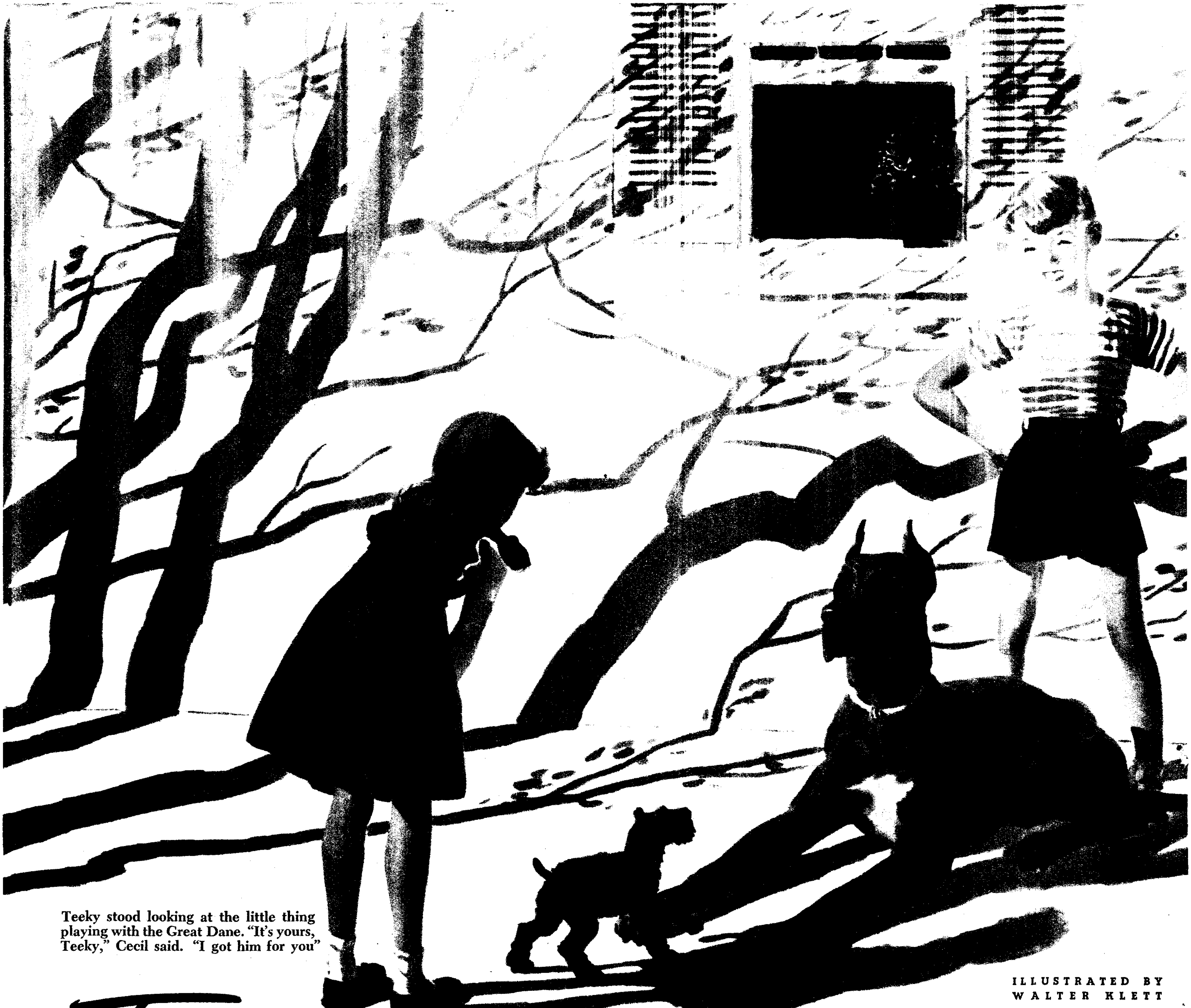
You men born under the sign of Libra* are gracious, kind, friendly, and gentle. You have extremely fine judgment... so fine, in fact, that people bring their problems to you for solving.

Naturally, if they have shirt trouble, you'll tell them to buy a few Arrow Shirts. For Arrows are flatterers from the word go. The Arrow Collar fits swell, and looks better. The buttons can't pop off. And the Sanforized label won't allow more than a niggardly 1% shrinkage. $2.24 up, at your dealer's. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he happens to be out of your favorite Arrow Shirt. Considering all the war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again, later. Arrows are worth waiting for!

*Libra period—Sept. 23 to Oct. 23 (A great time to buy War Bonds. Buy an extra one today!)

Arrow Shirts



Teeky stood looking at the little thing playing with the Great Dane. "It's yours, Teeky," Cecil said. "I got him for you"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Teeky AND THE DOG DAYS

BY ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

There is no greater heartache than having a friend fail you, but sometimes a friend is worth trusting even in moments of the gravest doubt

"TEEKY!" Margaret stepped out to the long side porch to call her. "Come practice your music lesson!"

The little girl came promptly, surprisingly, and without argument. She came from the far side of the neighbor's yard where furious hammering was going on.

Teeky looked furious herself, as she came up the porch steps, stamping. "One more brag out of that Cecil Williams, and I'd have picked up a board—with a nail in it!"

"Vicious thoughts seem to be going around in this fair little head," commented her mother tolerantly, pushing back the tawny bangs from the hot young forehead. She was coming to regard Teeky's constant strife with the little boy next door as healthy, and laughable. And yet, sometimes Teeky's persistence in it seemed a battering through to something more.

Teeky reached up and felt her neck gingerly. "Cecil tried to choke me."

"Goodness! What for?"

"Because I said that mutt of his was a droopy-eyed substitute for a dog. So he tried to choke me, and I tore his shirt off," said Teeky unhappily.

"Oh, Teeky!" mourned her mother. "Will you *never* learn girls don't fight like that?"

"Oh, I know," retorted the little girl scornfully. "Play soft. Well, that wouldn't work with Cecil. He'd just act smarter than ever. And I'm no human punching bag!" Teeky's blue eyes flashed scornful fire. "I'm not just going to stand and take it!"

That was too obvious to warrant comment. However, Margaret felt she should try to say something mediating, so she ventured, "But Cecil's dog isn't a mutt. It's a thoroughbred Great Dane."

"I said it was a mutt, and I'm *glad* I said it. Cecil always acts so darned important about whatever it is he's got." Then the cause of Teeky's spleen came out wishfully. "I wish *I* had a dog, Mother."

This, her mother felt, was a place where she could make a real thrust. "You know how Cecil got that dog, don't you? Because of all those excellent marks on his report card last month."

TEEKY said nothing. In truth, there was nothing she could say, considering the state of her own last grade card. Teeky had handed it to her mother, when she had remembered it, with a bland, "It's not very good." Which had been a masterpiece of understatement. The report was a series of U's, standing for unsatisfactory. Margaret had marched Teeky sternly in to her father. "Clem," she had said severely, "Teeky should be talked to about these grades!"

But after he had polished off a lecture which had impressed even Margaret, Teeky merely had gone over her bad grade card with him in a kind of impersonal interest. "We've got a new teacher," she said.

"Why would you have a new teacher this time of year?" Clem countered.

Teeky had brightened blithely. "I guess we wore the other one out." Then, at her father's look, "Well, anyway, now that I know how the new teacher grades, I'll know how hard I have to work."

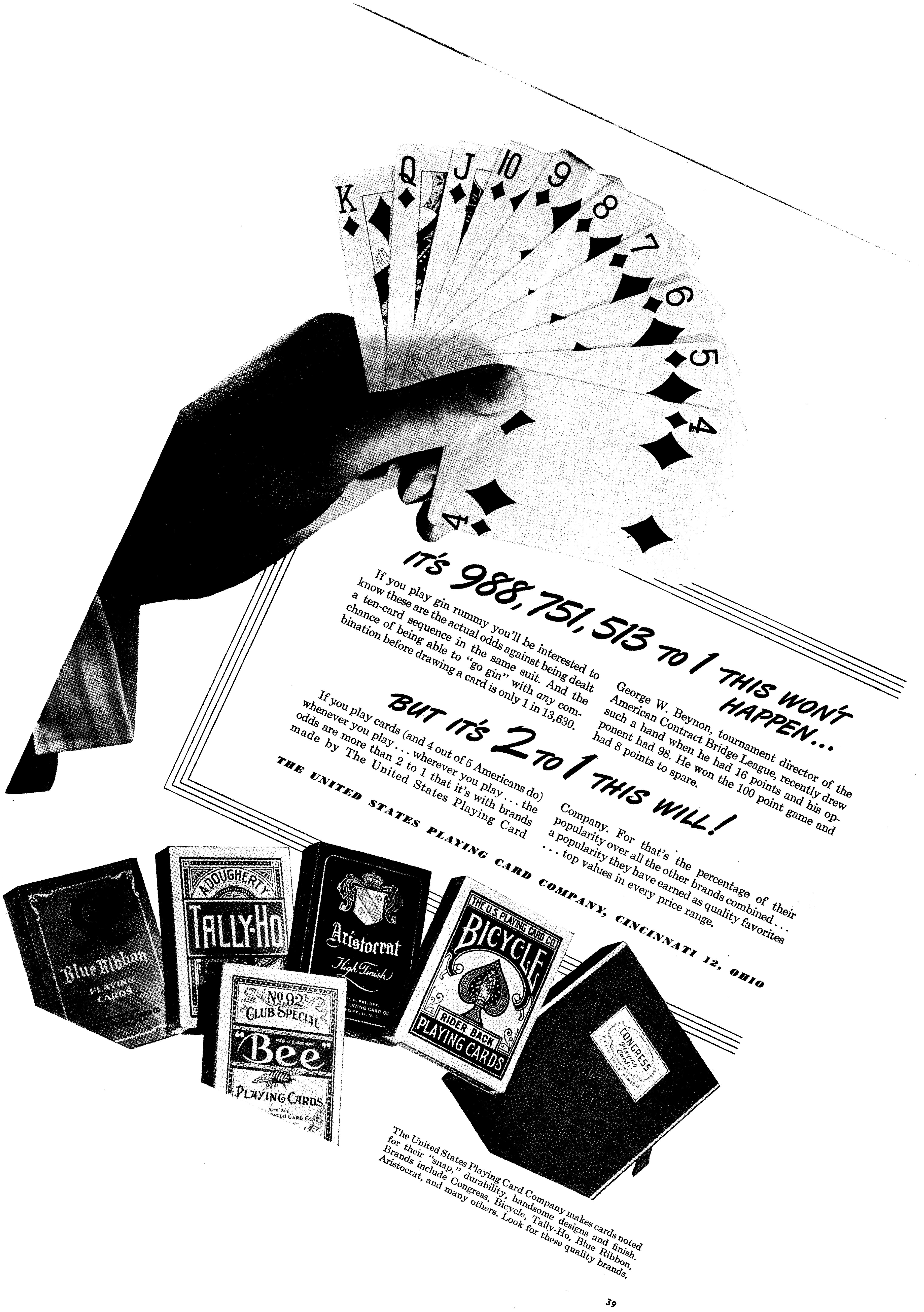
And Clem, when she had gone unconcernedly out to play, had looked across at Margaret with that expression of baffled despair he got at Teeky. "I've never yet corrected that kid but what I was wrong. She'll teach me a lot before I'm done," he had said sardonically.

Now Teeky repeated, "I wish I had a dog."

Feeling suddenly exhausted already by the sure and coming struggle, Margaret said—if only to bridge the moment—"Well, you've got a kitten."

Teeky had found the kitten in a sack somebody had thrown out, and promptly given her whole fierce little heart to it. She had fought many a battle in its defense—particularly with Agatha. The housekeeper complained she was tired of walking around the kitchen stiff-legged with that cat rubbing at her ankles.

That night when Teeky came in to supper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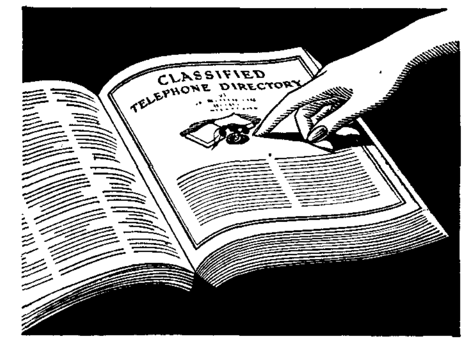

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her father asked, "How's *your* day going?"

"Awful," said Teeky promptly.

Her father towered protectively. "Who is it's done something to you?" he demanded. "Just name the name and I'll get my shotgun."

Margaret sent him a quick and appreciative smile for the steadying extravagance of his teasing, and Teeky grinned a little. Although she darkened again.

"It's Cecil."

"Oh," said Clem, his ardor falling off. "Again?"

The conflict between his own offspring and the product from next door, which had begun years ago with the latter giving Teeky her name (coming from the initials T. K., standing for Tantrum Kid), had been going on too long to rouse any fresh fire over it. To anybody except Teeky. And she was full of her new troubles with Cecil.

"I just wish I was a boy," she raged. "I wish I was a boy so I could beat Cecil up."

"I wouldn't say you needed to get much tougher," observed her father dryly. "Why don't you just take a rock in each hand and let him have it openhanded?"

But that wouldn't have the satisfaction Teeky wanted. "I want to use my fists," she said, "and slug him."

"He's got a new dog, Clem," explained Margaret. "And Teeky thinks he's being superior about it."

"Think?" Teeky fairly snorted it. Then, "Oh, Daddy," she wailed, "I wish I could have a dog."

"Well," said her father, "we'll see." But at the table Margaret reminded him of a possible whip hold. "Cecil got that dog of his, you know, for his good grades."

At that, as though there had been something pleasant in the day, after all, Teeky looked suddenly like a happy little imp.

"Our room certainly was bad today at school." She gave a little wriggle, perfectly delighted with the naughtiness. "They just couldn't help it," she said. "They just *wanted* to be bad."

"Until we see some grades around here there'll be no dog at all, stray or otherwise." Her father made that point clear, right then and there. Teeky did not seem a whole lot moved by it.

"Can I be excused?" she asked.

Clem slumped, with a licked motion.

"I want to get the cat a mouse," explained Teeky. "There's a lovely one caught in Cecil's dog-house lumber. Cecil wanted to get it and skin it—"

"Teeky!" Margaret's scalp started to tingle, and her hair to rise.

"We didn't," Teeky assured her. "I didn't want to. It's too slippery—and I wouldn't give it to Cecil now, anyway," she added, remembering. "I'm going to get it for the kitten's dinner."

Margaret was glad she was finished with her own. But Clem said, disgusted with his daughter in general:

"Finish your plate." Then he added, with incidental sarcasm, "Unless there's something bothering your appetite."

WHEN she had gone, and they stayed on over their coffee, Margaret admitted, as a kind of defeat:

"You know, despite most evidences to the contrary, Teeky's apt to turn out so utterly feminine, and with so much fire to it, that it really won't matter what kind of grades she had in school. She could grow up counting on her fingers and still make out all right."

"That's probably true. But just the same, she can't be allowed to continue in this flighty attitude she takes toward school. It makes me mad, and it isn't fair to the teacher. And about this dog question, Teeky ought to have one. But you're right—we might as well use it to make a stand about her grades. Quite a dog of Cecil's," he commented, getting up to look at it out the window.

And it *was* rather a startling looking animal, so thin and lopingly excited as Cecil kept calling to it. Cecil's tone was proud and possessive—and flaunting.

"I think I'll go have a look at it," and Clem sauntered outside.

While Margaret cleared the rest of the table she could hear Teeky talking to her kitten. She was at the back door talking in through the screen—in extraordinary fondness, setting it exaggeratedly against the romping, comradely noises in the next yard.

"Here you cute little Catnip Kitten, you're just the bestest little old kitten cat in the world—"

Margaret almost could hear Teeky gritting her teeth in her vehemence, her natural love of the kitten intensified by her desire to prove to everybody, including herself, just how superior it was to any old dog next door, just how happy and satisfied she was with it.

"Let the cat out, will you, Agatha?" called Teeky.

There was the sound of the screen opening—and Agatha screeched.

MARGARET never knew exactly what happened, remembering it more for the look on Teeky's face afterward. But she heard the quick vicious yarr of joy of the new dog as it rushed; heard Cecil yelling at it ineffectively—and heard Teeky crying frenziedly:

"Stop him, oh, Daddy, stop him—he's killing it—he's killing it!"

When Margaret got there, Clem, fortified by anger, had the excited, quivering dog held back by the scruff of the neck, free of the kitten—who lay completely still, its back broken by the first powerful pounce.

Clem stood breathing hard, restraining the struggling dog, and silently and pityingly Margaret tried to draw Teeky to her. But the little girl stood stock-still, staring at her dead kitten. Then she lifted her small face, with the whole crude grief of the moment on it, to Cecil. It was an involuntary gesture, such as one makes to someone important in their world, in a moment whose need strips it of surfaces. Cecil met the look with one full of gloating.

For what seemed a long time the two children stood so, with a kind of slow astonishment beginning for Teeky. Then she turned, abruptly, away from her mother's arm. Her mouth got raw and full, the way mouths do when people cry. But she shut it very tight, and with her head high against the tears coming, she walked blindly into the house.

"You can take your dog home now, Cecil," Clem said.

Cecil took the dog by the collar, with a strange kind of defiance, and dragged it away.

Clem got a shovel and buried the cat at the other side of the garden. Margaret waited—yearning to go to Teeky, yet knowing there are times when people would rather be alone for a while. But when Clem was through, they went in together.

She was standing in the middle of her own room, very stiff and very straight, her face full of wild, private crying. Clem picked her up tenderly, and sat down on the bed with her in his arms.

"When little girls want to cry," he told her, "the best thing for them to do is cry."

But Teeky couldn't let go entirely, even then. Margaret sat down beside them, and after a few minutes she and Clem began talking to her about it.

"It's too bad it had to happen. But think what a good time the kitten's always had with you."

"My kitty's dead."

"I know, dear. But after a while you'll be able to think about the kitty without its making you feel so badly."

"Yes, I guess so," said Teeky, a little unexpectedly, with a frank kind of earnestness. But the next instant, like a reminder of pain, came that crude grief again, which had stood out for Margaret in the moment in the yard.

"But Cecil didn't even care—"

And then Margaret knew, in that way one does know things in moments of distorted plainness, a strange thing—strange, considering the children's constant contention over small provocations. She realized that now, when there might have been real cause, there was no anger at all in Teeky at Cecil. Teeky was knowing a hurt that went deeper than anger.

"Cecil was glad." Teeky said it with a baffledness, a confusedness, an unbelief even yet that it could be so. The little girl was regarding her mother with wide, dark eyes.

"Oh, Mother, it makes me feel so bad. It makes me feel so bad right here—" and she lifted a bewildered hand to the middle of her

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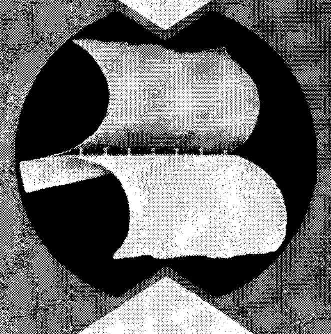

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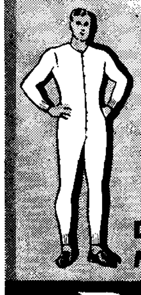

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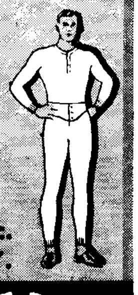

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small breastbone. "It feels like there's a hole there—"

Margaret went downstairs with all the savagery of any mother whose child has been hurt.

"I'd like to pick that insufferable little Cecil Williams up and set him down so hard he wouldn't know what happened to him!" she said fiercely. "He wouldn't anyway," she added scathingly. "He hasn't got that much to him."

And Teeky was such a dope, she thought in despair, such a scrapping, hopeless little dope—always giving her whole warm soul to something or somebody who didn't even know what it was they were getting.

"I don't think he's even ever heard of the word friend! I'm surprised, too," she admitted honestly. "Because in spite of all their ups and downs, there seemed to be something pretty solid there underneath. And Clem—" she shook her head, haunted by Teeky's eyes, and that bewildered little gesture toward the hurting hole where her heart was, "there isn't any heartache in the world worse than having someone you counted on fail you, do you know that! Unless," she added irrelevantly, "it's the one that hits you when you've been the one to fail."

Clem listened soberly, and said consideringly, with regret in it that Teeky should be knowing so soon, "Great old world."

There came a familiar knock at the door.

"That couldn't by any possibility, could it, be Cecil?" wondered Margaret satirically as she went to answer it.

Cecil came in and stood just inside the door, ramrod straight.

"Do you have a screwdriver I could borrow, Mrs. Rolfe?"

It was all Margaret could do to keep to her usual attempt at neutrality in the children's troubles. But she did confine herself to a cold "I'll see."

The screwdriver proved not to be in its accustomed drawer in the kitchen. Then she remembered having seen Teeky making off with it in the direction of the apple tree earlier in the day, to decorate some mud pies she was selling from the lowest branch. By the time Margaret had retrieved it, and Cecil had departed with it, Clem was grinning.

"He's not a bad kid. But there surely isn't any more back-down to him than there is to Teeky. He still isn't taking any water from her about the quality of his dog. I rather like him for stubbornly sticking his chin out about that. But he said he was sorry about the cat, and I think he really is."

"He didn't act it," said Margaret, still resentfully.

"Oh, well, things happened out there so fast—and he still had a sore spot in him about Teeky's calling his dog a mutt; a boy's dog means a lot to him. So the first thing that popped into his head when the dog jumped her cat was that it was good enough for her. And then, just as quickly, he was sorry."

"Then why doesn't he tell Teeky so?"

"He is—" her husband assured her, a little impatient of the feminine demandingness about small things. "He's getting her a dog."

"What!" Margaret was astounded.

"He's surely going all out on it," agreed Clem. "You've got to give him credit for that. He found an ad in the paper tonight about a Kerry Blue pup for sale."

"Good heavens! He needn't go that far."

"I know. I tried to talk him out of it. But he's set on it. The dog's dirt cheap, really—only three dollars; evidently the owners just want to see that it gets a home." Clem regarded her with a kind of amusement. "Everything's relative, isn't it? Those three bucks might as well be a hundred. Cecil's having to scrape bottom to make it. That's what he wanted the screwdriver for—to open up his bank."

Margaret's ire was melted within her by the time Cecil returned the screwdriver, and she told him, sincerely:

"That's lovely of you, Cecil. You don't know how pleased Teeky will be."

"She'd better be," said Cecil, a little grimly, but standing so absurdly, first on one relieved foot and then the other, that Margaret laughed suddenly out loud.

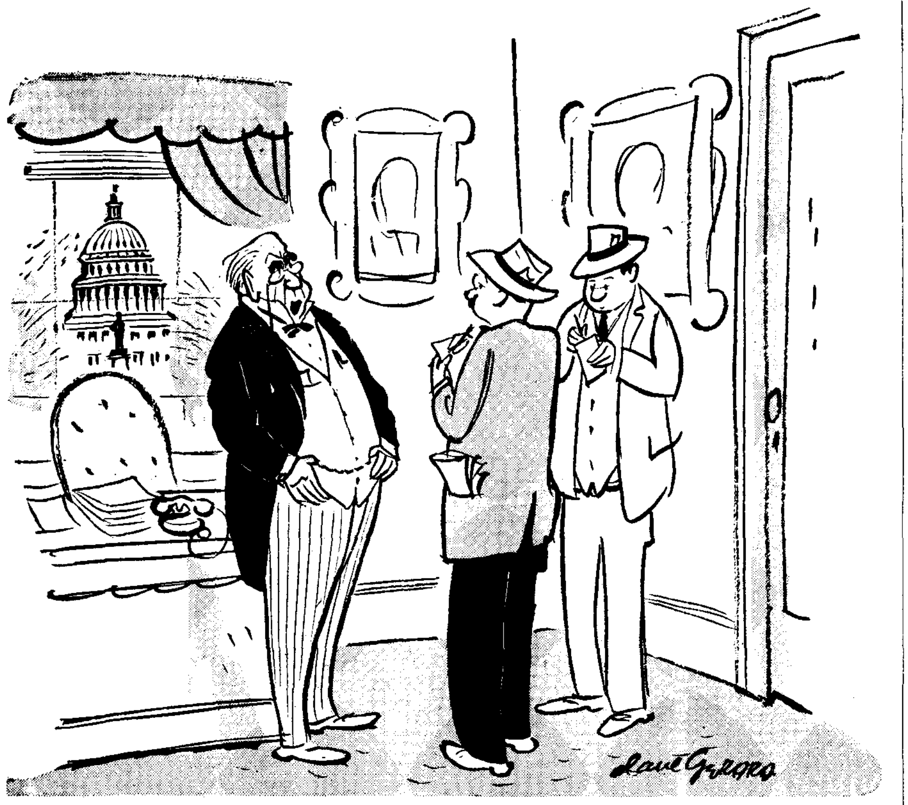
"Have some fudge," she offered.

Cecil had several pieces, eating them with the lusty freedom of one cleared again in mind and heart.

"Old Teeky's sure going to be surprised." He left, high with plans. "I'm not going to say a word to her until I hand her the dog."

THE next morning was an especially enticing day outside, with the freshness of it smelling in the dewy grass. But Teeky—who was passionately a springtime child, for whom the house at this time of year was only something to go through on her way outside—not only stayed in the house until school time, but voluntarily practiced her music lesson.

Then Cecil, who always started off to school with Teeky, this morning came whistling out of his house and struck off down the drive by himself. At this renewed and fla-



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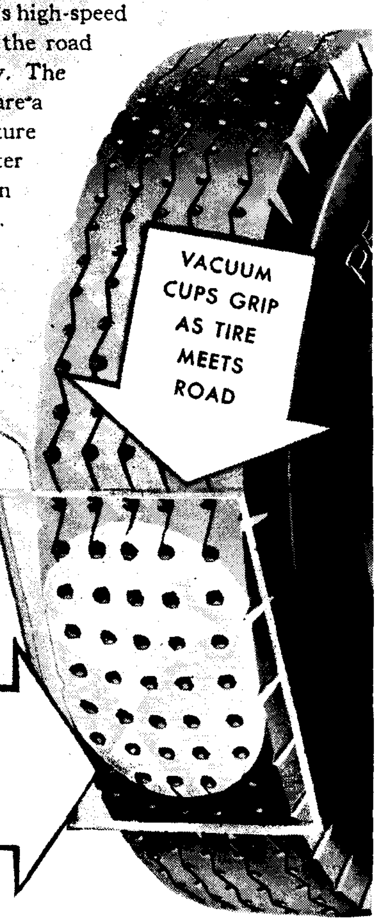
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grant expression of indifference, Teeky, with a semblance of nonchalance, could only fall trudgingly in behind. Cecil could not have helped but hear those proud but pleading footsteps behind him. But he made no sign.

Watching the two children out of sight, Margaret understood that according to his lights, Cecil's course was a lofty one. Also—waiting to make up with the handsome gesture of a coveted present was a way to atonement without loss of masculine standing. But the thought of the little girl, who knew none of this, trailing off so dispiritedly, haunted her all day long.

To make matters worse, Teeky did not come home from school at the accustomed time. Half an hour dragged into an hour—an hour alarmingly into two. Clem came, and she still was not there.

"Clem, Teeky isn't home from school yet. I'm getting worried about her. She's never been this late before—"

Then they spied her, plugging along the drive, papers neglectedly half falling out of her notebook.

"Where've you been?" asked her mother anxiously, as she lagged in.

"I had to stay after school."

Margaret saw Clem's eyes get that narrowed, hard glint.

"That settles it!" Clem took the reins back into his own hand again, definitely, at an abrupt end of all patience in this school matter. In his own mind Clem had gone a long way in leniency last night about a dog, to make things right for her about the loss of the kitten, and now he felt free to be thoroughly disgusted by her lack of co-operation. He was through. Margaret's heart sank thinking that now, after all, there would be no dog.

"It certainly makes me very happy—" Clem began plastering on his most telling sarcasm, "to have a little girl who behaves so badly the teacher has to keep her after school. I suppose this time you had to write a hundred times, 'I will try to learn to be a lady!' "

Teeky had gone through the other two stages. At first it had been "I will remember I am a lady," and then it had descended to "I will try to be a lady." Margaret had to admit it probably was only too logical a conclusion Clem was jumping to so acidly. Teeky merely looked at him.

"I stayed in to finish up my tests and see how I did." Disinterestedly, and with that emptiness of feeling which comes with the exhaustion of effort, she handed him a sheaf of papers.

"Ninety in arithmetic," read Clem—and glanced at her. "Ninety-eight in history." He glanced at Margaret—that baffled expression there again, and the beginning of something else. "Well," he said. "And what is it the teacher's written on this science one? '*Very* good, Teeky—I knew you could do it if you'd try.' Teeky," her father told her, with real depth of warmth to his tone, "I'm proud of you!"

"I had to do something," said Teeky. "I had to do something to show that Cecil Williams—" and suddenly Teeky was crying—crying with all the vehemence she had been withholding—come now in weariness; the weariness of dry victory.

Margaret and Clem regarded each other uncertainly. And then Cecil was beaming at her, through the door screen.

"Hey, Teeky, come here a minute."

"No!" Teeky wheeled, to stand with her back to him, while she gave a swipe upward of her tears, with the flat of both hands.

"Go on, dear," urged Margaret gently.

AND at first Teeky didn't understand. She stood looking at the wriggling little muff of a thing—so curly it was impossible to tell whether it had an intelligent face or not, there was just a happy tongue—romping playfully at the Great Dane which was lying at Cecil's feet.

"It's yours, Teeky," said Cecil impatiently, as she just stood there. "I saw an ad in the paper last night and this afternoon I went and got him for you."

But even then Teeky did not touch the puppy. Instead she looked up at Cecil quickly, and then gave a funny little catch of a laugh that had the excitement of all her tears in it.

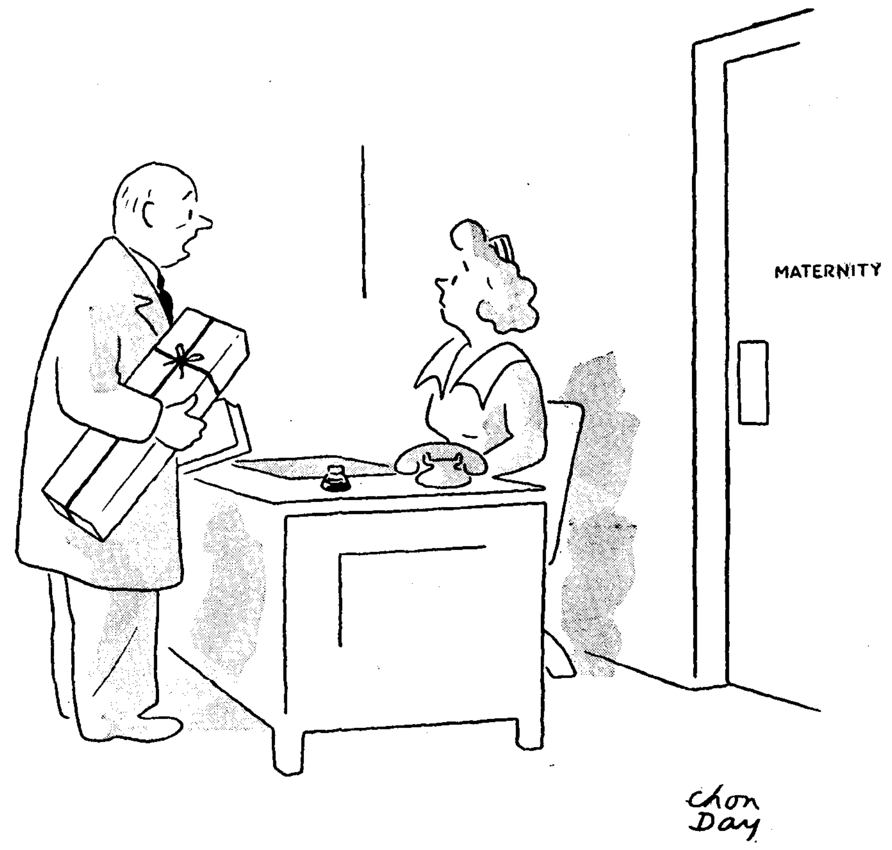
But Cecil, satisfied that evidently his gift was pleasing her, began to grin until, as Clem said afterward, he thought "the kid would crack his mug." They all laughed then, standing around watching the two dogs playing—the Dane lying enduringly noble while the puppy leaped for its ears; standing it just so long and then picking the pup up with its great paws and depositing it, a little surprised, on the other side of him, finally getting up and stalking off, the puppy impudently nipping at its heels.

It was wonderful to hear Teeky chuckle, and Cecil said contentedly:

"They're friends already."

And Teeky's chuckle caught again. The light in her blue eyes lingered on in the way it could on special occasions. And Margaret felt a warm, strong little hand slide shyly into hers.

THE END



"Ask my wife if she and the baby will see me—she hasn't spoken to me for months!"

COLLIER'S

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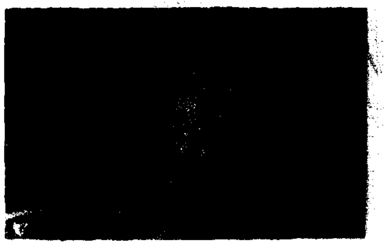

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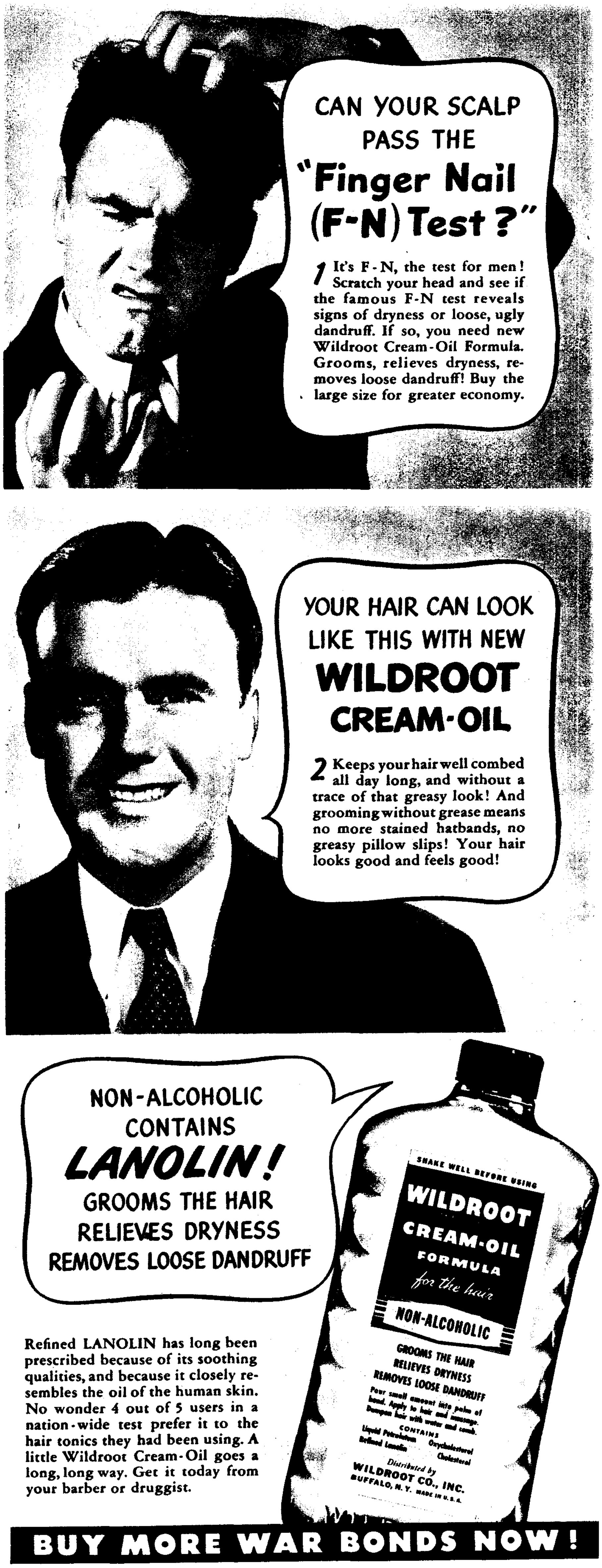

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Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 12

"Oh, please. We're going out to the pyramids tomorrow. Can you come along?"

"It'd be nice, but—"

"We can walk Mother around like mad," Audrey said. "She'll probably be exhausted by tomorrow night."

"So will I," Patrick said, "but I'll stay up. Good night, darling."

He kissed her before she could quite manage to turn away. Mrs. Latham, who was peering out of the elevator to see what was detaining her daughter, saw and was startled. Patrick heard them speaking loudly as the elevator doors shut.

He bought a fresh supply of cigarettes and a magazine and went to his room. A note under the door informed him that a Mr. Graeme had telephoned him. He picked up the phone, asked for an Ericcson number and waited.

"*Hola,*" a voice said.

"Hello, Mr. Graeme," Patrick said in Spanish. "It is Nevil that speaks to you. I trust you are well?"

"I am well," Mr. Graeme said. "And you, my dear friend?"

"I cannot complain, señor."

"Good. Be kind enough to call upon me tomorrow."

"Regarding my vacation, señor?"

"Regarding many things."

"Your voice," Patrick said, "inspires doubt in my breast. Dear friend, is there that which is wrong? I could not bear a disappointment."

"Be at peace. There is no difficulty. It is better to walk on stones than not to walk at all."

Patrick's voice grew perceptibly harder. "Oh, for that which I may be crying out loud, señor! Which is it that cooks upon the stove?"

"My dear friend," Mr. Graeme said, "you are upset. Call upon me tomorrow. Good night."

"Go with God," Patrick said.

He was not pleased, but maybe he could beat the rap, whatever it was. If he could, there was time, weather, pleasure and Audrey. There was even Audrey's mother, who was not a woman you would want for an in-law, but wonderful for tiring out. He went to bed. . . .

In the morning Patrick left a note in the Lathams' box regretting that he couldn't visit the pyramids with them and took a cab downtown. On the Avenida 16 de Septiembre was a large and modern photographic shop with the name "Graeme" overhead. Patrick paid his driver off and walked inside. The store was crowded with tourists leaving and collecting film and pricing cameras.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Graeme," Patrick told a clerk.

"Mr. Graeme is over at Sanborn's having breakfast," the clerk replied. "Could I help you?"

Patrick shook his head and murmured his thanks. Taking it easy, hat characteristically riding far back on his head, he meandered around the corner and up to the Avenida Madero and Sanborn's, fending off two beggars, five guides and a lottery ticket merchant on the way. At Sanborn's he passed through the drugstore and entered the big tiled dining room made vivid by an enormous skylight. It was full of people having a second and more leisurely breakfast.

WANDERING around, Patrick spotted Mr. Graeme in a booth against the wall. With him was a small, neat, smiling Mexican whom Graeme introduced as Señor Aguirre. Graeme himself was a Texan, still with a drawl in his speech, in his late fifties, white-haired, benevolent-faced, guileless in manner. He made room for Patrick in his side of the booth and signaled a waitress.

The waitress came and Patrick ordered fruit juice, eggs, tortillas and chocolate. Señor Aguirre looked happily at him.

"This is a man who knows what's good," he said, in excellent English.

"He's been living on camp fare for a long while," Graeme explained. "Working on construction jobs in Central America."

"For the United States?" Señor Aguirre asked.

"That's right," Patrick said.

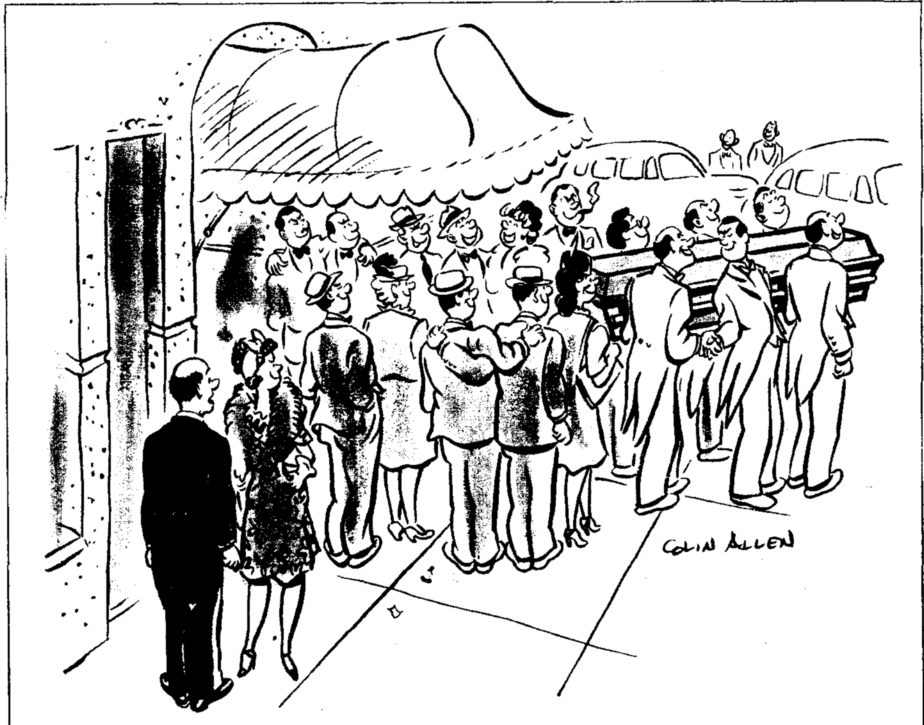
"It's nice work if you can get it," Señor Aguirre said, and smiled hugely.

Patrick shrugged. "Nice if you don't get hurt."

"A leg injury brought him back here," Graeme said. "Could you suggest a better place for him to rest than this city?"

"Cuernavaca," Señor Aguirre said. "My house there is Señor Nevil's."

"I cannot thank you enough," Patrick said. "There would be nothing better, except that I'm involved here in an affair of the



COLLIER'S "What sort of man was your Uncle Mortimer?" COLIN ALLEN

Dogs is dogs... but this Ansco dog picture is in a class by itself!

The Lieutenant meets his son... and Ansco film rises to the occasion.

Just between you and me and the Clipper...

WHEN MY husband went overseas, I started sending him loads of snapshots. Of the kids, his folks, the pups... anything to remind him of home.

"Gee," he wrote, "they're *swell.* You must have taken a course in photography!"

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But just between you and me and the Clipper (that's my neat little Ansco Camera)...I'm still just an average shutter snapper.

I find that I get better pictures now because I use the film that remembers I'm human... *Ansco* film. The explanation is simple enough:

Ansco film has extremely *wide latitude,* which is the experts' way of saying *margin of safety.*

Because of this quality, Ansco helps cover up all the little mistakes of exposure that an ordinary amateur like me is always making.

So, even though my lens openings and shutter speeds may be slightly off, I get swell, heart-warming snapshots... thanks to Ansco film. Now that you know my little secret, why don't *you* try Ansco film? It's guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free." *So-o-o-o...!*

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heart. I do not believe absence makes the heart grow fonder. You understand, señor?"

"Understand and agree. I wish you the best of luck."

"Thank you."

Graeme was looking at Patrick critically. "A local girl, Patrick?"

"No, a tourist. I met her at the hotel."

"Your old trouble," Graeme said. "I fear it is your greatest weakness."

"She's a cute kid," Patrick said. "Sharp as a pillow."

"He means that the girl is charming but not smart," Graeme told Aguirre. "My friend Señor Nevil is an idealist about women. He *wants both beauty and brains.* But he is willing to make concessions. Very willing. He has, to my knowledge, made innumerable concessions."

"One always does," Señor Aguirre said. "Then one eventually makes the final and great concession—marriage."

"I'm not willing to make that great a concession," Patrick said. The waitress had brought his breakfast, and he was eating.

"I believe Señor Nevil is very smart," Señor Aguirre said. He never seemed to stop smiling. "That is excellent and unusual in a young man." He turned to Patrick. "Tell me, Señor Nevil," he said, "this construction work, it is dangerous?"

"Not if you're careful."

Señor Aguirre conferred a super smile on Patrick. "Life is most dangerous. But here in Mexico City, señor, you don't do any construction work—so you need not even be careful. Isn't that right?"

"That's right."

"I rejoice for you," Señor Aguirre said. He rose. "And now I regret that I must go. Goodby, my dear friends." They shook hands formally, and he departed, still smiling.

Graeme clipped a cigar and lighted it with deliberation. Patrick moved in on his tortillas. As soon as he had swallowed the first mouthful, he said, "Who's that guy?"

"A friend of mine," Graeme said.

"I mean, what does he do?"

"He lives in Mexico City with his wife and four children, except during the summer season when he tries to be as much as possible at Cuernavaca."

"I believe every word you say," Patrick said. "And now, Mr. Graeme, we come to the subject of my vacation. I would like to state that I will be very upset if I don't get some time off, and that there seems no question but that I have earned it."

"No question whatever, Patrick."

"You mean I'm all set?"

"Yes."

"Then why the ambiguous telephone call last *night?*"

"In our profession," Graeme said, "I believe a low-priority mission is generally counted as a vacation—especially a pleasant low-priority mission. You agree?"

"I suppose so."

"It happens I have one for you, beginning today. I wouldn't even use you for this, except that you are ideally fitted for the job. Also, there's nobody else for it at present, and I think it will give you all the advantages of a vacation and none of the expense."

Patrick regarded him narrowly. "Uh-huh. Where is it—Yucatan or the Bolivian jungle?"

"Here, Patrick," Graeme said. "Right here in Mexico City. It is pleasant, clean, quiet, amusing and not habit-forming."

"Remember what that Señor Aguirre said? I mustn't do anything dangerous."

"The only danger here will be to your emotions, and I have a hunch they're beyond help."

"Well, go on," Patrick said.

"I want to get back to the office. We'll talk there, when you've finished your breakfast," Graeme said.

AS THEY went back along Gante Street, the older man frequently nodded or spoke to the people who passed them. He had been in Mexico almost twenty-five years, and his friends were legion. Yet his wholesome, kindly face was a complete mask, as Patrick knew, and he was a mystery to everyone, aside from a few people in Washington and Mexico City. He had, underneath, a cold selflessness that never failed to astonish Patrick; he was brave, unimpassioned, and extremely clever.

"By the way," Graeme said, "who is this girl you mentioned at breakfast, Patrick?"

"Nobody. Just a girl. Audrey Latham's her name."

"I continually hear stories of your romances. You have too many of them. Do you ever try to use them in your work? That's a mistake."

"Oh, no," Patrick said. "I'm a gay caballero. I just talk to them in the moonlight and tell jokes and dance like Fred Astaire. I'm full of star dust."

"You must be fascinating," Graeme said.

At the store, he told Patrick to go ahead to his office, and paused to talk to several people.

Patrick ascended a flight of stairs leading to a balcony and walked along it to the last door. Passing through an outer room, he entered the office. The place was small, crowded with a roll-top desk, a broad table, a couple of chairs and a bookshelf, and littered with dusty papers. Piles of pictures were stacked in sagging cardboard boxes in the corners of the room. Patrick sat down to wait. The stage dressing didn't impress him. This was actually an important spot, where very interesting things had occurred; a strong link in an unbroken chain that stretched across two continents.

Presently Graeme came in. He took the chair at the desk and sorted through some of the papers.

"Do you have anything in mind for me after my vacation?" Patrick asked.

"No," Graeme replied. "By the way, they were most pleased by your last job. Here's a wire on it."

He handed Patrick a telegram. It bore a New York date line and was addressed to Graeme.

RECENT PICTURES CENTRAL AMERICA VERY CLEAR STOP NO PUBLICITY VALUE BUT DE-

(Continued on page 48)

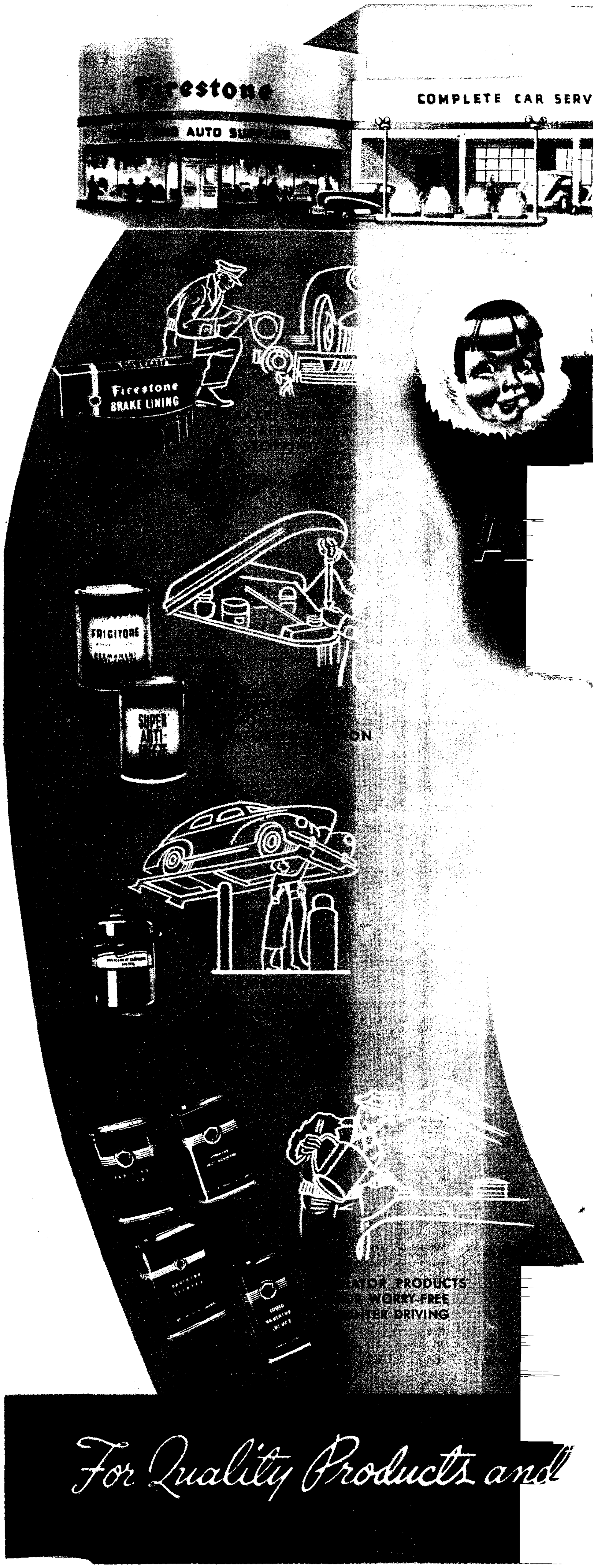
The "Graphies" Can Be Toughies

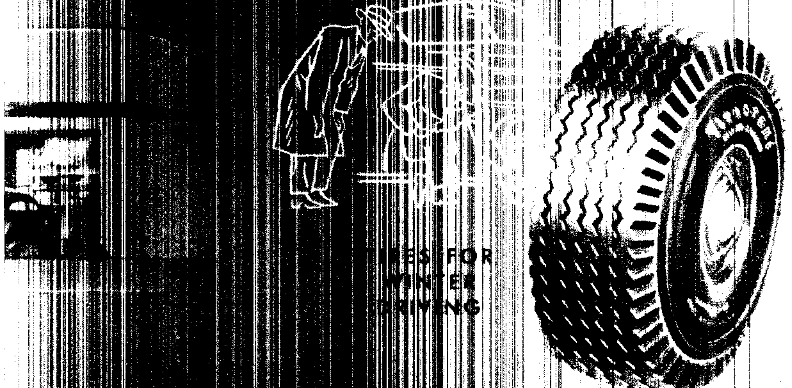
If you were to be concerned with any of the 20 words in the left column, with which words in the right column would you be most likely dealing? Match both columns and get a graphic picture of your graphy knowledge.

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 15–17 good; 13–14 fair; 11–12 average. (Answers on page 51.)

1. **Bibliography** .. **Handwriting**
2. **Cartography** .... **Codes**
3. **Chirography** .... **Dancing**
4. **Anthography** .... **Books**
5. **Geography** ..... **Mountains**
6. **Anemography** ..... **Spelling**
7. **Cryptography** ..... **Printing**
8. **Ethnography** .... **Earth**
9. **Hydrography** .... **Maps**
10. **Orography** .... **Heart**
11. **Topography** .... **Stones**
12. **Choreography** ..... **Flowers**
13. **Typography** ..... **Localities**
14. **Calligraphy** .... **X-rays**
15. **Cerography** .... **Wind**
16. **Phonography** .... **Wax**
17. **Electrocardiography** . **Sound**
18. **Radiography** .... **Water**
19. **Orthography** .... **Hands**
20. **Lithography** .... **People**

Gerard Mosler





BATTERIES FOR
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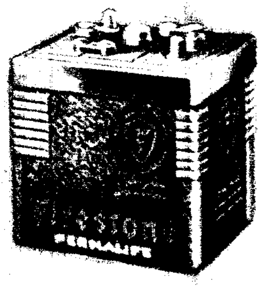

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Have your tires inspected — and recapped or replaced if necessary — to prevent dangerous skidding. Have your battery, spark plugs, brakes, lights and horn tested to be sure they are in good working condition. Change to the correct grade of lubricants and put in Firestone Frigitone, the permanent anti-freeze, or long-lasting Firestone Super Anti-Freeze.

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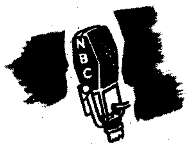

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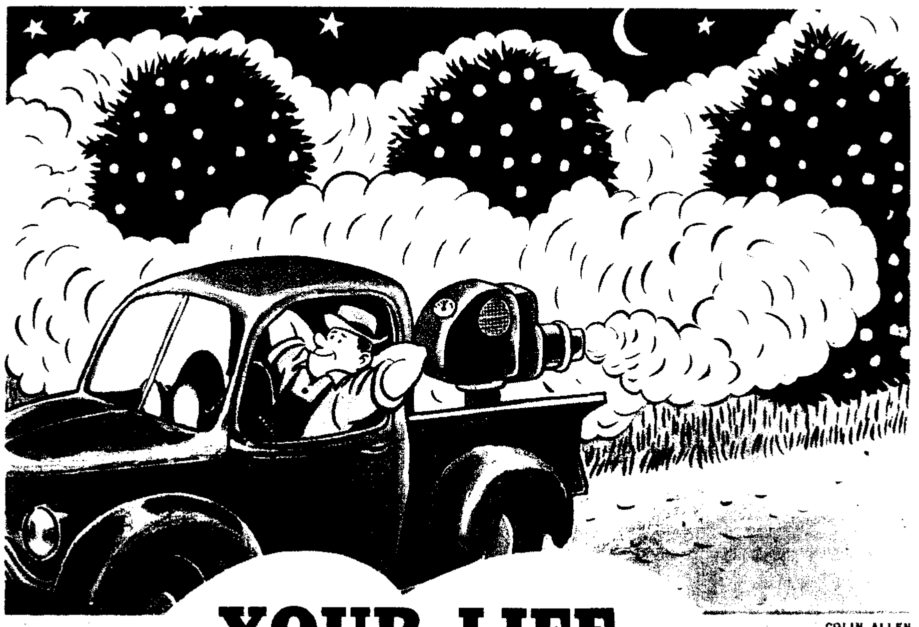

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Wartime Smoke Will Save Fruit Trees

One of the greatest weapons our armies have against enemy air attack is the chemical fog devised by research physicists to blanket large areas in a dense white cloud of harmless smoke. Blown out of a special portable boiler under high pressure, the fog can obliterate whole Allied positions in five minutes.

Though the fog was invented strictly as a war measure, it will not be laid away with guns and ammunition when the fighting is over. Scientists expect it to have a remarkable peacetime value in saving America's vast citrus and other semitropical crops from frost. Present orchard protection is attempted with thousands of smokepots belching clouds of soot into the air. This black pall prevents the earth's heat from radiating upward in a cold snap, thus keeping ground temperatures high enough to avoid frostbite. But lung irritation and property damage from the sticky soot often are more costly than the value of the fruit crops saved. Serious cases of pneumonia sometimes result.

The chemical fog will be far more efficient than soot and will have no damaging effects. Composed of billions of microscopic droplets of oil, the brilliant white fog will reflect the earth's heat down among the orchards much more effectively. It can be breathed for hours without harm or discomfort and will leave no deposit or stain, and it will be cheaper to use than the smokepots. One man operating a single fog generator installed on a truck can cover an area of one square mile and keep it thoroughly protected as long as high winds do not dissipate the smoke.

The generator itself will be no more expensive than the small-home oil furnace which it resembles. Fuel can be obtained anywhere at small cost.

Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 46

LIGHTED WITH THEM STOP REGRET ST. PATRICK'S DAMAGED AND HOPE CAN BE REPAIRED STOP APPRECIATE PORTRAIT OF STUART BUT LOW PRIORITY STOP REGARDS
PAN AMERICAN PHOTOS INC.

"Thanks," Patrick said, and returned the wire. "I love that 'St. Patrick's damaged' business. It makes me feel like a public monument."

"You are scarcely that." Graeme removed a wallet from his pocket, counted out five 1,000-peso notes and gave them to Patrick. "For your vacation, my friend."

"Por Dios!" Patrick said. "For little me?"

"For you," Graeme said, "and for a lady named Agnes Stuart."

"Who?"

"Miss Stuart is a well-known syndicated columnist in the United States. She is reputed to be a brilliant writer."

"I don't care for brilliant writers."

Graeme looked at Patrick benignly. "Isn't that a little beside the point?"

"How old is she?"

"Not very old."

"How long is she here for?"

"Ten days, I understand."

"It's the vacation I've dreamed of," Patrick said bitterly. "First of all, it's so long; and secondly, I spend it in the company of an elderly female writer."

"You may find her interesting," Graeme said. "She seems to be an exceedingly trenchant journalist, specializing in crime, racketeers, various exploitations of the public and wickedness in general. Miss Stuart has become rather famous for her frankness and ability to speak her mind. Apparently she finds more bad than good in humanity, and quite a few of the bad she has written about are now in jail."

"Oh, great!"

"You will not present yourself to her in your official capacity, of course. Effective for ten days you are gay Patrick Nevil, young man about Mexico City. Your father left you plenty of money, you're enjoying the war down here. This is a letter for you."

Patrick took the air-mail envelope Graeme handed him and opened it. The piece of note paper inside had a letterhead—William

Polarized Light to the Rescue

Thousands of school and college students f tomorrow will be delighted to discover ow easily and quickly they can master the oughest problems in geometry and trigonometry, aided by a new system of classroom emonstration now used for training naval viators.

Discovered by Professor John T. Rule of he Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he method projects difficult diagrams of the heavens and earth on a screen in stereoscopic orm. By a clever adaptation of polarized light, the class, fitted with polarizing goggles, ees the diagrams "floating in midair," with very line and point in its right position in pace.

The secret of this magic is a special type of polarizing plastic projection slide with wo slightly different aspects of the diagram inted on front and back surfaces. Two mages appear on the screen, making a meaningless jumble to the naked eye. But the goggles unscramble the projection in such a way that all left eyes see one drawing, and all right eyes the other. This gives the audience the illusion of looking at a three-dimensional figure floating in space.

The new polarized prints are known as "vectographs" and can be used either as transparencies for projection or as direct-view pictures when backed with an aluminum reflecting paint. Besides vastly speeding up the learning time of navigation students, vectographs have lately made possible an entirely new method of analyzing aerial photographs of enemy installations, cutting through the cleverest camouflage.

The invention is so great an advance over the old stereo pictures, only visible to one person at a time, that it promises to have broad applications to postwar map making nd surveying. It will also emancipate countless students from the tedious business of earning geometry from flat blackboard drawings that cannot show depth or third dimension.

Vectograph movies, shown in full natural olor, are also on the way.

Plastics Will Aid Medicine

The technique of plastic fabrication has now worked its way into surgical medicine. A "glue" made from blood plasma and an extract from the cell structure under operation is brushed over the surfaces that are to be rejoined. Firmly held in place for three minutes, the parts weld together permanently without bleeding.

Successfully used in war operations on livers and spleens, the method avoids the bad features of stitching with gut and packing with gauze, producing quick healing without hemorrhage.

The "gluing" technique is expected to have a wide variety of important uses when the surgeons returning from the battle fronts have opportunity to perfect it.

Vacuum Coming Up

Nature so abhors a vacuum that it has been impossible to obtain even a remote approximation of perfect emptiness in expensive laboratory equipment in a very small space. But when the war started, a brilliant young physicist, Richard Morse, began work on an apparatus to generate a high vacuum for factory use. His results have been so successful that a revolution in many industrial processes is assured for the future.

Morse's vacuum generator is a "diffusion pump," patterned after well-known laboratory equipment, but built on a huge scale. Jets of oil vapor sweep the molecules of air away through a trap so rapidly that large piping systems, vats and stills can be kept in continuous operation at a pressure as low as one fifty thousandth of a pound per square inch—nearly a million times less than ordinary air pressure. In this great emptiness, chemical and physical reactions will occur that are wholly unobtainable under atmospheric conditions.

For instance, the low-temperature dehydration of food. Drying fresh meat and vegetables by heating often spoils them or kills the vitamins. But vacuum drying can be done rapidly with the products frozen solid. More important still is the commercial dehydration of penicillin at low temperature. This famous mold will not stand heat and heretofore has been dried tediously, dish by dish, by laboratory methods. The enormous increase expected in penicillin production will depend upon Morse's apparatus.

Large-scale manufacture of metallic magnesium and other valuable light metals, direct from raw ore, will be possible in vacuum stills, thus avoiding the complicated and expensive electro-chemical methods now in use.

It is expected that petroleum cracking can be speeded up in the same way. And a whole new field is opening up in the coating of optical lenses by vacuum distillation. ★★★

Franklin Gates, Barsdale, Connecticut. The note had been sent care of the American Express Company, and began "Dear Pat." It seemed that "Bill," as he signed himself, had experienced some high times with Patrick during his stay in Mexico, and was now taking the liberty of calling upon him to do all he could for a great friend of his, Agnes Stuart, who was making the good-neighbor jump for a few days. Bill hoped to be seeing—and suing—Patrick soon, and in the meantime he was to treat Agnes like his long-lost sister. . . . Patrick scowled and put the envelope in his pocket.

"Good old Bill," he said. "I'll never forget the times we had together. What's he look like?"

"Tall, thin, fortyish, prematurely gray, with a long, horsy face and big teeth. Has a high voice. Mr. Gates is a moderately successful novelist and has a fondness for all forms of alcohol. You can afford to be explicit to Miss Stuart about your adventures together. Mr. Gates would not have remembered, even if he had known you."

"Did he actually write this letter?"

"Yes, he was kind enough to help us when the situation was explained to him. If I recall correctly, he was going to make an opportunity to mention your name to Miss Stuart before she left."

"You speak of a situation that was explained to him. Can I get a piece of that?"

"In a moment," Graeme said. "Do you have any more questions on this section?"

"Yes. Why does it have to happen to me?"

"Your natural talents, of course. You have to enchant Miss Stuart from the moment she arrives. If she is attracted to you emotionally, so much the better for our purposes. This must be a holiday for her in every sense of the word. The more she thinks about you, the happier I'll be."

"What am I after from this dame besides her heart? Why is she hot? What have I got to know?"

Graeme gazed at Patrick in his most fatherly manner. "Didn't I tell you it was a vacation? You don't have to know anything, and she isn't suspect. This need only be one of your standard brands of flirtation."

"All right," Patrick said. "Love is everywhere. But I do like a reason for holding hands."

"As I told you earlier," Graeme said, "Miss Stuart is addicted to the barroom type of fighting in journalism. Coming to a foreign country is usually a pretty challenging experience, particularly a land of as many mysteries and contradictions as Mexico. It is easy here to fall into the wrong hands and be pumped full of misconceptions by agitators with an ax to grind. That has happened plenty of times in the past, and is still happening. Fortunately, the ordinary citizen doesn't matter. One with an impetuous temperament and outlets in one hundred and thirty American newspapers does matter. You see?"

"I see."

"The relations between the United States and Mexico are currently very close and sympathetic. Much can be done in the future if such relations are maintained. So it is highly important that no disturbance result from critical or intemperate newspaper arti-

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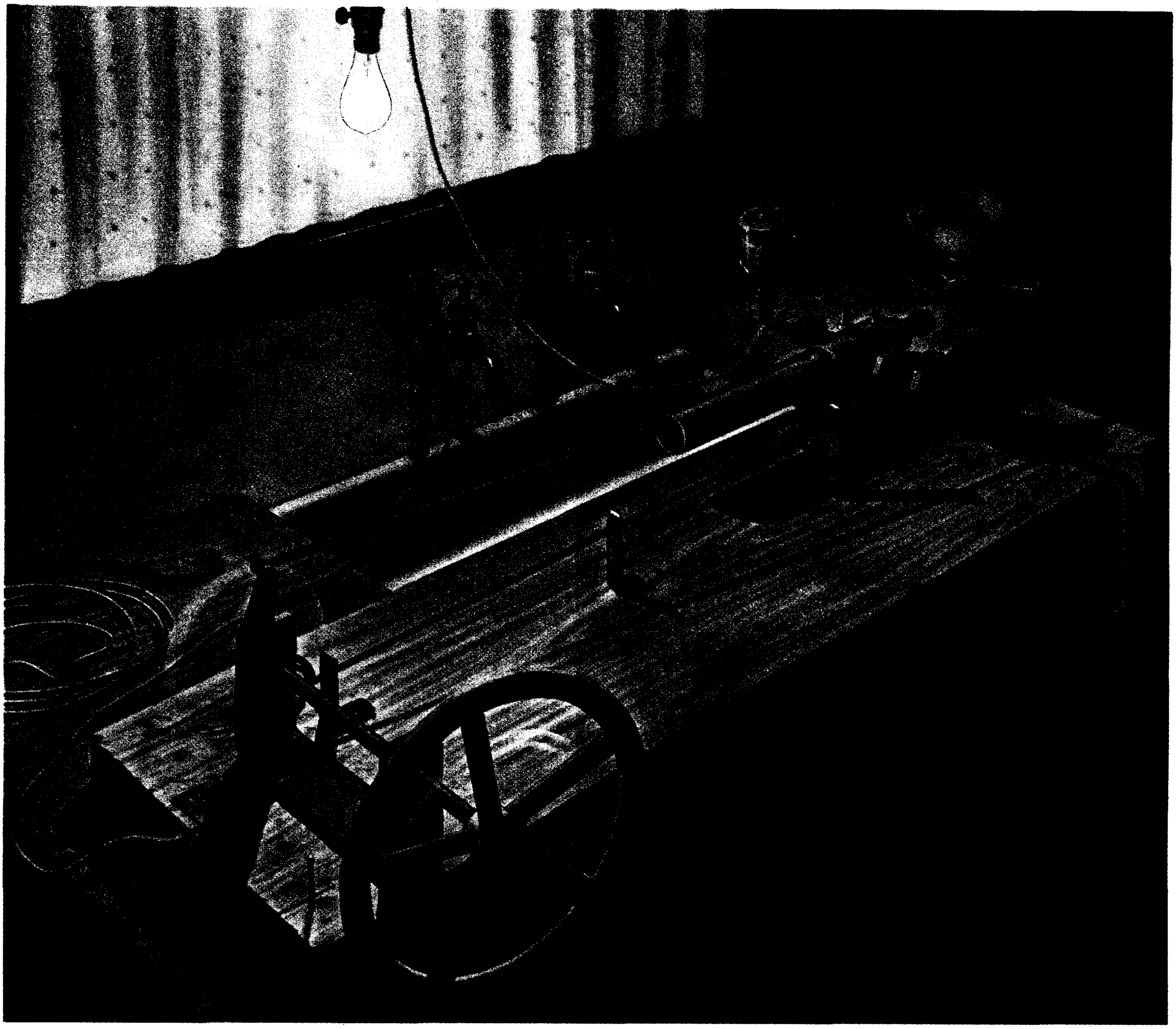

In the Ford kitchen . . . this little trial engine sputtered into life

IT HAPPENED far back—in the very early 1890's. In the kitchen of his Detroit home, a young engineer, named Henry Ford, was testing a principle of the internal combustion engine.

His apparatus, clamped to the kitchen sink, was a piece of one-inch gas pipe, reamed out for a cylinder—the flywheel, a handwheel from a lathe. Gasoline was fed from an oil cup. A wire connected to the kitchen light furnished the spark.

He spun the flywheel. Flame came from the exhaust, the sink shook and the trial engine was running under its own power. Mr. Ford was satisfied. He put the engine aside. It had served its purpose. His idea was proved.

But he did not stop to applaud himself. "The man who thinks he has done something," Mr. Ford once said, "hasn't even started." His mind was already stirring with thoughts of a new and larger engine for transportation use.

Just ahead lay the pioneering which was to produce the Ford automobile of world-wide use. Ahead lay the creation of the first industrial assembly line, hundreds of inventions and improvements, the building of 30,000,000 motor cars and trucks to serve economically the needs of *all* the people.

Today, at Ford Motor Company the pioneering still goes forward. New methods, new materials, new devices are continually being developed. Outsiders don't hear about many of them, because Ford assignments now are military.

But one day the story of this modern pioneering *can* be told. It will be told, you may be sure, through the medium of Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars so advanced in both style and engineering that new millions will seek to own them—for comfort, for smartness, for reliability, and for economy.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY Ford

cles such as Miss Stuart might write after a hasty observance of various practices here that differ from those in her own country. Probably there is no danger of that happening, but we must be sure. The best way to do it is for Miss Stuart to have a perfectly delightful time, observe nothing, and return to the United States with happy memories."

"Uh-huh. But Audrey isn't going to like this."

"Regrettable," Graeme said dryly.

He searched through the clutter on his desk. "Incidentally, before I forget, here's a draft-classification card for you. I hear that women in the United States are curious about their men not being in the Army these days."

"Four-F, eh?" Patrick said, glancing at the card. "What's the matter with me?"

"Shall we say heart trouble?"

"Shall we say a curious tendency to whoop up my cookies every time I think of Miss Stuart?"

"I don't think we should," Graeme said, "in view of the fact that this is an order."

Patrick got up. "Yes, sir. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or your money is refunded."

"You'll probably recognize her more easily with the help of a picture," Graeme said. He pulled a newspaper from the top of his desk as he also rose. "Here is the cut that accompanies her daily column."

ANSWERS TO THE "GRAPHIES" CAN BE TOUGHIES

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It was an afternoon Los Angeles sheet, folded over to the editorial page. In the right-hand corner was the Stuart column, captioned For Bitter or For Worse. A small picture of the author was inset, blurry, on the passport style, and only distinguishable because of the exceptionable grimness of the subject. Patrick gazed upon the face that had sunk a thousand gyps with falling heart. If the camera never lied, then he was going to meet a mouse with a square head, hatchet features, hair in the form of a bird's nest, and eyes of obsidian.

He ran briefly through the article. Miss Stuart was dealing with black-market racketeers, and she happened to be pretty good. She spared no adjectives in attacking the people who were having a large part in trying to sabotage the war effort—a species, she said, whose hearts were as black as the markets they ran. Patrick found himself somewhat impressed. He took a second look at the picture.

"I'm scared," he said.

Graeme smiled. "She's coming in on the two-o'clock plane. In case you should miss her, she has a reservation at the Hotel Cortez. Good luck, Patrick."

They walked to the door together. A man was coming along the balcony toward them.

"Those German cameras are very difficult to get now," Graeme said, "but I'll try to find you one. Occasionally a refugee is willing to sell for the right price."

"I'd appreciate your hurrying it up," Patrick said. "I only have a short vacation, and I don't expect to have much fun without a camera. As a matter of fact, I don't expect to have much fun."

At half past one Patrick left the Hotel Cortez. He had lunched excellently, and he had taken a short siesta in his room. But he was not happy. His life, at an offhand glance, seemed singularly bleak and unrelieved. One week he was lying in a hospital bed feverishly trying to ease a bad leg. The next week he was limping around after a dame who hated everyone else and would certainly come to hate him. As a reward for good and dangerous work, he was allowed to vacation with a lady who was handy with a typewriter but undoubtedly couldn't rumba. It was not only a comedown professionally, it was dull.

The doorman at the hotel annoyed him. That zealous man ran ahead of him, saying, "Get you a taxi, sir, get you a taxi." Patrick tried to shake him off without avail. The doorman stuck to him like a kidney plaster, ushering him along the line of cabs to the third one and tearing the door open. Unreasonably angry, Patrick got in front beside the driver and left the doorman standing. He did not give him a tip.

The cab was the usual Mexico City version, an ordinary sedan without meter or other special equipment. The driver was a small, thin, dark-skinned man with baggy pants, a coat that didn't match them, and a hat a size too large. He smiled shyly at Patrick as the doorman slammed the rear door and walked off.

"The airport," Patrick said. He switched to Spanish as the man drove them away. "Señor, do you have that functionary in your pay, that he prefers you to the other drivers?"

"Is it possible that we speak English?" the man asked. "I am a guide. The practice of the English is essential to me."

"All right."

"To answer your question, the doorman is my brother-in-law. I would not offend him with money."

"The others will presently kill you," Patrick said.

"To die is easy," the driver said. "The living is difficult."

"You have a family?"

"Two boys, a wife, a mother-in-law. Four mouths and my own. The mother-in-law's is always open whether she eats or not."

THE driver's name was Manuel Perez. He was a licensed guide, a chauffeur who depended almost entirely on his horn like other Mexican motorists, and lived in Guadalupe with his family. Patrick decided he liked him.

"You are a tourist, Señor Nevil?" Manuel said.

"No, I'm up here from Central America for a vacation," Patrick replied. "I go out now to the plane to meet a lady who is a friend of a great friend of mine. He has asked me to entertain her while she is in Mexico City. I understand she is not handsome."

"That is unfortunate," Manuel said. "You do not look forward to entertaining her, Señor?"

"Ah—no."

"There is much to see in Mexico."

"Which is what I'm afraid of," Patrick said.

"You need a guide," Manuel said.

By the time they reached the airport, an agreement had been reached. Manuel was placed under a retainer and was to be ready with his car at all times during the day for the period of Miss Stuart's stay. Such a plan appeared entirely feasible to Patrick. Since he was going to take on the eminent journalist, he needed a second in his corner.

They went into the terminal building together, men with a mission. The arrival of the plane was delayed, so they sat down to wait. Several girls in trim blue uniforms dotted the waiting room, airline employees who aided passengers getting on and off the planes. They were Mexicans with black hair and big brown eyes and faces which served to break the monotony of the decorations. By the old dodge of a match for his cigarette, Patrick fell into conversation with a delectable number named Esther and for a brief

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moment forgot his burdens. But just as he was really getting into his stride loud-speakers announced the arrival of the next flight.

Esther went to work, and Patrick lined up with Manuel near the gate; he was getting glum again.

The plane landed and taxied up. The passengers began getting out. Patrick and Manuel stared at them. There were only two women in the lot, an elderly wreck who was just getting over being airsick, and a girl in a plain gray suit.

"It is the lady with the sickness?" Manuel asked. "We have got a thing on our hands."

"I don't know," Patrick replied. "I guess so. Everything happens to me."

She didn't resemble the blurry newspaper picture a great deal, but she did have a grim face and fuzzy hair.

Patrick intercepted her as she came in. A ghastly grin was on his lips. By his side was Manuel, already reaching out for a brief case the lady carried. She swerved violently away from them.

"Hey!" Patrick said. "Miss Stuart?"

"Leave me alone," the lady said. "I want to die."

She disappeared immediately into the ladies' room. Patrick and Manuel looked at each other helplessly.

"Now she is lost to us," Manuel said.

"Wait a minute," Patrick told him.

He had shifted his eyes to the girl in the gray suit, who had passed them in the confusion. She had stopped in the middle of the waiting room and was talking to one of the girls in blue uniform. Hers was unquestionably not that kisser from the newspaper, but it cost nothing to dream. She was a shade over five feet tall, and she would have weighed in at about a hundred and five pounds. She had tiny feet, slim straight legs, little shoulders that were laughably square, and a figure which offered no apologies for being a size twelve. Her face was an oval accented by rather high cheekbones, her nose was a trifle too short and saddled by freckles, and her eyes were big and blue. She had long brown hair with glints of red in it, and although she was very streamlined, she would never have been mistaken for anything but a girl. She might be thirty, but she looked several years younger. Patrick began to wonder what he had ever seen in Esther.

The girl in the blue uniform was leaving her with some baggage checks in her hand. Patrick blocked the way.

"What is the name of that passenger?" he asked.

"Miss Stuart," the girl said.

"Oh, my goodness!" Patrick said.

"Is this bad?" Manuel said.

"Only incredible," Patrick replied. "Remind me to write a thank-you letter to Santa Claus."

THEY advanced upon the charming Miss Stuart in good order. She was lighting a cigarette, and paused to glance at them coolly.

Patrick removed his hat. "Do I have the honor," he said, "of addressing Miss Agnes Stuart?"

"Why, yes," Miss Stuart said. "What can I do for you, sonny?"

"Nothing, except to stay as sweet as you are. Would you object to my calling you Aggie?"

"Definitely."

"Then it's settled," Patrick said. "I'll call you Aggie until I can think of some pet name which will please you. I am Patrick Nevil, of Mexico City. A friend of yours, Bill Gates, asked me to look after you during your stay here."

"William Franklin Gates?"

"None other." Patrick handed her the letter Mr. Graeme had given him. "Would you care to examine my credentials?"

She read the letter carefully. As they waited, Manuel nudged Patrick.

"You said the lady was not handsome," he remarked in Spanish. "This lady is not fat, but she has certain advantages. Is there some mistake?"

"If there is," Patrick said, "I do not wish it rectified. Be silent."

"I have only this to add," Manuel said. "She can be entertained."

"Willie Gates . . ." Aggie said, and returned the letter. "I don't remember his ever mentioning you, Mr. Nevil."

"Really? We had some great times together. Good old Willie! Didn't he ever tell you about the night we—"

"No, he didn't."

"Well, he should have," Patrick said. "As soon as we get settled somewhere with glasses in our hands, I'll tell you the whole story."

"It's awfully kind of you, Mr. Nevil, but I'm actually not a very close friend of Mr. Gates, so perhaps you shouldn't take too much trouble. By the way, is this an old family retainer of yours standing with us, or just another guy waiting for an airplane?"

"A retainer," Patrick said. "An old one who has been in our family for an hour. Miss Stuart, may I present Manuel Perez?"

"Good afternoon," Manuel said. "I am delighted to welcome you to Mexico."

"Thank you," Aggie replied. "Although I come to you as a stranger, I hope to leave as a friend."

"Mexicans are lovers of beauty," Manuel said. "Therefore you are assured of popularity."

"All right," Patrick said, "let's break it up, fellows. Manuel, you're a licensed guide, but that doesn't give you license to steal my girl."

"I beg your pardon," Manuel said. "If I give that impression, it is an error."

"Another error," Aggie said, "is the statement that I'm his girl."

"Perhaps I did rush it," Patrick assented. "We'll wait till tonight."

"I will show you my license," Manuel said.

"Oh, get away from me, boys," Aggie said. "You bother me."

A GIRL in a blue uniform came up to them. It happened to be Esther, and she reported that Miss Stuart's baggage was going through customs inspection. Would she care to stand by? As she left, Esther gave Patrick a somewhat hard look. He could only smile at her distantly. That part of his life was over. He had practically found his mate.

They went over and stood while a jolly little man pawed through the contents of Aggie's two expensive rawhide bags. Aggie accepted a cigarette from Patrick.

"What brings you down here, Aggie?" he asked.

"Rest and relaxation," Aggie said. "That's why I've got to shake you pretty soon."

Patrick grinned. "In about ten days or so?"

"Where did you find out how long I'm going to stay?"

"That's how long they usually stay," Patrick said, and reminded himself to be careful; this lady was sharp. "You know, I had a hard time recognizing you. I stopped another woman first. All I had was a picture from a paper and—"

Aggie laughed. "They mixed up cuts that day," she said, "and mine went on the column of a respectable, elderly citizen who conducts daily advice to the lovelorn on the same page. I got her picture with my stuff. I've received nearly a hundred letters on that slip already."

"This could easily have been a tragedy," Patrick said. "Think of the consequences if I had missed you."

"I'm beginning to. They don't seem too terrible to me."

"Naturally. You're not yet in love."

"And you are?"

"Terribly," Patrick said. "It hit me all at once, like a third very dry Martini. I can even remember the exact instant. I was looking at your legs and—"

"Could I just say ten words?" Aggie asked.

"Please don't stop me," Patrick said. "A man always knows these things best. I felt dizzy and passionate. Sweet bells were ringing in my ears. A fever burned me."

"It sounds like malaria."

Patrick paused to stare at her. "My gosh, do you suppose I *have* got malaria?"

They laughed together entirely lightheartedly. Patrick was mentally shaking hands with himself. Maybe he wasn't burning up the track, but he'd like to lay a little bet that he'd finish in the money. It was definitely going well with the lovely journalist.

The customs man was through with Aggie's

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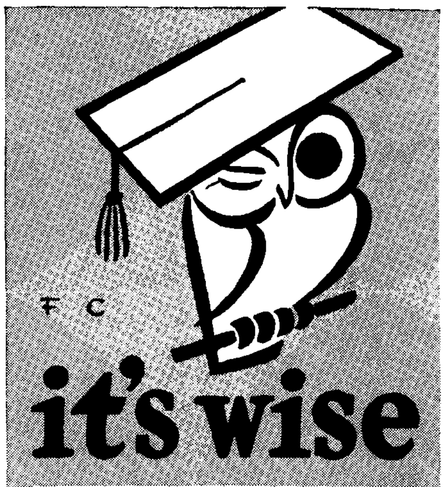

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bags and had slapped stickers on them. Manuel motioned to a porter. They walked out to the car. As they were getting in, a man hurried up to them followed by another porter. He was a small, thin, nondescript man, dressed in an ill-fitting drab suit, square-toed shoes, and a stringy tie. His undistinguished face looked worried. Patrick remembered him as one of the civilians who had come in on the plane.

"Say," the man said, "you're Americans, ain't you?"

"Yes, we are," Patrick said.

"I'm an American myself, and I can't seem to find a cab to go into town. I was wondering if you're going to town."

"I have a reservation at the Hotel Cortez," Aggie said.

The little man brightened. "That's where I'm staying. Could I ride with you?"

"Can he, Aggie, dear?" Patrick asked.

"Yes, Patrick," Aggie said.

"Thanks a million!" the man said.

THE porters loaded the bags under the rear deck of the car. Patrick prepared to tip them. The man crowded him aside, fumbling with a thick roll of Mexican paper money.

"Let me pay," he said. "I've got more dough than I know what to do with."

He gave each of the porters too much. Patrick climbed in beside Aggie. The man sat in front with Manuel. As they drove off, he swiveled around to look at them and removed his hat. He was bald. His smooth white skull, which was large, gave his face a wizened, puckered expression.

"You two married?" he said.

"No, but we intend to be," Aggie replied.

Patrick gave a slight start. "Do we, honey?"

"I gathered that from the way you talked a few minutes ago."

"Well," Patrick said, "I recall discussing passion and stuff like that. I didn't, however, have anything permanent in mind."

"In that case," Aggie said, "I think you'd better ring up a 'no sale.'"

"There's nothing—" the man began.

"Don't interrupt us," Patrick told him. "Aggie, let's not throw away a beautiful moment simply because you want a home, children and security. Let yourself go and live for the moment. This is Mexico."

Aggie simply grinned at him. He loved her teeth, which were perfect. And there were those big blue eyes. He actually began to feel as though he had malaria.

"There's nothing," the man in the front seat said, "that compares with marriage. I've never been myself, but I know quite a few people who are. My name's George Richards."

Patrick introduced Aggie and himself.

"I'm from Los Angeles," Richards continued. "Where you folks from?"

"New York," Aggie said. "I don't know where Señor Nevil is from."

"The Hotel Cortez," Patrick said. "I lead an interesting life."

Aggie nodded. "That he does, Señor Richards."

"This is practically the first vacation I've ever had in my life," George said. "Never been out of the United States before. I got so much money now I could go any place if there wasn't the war, but a person gets lonesome, even with plenty of cash on hand. What you need is friends."

There was a moment of silence. Patrick glanced at Aggie. He could see she felt the same way he did. George, though not exactly coming under the head of fun, had some of the appeal of a stray mongrel pup.

"We're your friends," Aggie said. "Not really old ones, but maybe we'll do until you've known us longer."

"Say, thank you," George said, and lowered his head and peeked up at them uneasily. "That's nice of you. Are you kidding?"

"Any friend of Aggie's," Patrick said, "is a friend of mine."

At the hotel, while Aggie and George were at the desk, registering, Patrick found a note in his mailbox; from Audrey, he saw, skipping to the signature at the bottom of the sheet of note paper. He tossed it away unread. Audrey would have to be satisfied with Mother from now on.

Bellhops gathered up the luggage, and Aggie started for the elevator. Both Patrick and George stopped her.

"Listen—" Patrick said.

"Wait a minute," George interrupted. "I didn't pay any attention to your name until you gave it at the desk. Then you kind of surprised me. Are you the Agnes Stuart who writes in the newspapers?"

"I'm afraid I am."

George was obviously startled. "I'll be darned! Why, I been reading your column for several years now. Never thought I'd meet you, though."

"I'll be darned, too," Aggie said, and smiled. "How do you like the column, George?"

"Why, fine. I think you do great work. Every day your piece is one of the first things I turn to. You don't look like you write, Miss Stuart."

"Sometimes she does," Patrick remarked.

"I don't agree with you," George said. "Say, the other day in my Los Angeles paper—"

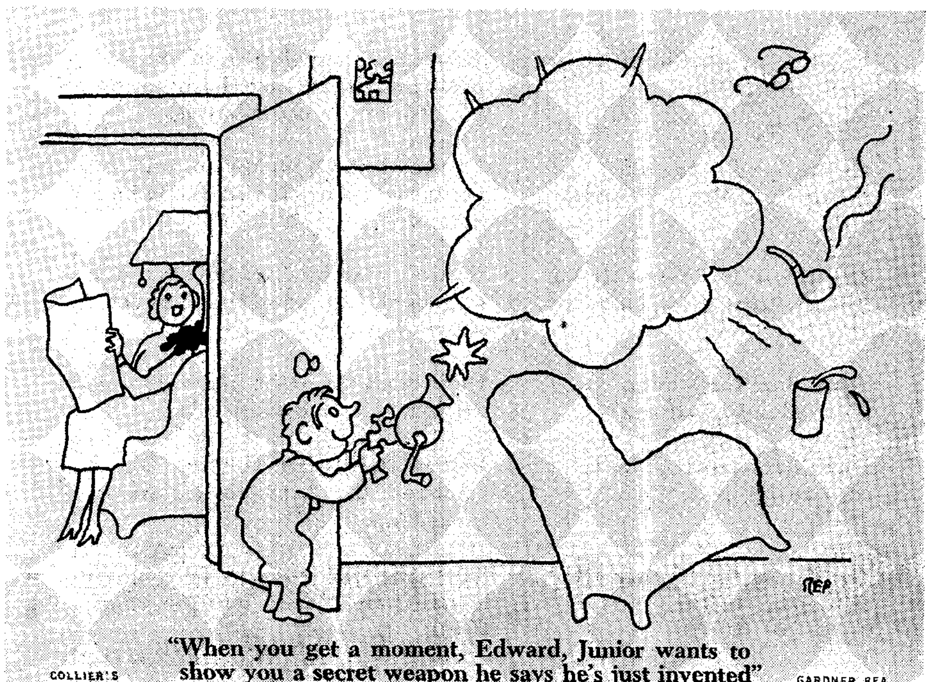
"They had my picture mixed up with another woman's," Aggie said wearily. "I know."

"The piece that day was great," George said. He hesitated. "It was about the black market. I can't forget it—want to talk it over with you some day when you have time."

"I want to talk over lunch with you right now, Aggie," Patrick said. "As soon as you have something nourishing in your stomach, I'll take you out and show you a cathedral or something."

"Let's have some champagne," George said. "I've got plenty of money. It's on me."

"No, thanks very much," Aggie said. "At the moment I want only what I believe in



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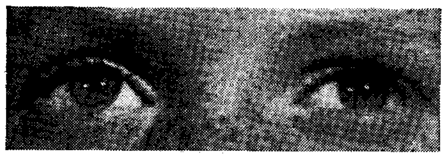

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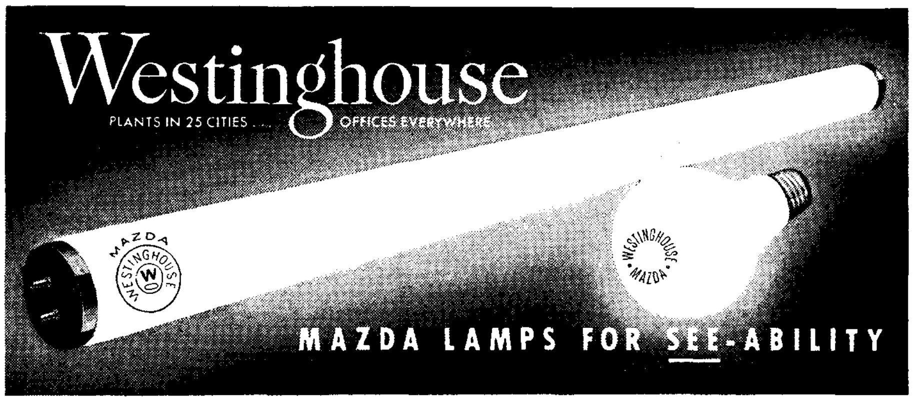
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this part of the world is called a siesta. You're two kind and thoughtful gentlemen, but think of me merely as a gal past the first flush of her youth, stretched out in a happy stupor on a bed."

"Well, all right," George said. "Now, remember, I want to see you later."

"So long," Aggie replied. "It's a date, George."

"You, too," George said to Patrick.

"Absolutely," Patrick said. "I want to kibitz that black-market debate."

George vanished in the elevator, a little reluctantly. Patrick kept Aggie from following him by clinging to her hand. She freed it impatiently.

"If you want to wrestle," she said, "we'll meet at a neutral gymnasium."

"I don't, but I'm going to have a date with you. Shall we say seven o'clock here in the lobby—for cocktails, dinner, and perhaps a dance or two?"

Aggie shook her head. "Look," she said, "I came down here for a rest. I won't have it getting on a merry-go-round with you."

"Bless your heart, child," Patrick said. "I won't raise my voice above a whisper the whole evening if it jangles your nerves."

"Patrick," Aggie said, and her blue eyes grew cool and steady, "tell me something. How well do you remember Willie Gates?"

"Perfectly. A tall, skinny guy, gray-haired, with a long face. He's got big teeth and a high voice. Why?"

Aggie was silent, watching him. Having been questioned before, and by experts, Patrick knew the correct procedure. He shoved his hat back and put his hands in his pockets and waited. He looked worried. They never believed you if you looked too patently innocent.

"Tell me something else," Aggie continued finally. "Friends of friends just don't fall over themselves to entertain visiting firewomen in foreign cities. You're a cuddly kid and probably good for many laughs, but you have a slight air of disaster. Willie Gates has never mentioned you in connection with Mexico City or the banana republics or any place else. Would you care to fill out your dossier with me?"

"I'm going to be frank with you, angel," Patrick said. "It happens that I am in the international white-slave trade. As soon as I have gained your confidence and affection, I intend to ship you to South America to a life of shame and immense profit."

"I appreciate your being so honest, bud," Aggie said. "One more trifling query and I'm going to bed. If you are a boon companion of Willie Gates', then you must also be a quick man with anything of high alcoholic content. Will I have to take you home tonight?"

"No, ma'am. I'm the harmless sort."

"I have your promise?"

"Yes, Aggie," Patrick said.

"Very well," Aggie said. "We are scheduled for seven. But one false move and I'll knife you."

She entered an elevator and was borne away. Patrick wandered out in the lobby lighting a cigarette. He felt he was not being too optimistic in assuming the worst was over. They could now go hand in hand to the pyramids or Zochimilco, and Mexico was safe. The assignment might prove interesting. For one thing, he was almost sure he had malaria or a reasonable facsimile of great affection for a columnist.

AT SEVEN o'clock in the evening, Patrick was again in the lobby, and in an excellent humor. He had showered and shaved and dressed with care. As always, the onset of night in Mexico City filled him with a pleasant sense of excitement. The big room he was in was bustling with people, going out for a drink before dinner, or coming in for cocktails at the hotel. Outside, at the hotel's entrance, taxis loaded and unloaded in an unending stream.

Glancing at his watch, Patrick strolled back to the elevators. His eyes bulged slightly. Attired in a dress suitable for the cocktail hour, Audrey was bearing down on him. Mother was nowhere in sight.

"Hello, Patrick," she said. "Why weren't you with us today?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Patrick said. "I had a business date that came up suddenly. I just couldn't skip it."

"Well, anyway," Audrey said, "the day turned out as we had planned. I absolutely knocked poor Mother cold walking her up and down things. She's gone to bed too tired to complain or to brief me on a date."

"Is that so?" Patrick said. "Gee, I'm sorry—"

"Oh, don't worry about her. She'll be all right in the morning." Audrey shifted her feet restlessly. "What are we standing here for, Patrick? Let's go."

"Huh?" Patrick said.

Audrey scowled at him. "What's the matter now? You got my note saying I'd meet

Gentleman Politicians

THE POLITICIAN	THE GENTILITY
Candidate for Coroner, Ringgold, Georgia	**When his opponent became ill, he campaigned for himself in the morning and for his opponent in the afternoon.**
Candidate for Congressman, Columbus, Ohio	**When his campaign fund showed a post-election balance, he returned it pro rata to the contributors.**
Candidate for Sheriff, Lumberton, North Carolina	**He promised he would not raid anybody's whisky still without 48 hours' notice.**
Candidate for Assemblyman, Rouses Point, New York	**Himself a publisher, he offered his opponent free advertising space in his newspaper.**
Candidate for Mayor, New Albany, Indiana	**He invited the 68 people who voted for him to a free dinner.**
Candidate for Legislator, Newburgh, New York	**Immediately after Election Day he removed the 2,000 posters he had tacked up.**
Candidate for County Clerk, Anderson, Indiana	**When he got just one vote, he advertised an offer to buy the voter a drink.**

W. E. FARBSTEIN

U. S. Army Air Transport Plane on African desert. Photo by Ivan Dmitri.

AIR IS EVERYWHERE, IMPARTIALLY

"*No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air.*"

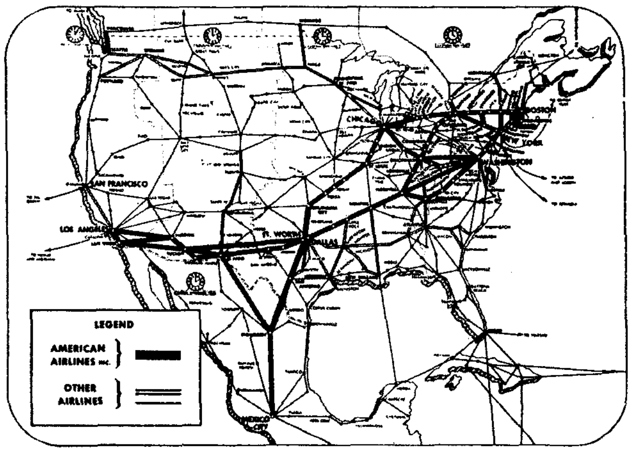
* * *

The founders of our nation came here *to get away* from Europe.

Due largely to pre-air geography, our national history has been one with emphasis upon self-determination, self-sufficiency and isolation . . . resulting in the greatest nation on earth with the highest standard of living.

The descendants of our founders, however, invented a machine—the airplane—that makes us more accessible to, and brings us infinitely *closer* to all of the earth's inhabitants than ever before. Daily the world becomes effectively smaller.

About 88 years ago our government introduced camels into Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to carry the mail. The experiment proved unsuccessful. Camel caravans, traveling at about 2½ miles per hour, are still a common sight in many parts of the world. Contrast that speed with the 300 miles an hour of our modern transport planes!



The increasing use of the air realm for national and international vehicular traffic rapidly is changing the relationship of all nations and of all peoples. This trend will increase, not diminish, after the war. It presents national and personal problems and opportunities.

The U.S. has the world's best Airlines; therefore we believe the way to adjust to this *world* change is for us first to become an airfaring nation at *home*—domestically and hemispherically.

After the war our aviation impetus should be accelerated, not retarded.

We need surface transportation, but in addition, we must travel *above* the earth in order to have security *upon* the earth.

A. N. KEMP
President

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

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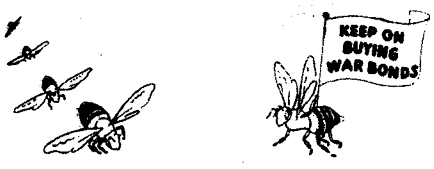
REAL HONEY
$1.50
IMPERIAL
"Full Bent" Shape

the honey-cured smoke

Yello-Bole blends honey with the tobacco, so your smoke is tempered and cured; mild, fragrant, agreeable. This is true of the *very first* smoke and continues afterwards, as well. It has been particularly appreciated for 11 years by men who hate to "break-in" a new pipe. Beautiful pipe bowls, selected from Nature's best burls—not ordinary lumber. Look for the yellow lining and name Yello-Bole at your dealer's. If not immediately available please remember that men on every fighting front need them and are getting them first.

YELLO-BOLE ◎ IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE ◎ STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE ∞ PREMIER $2.50


KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

you down here at seven, didn't you? I left it in your box."

"Yes, I got your note."

"Well, don't tell me you have other plans after the trouble I've gone to with Mother!"

"Plans?" Patrick said. "I never make plans. Or at least, I never will again."

He looked over Audrey's shoulder and saw Aggie heading for them. She was wearing a plain dark suit, a short white curly lamb coat, and artificial flowers on either side of her head in lieu of a hat. She had on a diamond bracelet, and single large baguette diamonds as earrings; people were turning around to watch her go by. Patrick had momentary difficulty with his breathing.

"Hello," Aggie said. "Could you people direct me to the nearest guide named Patrick?"

"That ice you're wearing looks real in this light," Patrick said. "Miss Stuart, this is Miss Latham. Miss Latham, Miss Stuart is an old friend of an old friend of mine. I was asked by this old friend to show her around. She arrived unexpectedly this afternoon. It is my intention to take you two lonely girls out tonight and show you the town. Shall we be on our way?"

The girls smiled at each other warily. Patrick was running out of breath. He also had a hopeless feeling about going on.

"I imagine," Aggie said, "that you're another old friend of one of Patrick's old friends, aren't you, Miss Latham?"

"No, I just met him yesterday," Audrey replied. "He picked up my mother outside the hotel."

"Really?" Aggie said.

They walked toward the entrance. George Richards was sitting on a leather divan in their path. He rose gladly at the sight of them and bared his shining pate. Patrick had to stop and introduce Audrey. He knew what was coming, but the evening was in such ruins now that he took a certain gloomy satisfaction at seeing it shot to pieces.

"You folks look like you're going out to dinner," George remarked.

"By an odd coincidence," Patrick said, "we are."

"Could I come along," George asked humbly, "and pay for it?"

"Sure, why not?" Audrey said. "Everybody's here tonight."

Manuel was waiting by the cab rank. He smilingly opened both doors of his car.

"Let's try the Ritz bar first, Manuel," Patrick said.

PATRICK got in back with the girls. Once more George sat with Manuel. He faced the rear as soon as they started.

"I got kind of lonesome about five o'clock," he said. "It's mighty nice the way you let me tag along with you. The trouble with me is, I'm not a mixer."

"You should model yourself on Patrick," Aggie said. "Notice how well he does. Patrick is never lonely."

"As we drive downtown," Patrick said with dignity, "I'm going to point out the places of interest to you. Please listen carefully."

He pointed them out assiduously, and they arrived at the Ritz in a little while. The town was garish with colored electrical signs. Most of the stores were open, and the narrow sidewalks were crowded. The clamor of the automobile horns seemed to come in waves, beating like the noise of surf in their ears.

As Patrick left the car, Manuel said quietly in Spanish, "The burro carries one woman well. Two women make the burro stumble."

"My friend, should I feel the desire for your advice, I shall call upon you."

"Then it will be too late."

"The voice of a man with a mother-in-law," Patrick said, "is filled with despair."

He went inside smiling. Behind him, he knew, Manuel was grinning. The bar was crowded and yet not rushed. People there had an air of infinite leisure, as though the immense, unchanging land they lived in had given them a vantage of timelessness. Their gestures were spacious, their speech not too fast. The moments stretched on, the night might be endless. They didn't have to hurry. Patrick felt happy again, despite Audrey.

They sat down and ordered drinks. The waiter brought them backgammon boards as a matter of course. Everybody was playing. Patrick took on Aggie and promptly had his ears pinned back. The first game cost him twenty-two pesos.

"I note," he said, "that you have not spent your entire life over a typewriter, Aggie."

She lighted a cigarette. "Occasionally I leave my drab room to observe life. You don't know much about this game, do you?"

"He's a good dancer," Audrey said. She was watching them glumly, her chin in her hands. "You should see him do the samba."

"I suppose I will later," Aggie said.

Time passed. Patrick won no games. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that George was being frequently visited by the waiter. The fact that George was slugging it away rather surprised Patrick. The little man didn't seem to be the type. But he was certainly getting more than his share. Except for a faint flush which spread across the top of his skull, he didn't show his indulgence.

"I'm hungry," Audrey said finally.

PATRICK was arranging the counters for the seventh or eighth game. He stopped and put the board aside.

"Good," he said. "I'm tired of being licked."

He paid off Aggie and summoned the waiter. George promptly footed the bill.

"George, you're embarrassing me," Patrick said.

"The least I can do is pay. All I've got is money."

"You should play backgammon with Aggie," Patrick said. "She can cure you of that."

"I never gamble," George said. "I suppose I should, now I'm in the dough."

"Are you lucky at cards, Miss Stuart?" Audrey asked.

"Pretty lucky."

"They say if you're lucky at cards, you're unlucky in love."

"Want to bet?" Aggie said.

Somehow Patrick herded them out, George walking a trifle spraddle-legged, but otherwise under control, and they drove across town to the restaurant Patrick had picked. It was run by a Spaniard who had learned his cooking in Paris and left right after the Germans came. The food was superb, and they drank a delicate white wine Patrick remembered from previous visits. The tension subsided. Audrey and George ate immoderately and their eyelids grew heavy. The pastries finished them off. Aggie and Patrick were virtually left to themselves for a few minutes. They lingered over cigarettes and the black, murderous Mexican coffee.

"Do you like the local brew?" Patrick asked.

"The enamel is melting off my teeth," Aggie said, "but I'm not afraid. It's doing strange things to my heart, too."

"My heart is acting up the same way. I thought it was you."

"Mightn't it be Audrey?"

"I beg your pardon," Audrey said, and stiffened suddenly. "Did you speak to me, Miss Stuart?"

"No, I was talking to Patrick."

"Whispering would be a better word, wouldn't it?" Audrey said. "But don't mind me. I think it's cute. I'll whisper to my partner . . . Mr. Richards."

"Uh?" George said. He removed his elbows from the table. "Get the waiter. I'll pay for it."

"Mr. Richards is fun," Audrey said. "He's awfully generous. It was kind of you to provide me with someone tonight, Patrick."

"Don't mention it," Patrick said. "I mean that."

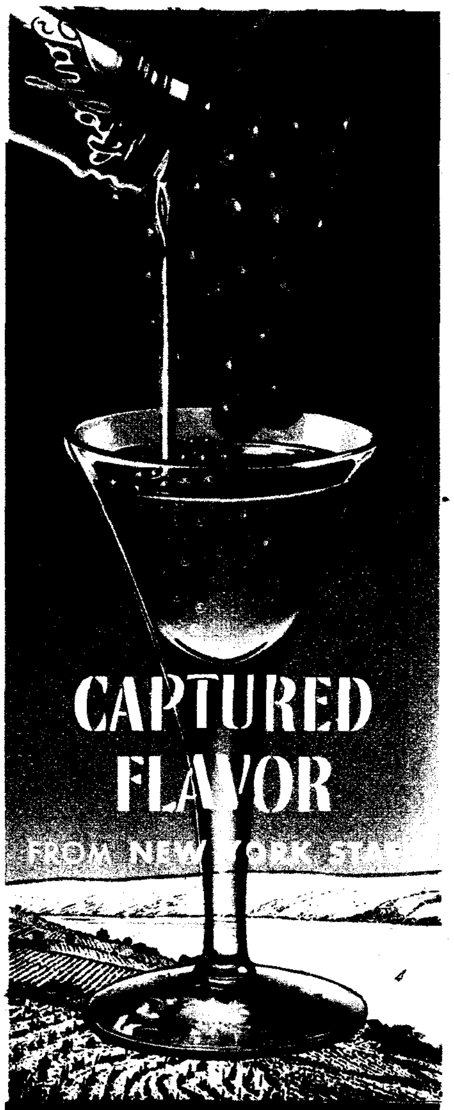
"There's some misunderstanding here," Aggie said. "I thought George was mine. Patrick gave me that impression when he invited me for this evening."

"No, you keep Patrick," Audrey replied. "I'll stick to George. I know when I'm well off."

"I'm well off, all right," George said. "Don't you kid yourself. Where are we going now?"

Audrey suggested El Vaquero. The desk clerk at the hotel had told her it was the newest and best night club. Aggie remarked that she was quite ready for home and mother.

"I'm not," Audrey said. She cheered visibly as she considered. "But we can let you



Nature provides the perfect grapes we choose from the wealth of our vineyards. But only infinite care and patience can capture their full, rich flavor and blend them into perfect wines. Exacting standards limit *quantity* . . . but bring you superb *quality*. Taste Captured Flavor . . . *and Taste the Difference!*

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TAYLOR *Wines*

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off at the Cortez on our way. George looks tired. Hadn't you better go to bed, George?"

"Not me," George said. "I'm going with you to El-whatever-its-name-is. Just as soon as I have a drink of brandy."

Patrick wrestled him for the check and won. George gulped his brandy and got up. They joined Manuel outside where Patrick halted Aggie before she got in the car.

"I wish you wouldn't give up so easily," he said.

Her eyebrows tilted. "You mean in the struggle for you?"

"I haven't noticed you struggling."

"You won't, either," Aggie told him, and stepped into the car.

They drove off. Patrick instructed Manuel to stop first at the Cortez. He caught a glimpse of Aggie's face in the brief glare of the match she used to light a cigarette. She looked bored. He had a sudden sinking feeling which was difficult to explain.

"I think Miss Stuart is very wise to turn in now," Audrey said. She reached across and took Patrick's hand. "When a girl gets a certain age nothing at all will make lines in her face. My mother is having a terrible time with them."

"I must have a talk with her some day," Aggie said. "People our age have a lot in common. Perhaps she can give me some tips."

"Oh, I didn't mean I thought you were *old.*"

"Of course not."

"I'll soon be that way myself," Audrey said.

"Not mentally," Aggie said.

"Don't you think so? Mother says you're only as old as your outlook on life. I'm trying to keep my outlook youthful."

"You're doing beautifully, Miss Latham."

Audrey giggled suddenly. "Patrick, are you squeezing my hand, or is it just my imagination? And what should I think?"

"I don't know," Patrick said sadly. "Just put it down to a nervous twitch I have in moments of stress."

There was a period of silence in the car. George was breathing heavily in the front seat. He appeared to be dozing.

"Why are we all so quiet?" Audrey asked. "I feel terribly gay myself. Patrick, have you been to El Vaquero before?"

"A few times. It's very big, very bright, very American, and very expensive. But the Mexicans seem to enjoy the place. It's fairly nice."

"You mean Americans run it?"

They were drawing up in front of the Hotel Cortez. Manuel nudged George to awaken him.

"More or less," Patrick said. "A dubious character by the name of Lilley is supposed to be the boss. I don't know him personally, but he's a big, fat man with a long history in the United States. He left there in a kind of a hurry a few years ago. They say he's afraid to go back, and that he is fronting down here for some American capital."

"He sounds interesting," Audrey said.

"Doesn't he?" Aggie said. "I've changed my mind, Patrick. May I go with you?"

"By all means," Patrick said. The sinking feeling disappeared as suddenly as it had come. "Drive on, Manuel."

EL VAQUERO had an animated sign across the entire front of the building—a cowboy riding a leaping horse. The curb was jammed with cabs and people. Patrick led his troupe through the tangle and into the club. A hat-check girl in blue jean shorts took their hats. The large room beyond was modern and sleek. A revolving band platform featured continuous music from two orchestras.

The captain who advanced to meet them was shaking his head, but, as they met, Patrick wadded bills into his hand and his head stopped shaking. He had a table brought in for them, on the edge of the dance floor.

"There's one thing I want understood right now," George said. "This is on me. Let's order the best champagne they got."

He looked disappointed when Patrick and Aggie had coffee, and Audrey a soft drink. The waiter brought him brandy. Patrick asked Aggie to dance.

"No, thanks," she replied. "Take young Latham instead. I should save my strength."

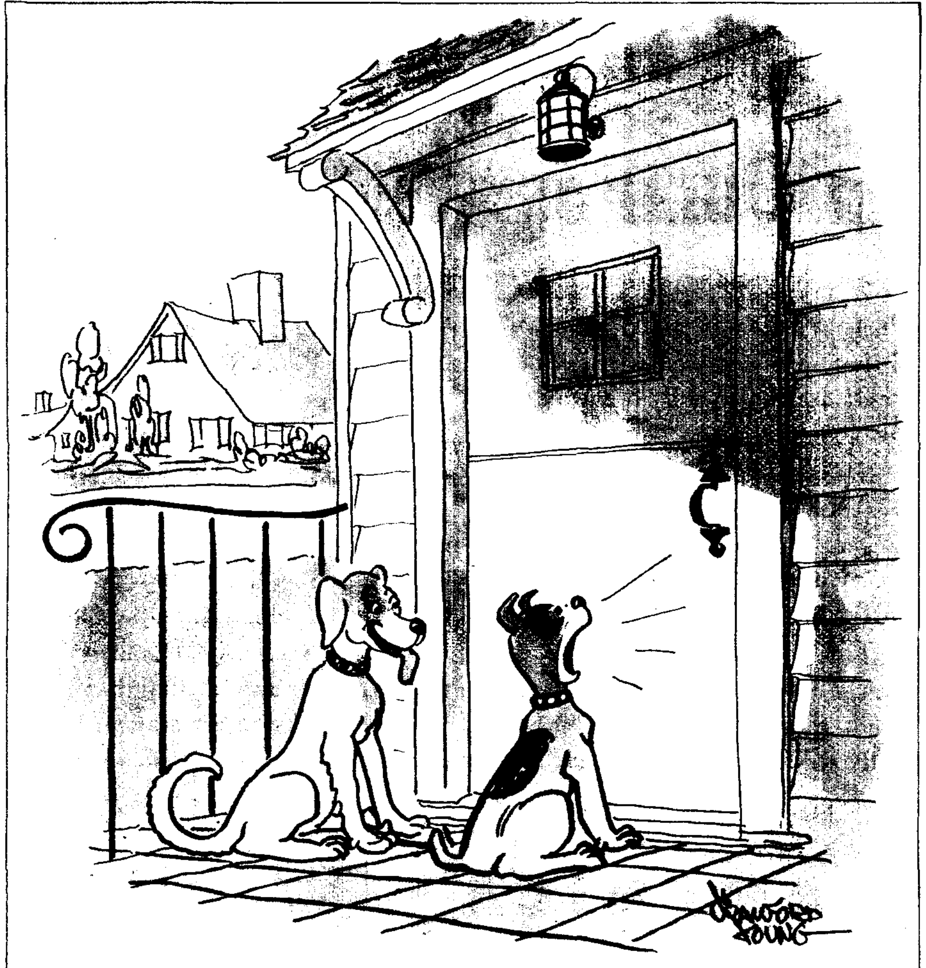
Patrick danced off with Audrey. The orchestra was playing a rumba. They made a smooth pair, because Audrey was as good as he was.

"We should become a ballroom team," Patrick said. "Did you ever take lessons?"

Audrey shook her head. "I never have to. It comes easy to me. I just don't think."

"You're sweet, though. Don't let it worry you."

"Don't let what worry me?"



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Our Guarantee—if any Stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather wears out, it will be replaced FREE!

If you're an *active* man—one whose work brings him into contact with grease, mud, wet *or just ordinary sweat*—you need a billfold without stitches. Thread rips or rots from day-after-day usage!

There is no thread to rot in a *Stitchless* Buxton. It's ONE-PIECE of leather, self-interlocked—an ideal gift for any active man—or fighting man!

See one at better leather-goods counters in your city . . . Buxton, Inc., 4460 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. F, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

• • •

If your dealer happens to be sold out of Buxton Stitchless Billfolds please don't blame him. They are the first choice of so many of his customers.

A Secret Pocket helps you save War Bond money

A Buxton Stitchless "3-way" type has a wafer-thin innerfold. Remove it and use it separately for evening wear. Simply by tucking the *open side down*—you have a swell hideout to keep large bills from prying eyes! Salt away your bond money in it!

BUXTON STITCHLESS
(SELF-INTERLOCKED)

There's a Place for Them in Our Post-War Plans

Look forward to better buses and many improvements in bus line facilities. They're on the way!

War has put oceans between these men and their peacetime jobs. But back home, where they held those jobs with America's intercity bus lines, they are not forgotten. Their future has a big place in our plans.

These men, and thousands like them from the Nation's bus lines, joined the armed forces already highly trained as drivers, mechanics, dispatchers, and other types of transportation experts. Now, they make these skills count in the service of their country.

Tomorrow, along with fellow-workers who left to carry rifles, sail the seas, and pilot planes for Uncle Sam, they'll be warmly welcomed back by the motor bus lines. At the side of employees who have loyally served on the home transportation front, they will share the great work of bringing America still finer public travel by highway.

With a record of millions of war-busy passengers carried each year since the war began, intercity bus lines have proved a powerful force in the defense of the nation. They will prove an equally powerful force in contributing to the nation's post-war progress.

Our former employees will come back not only to jobs that will be waiting, but also to new opportunities . . . opportunities to go forward with an industry that will win millions more friends with its higher standards of comfort and convenience in tomorrow's highway travel.

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The War Bonds you buy mean security for your country and you
Invest Again Today!

"Oh, anything," he said lightly.

"One thing does," Audrey said. "You."

"Why?"

"Well, you change so often. One minute you're as cute and attentive as you can be, the next minute you can't see me for dust. You say I'm sweet but you don't follow it up."

"I want to," Patrick said. "Gosh, how I want to! But I've got that bum leg."

The orchestras changed. They waltzed, they fox-trotted. Once in a while Patrick got a look at the table. Aggie and George, who was on his third brandy, were deep in conversation.

"I see you looking over at her," Audrey said. "Patrick, tell me the truth: Is that girl more than a friend to you?"

"Not yet."

"There you go! How can a person tell where she is with you?"

"She can't," Patrick said. "That's the nasty part of the whole situation."

"I've never met a boy like you before," Audrey said. "I hope I never do again."

The orchestra began to toy with a number called The Jersey Bounce. It had a jump to it. Audrey forgot her troubles and showed Patrick the intricacies of the New Yorker and the double Balboa.

Suddenly, Audrey slowed down to a walk. Her cheeks were growing colorless. "We've got to stop," she said. "I'm all gone inside."

THE HEROES

Beginning next week, Collier's will start a series of short sketches on the heroes of this war. Some will be well known, others will be little known, like the valorous leaders of the underground whose exploits are only now being revealed to the world. These sketches, following the recently concluded series on "The Guilty" Axis leaders, will be illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy.

"You've got lines in your face, too," Patrick said. "Let's sit down for a while." He limped after her toward the table.

George rose when they arrived. He swayed almost imperceptibly, and his bald head was flushed. Again Patrick felt astonishment. George was entirely out of character as a lush. He must have something on his mind.

Audrey sat down and gazed at them dully. She said she was completely corked out and couldn't understand why. When you were young, you never got tired.

"It isn't as if it were me," Aggie said sweetly. "The change in climate must have affected you." She turned to George. "I think Miss Latham should have a drink, a long one that's cooling and refreshing. She'll be over this in no time."

Patrick stared at Aggie. Her expression was innocent and concerned. It remained that way during the discussion of the proper drink for Audrey. They settled on a rum mixture in a tall glass. Patrick protested; he was afraid rum might have a bad effect on Audrey in her present condition. Aggie was sure it wouldn't, and George couldn't see any harm in a drink; in fact, he ordered another brandy for himself. Audrey announced she wanted the rum.

WHAT Patrick had feared happened. Audrey drained the tall glass thirstily. Immediately her eyes became glazed and she spoke no more. She sat quietly enough, her hands folded in her lap, a queer half-smile on her lips, and looked blankly at the scenes of revelry about her. Patrick could only hope her lights would come on again presently. Her opponent, still with a guileless face, was apparently unaware that her suggestion had acted as a Mickey on Audrey. But Patrick doubted that.

"What was the subject under discussion while I was away?" he asked. "I'd like to catch up."

"The subject was George," Aggie told him. "Money keeps rolling in, and George is not happy."

"Oh, I'm happy." George coughed on a swallow of his brandy and wiped his lips. "It's just that I get to thinking."

"George has a business which is making him rich," Aggie said, "but he doesn't like it."

There was an odd little frown on her ordinarily smooth brow. Patrick observed that her blue eyes had darkened and were strangely hard. And they never left George.

"What kind of a business?" Patrick said.

"George doesn't say."

"It's a business," George said. "That's not the important part. If I told you, it wouldn't make any difference."

"I think the war bothers our pal," Aggie said.

"The war bothers everybody," Patrick said.

Aggie glanced at him. "You, too?"

"Yeah, the war," George said. "I'm getting rich while other guys get killed. Only, why should the war bother me? I'm too old to be a soldier. All I can do is make dough. They can win the war without me. It doesn't matter what I do." He paused to down the rest of the brandy. "Does it?"

"You were mentioning my black-market column while Patrick was away from the table," Aggie said. "Why did that particular piece impress you so much, George?"

"Well, it was about the war and people hindering it. I got to thinking, that's all. You blame them and everything. But who cares, when it's over? You build your own little pile of rocks while you can. To hell with everybody else! That's the way I feel."

"Believe me, George, you're wrong. What hope is there in the future if everyone is after his own pile of rocks? We'll just have another war—" Suddenly Aggie stopped, looking past George. Her mouth tightened.

A MAN had come up to the table, a tall man, tremendously fat, with large hands and sausage fingers, an enormous expanse of bulging vest, and an amazingly white complexion. Despite three chins, his face was curiously lean and stripped, and he had pouting, wet lips and the colorless, bright eyes of some parrots. He puffed as he spoke, as though he was habitually short of breath. Patrick recognized him as Lilley, the proprietor of El Vaquero.

"Good evening, Agnes," Lilley said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Thank you, yes," Aggie replied. "How are you, Doctor?"

"Asthmatic, my dear," Lilley said. "A mysterious, baffling asthma composed of equal parts of fat and degenerative tissue. I am the despair of the medical profession, but I live."

"Not to mention the despair of various law-enforcement agencies," Aggie said. "Ladies and gentlemen, may I present the eminent Doctor Lilley, proprietor of this dive? Reading from right to left, Doctor, are Mr. Richards, Miss Latham and Mr. Nevil."

Patrick rose and shook a pillowy hand that somehow gave an impression of great strength. Audrey nodded vaguely and widened her smile. Trying to concentrate, George retained Lilley's hand for an instant.

"Doc Lilley," he said. "You Doc Lilley? Say, wait a minute. I want to tell you something. I know a friend of yours, and he told me, if I come down here, to look you up. A good friend of yours, he says. F. A. Bolton is his name. He said to call you on the telephone and you'd see I had a good time. I forgot you run a night club. He must have told me. You remember F. A. Bolton, Doc? From Los Angeles?"

"Yes, indeed," Lilley said. "A splendid gentleman."

"Won't you join us, Doctor Lilley?" Patrick said.

"Thank you." Lilley crooked a thick finger, and a waiter had a chair ready. The fat man lowered himself into it carefully.

"Have a drink, Doc," George said. "Have a bottle of champagne. Wet your whistle."

Lilley ordered a beer. George had a brandy. The others shook their heads, except Audrey, who kept smiling.

"Are you working here, Agnes?" Lilley asked.

"Just vacationing," Aggie said.

"I don't want you to think, Doc," George said, "that because I mentioned F. A. Bolton you got to spend money on me or take me

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Try on a Botany "500" Overcoat. Feel the difference in the luxuriously soft and warm all-worsted fabric...revel in the comfortably generous cut...enjoy the superb Daroff styling and tailoring. You'll agree that, here, at last, is the overcoat for which you have been searching. At leading stores...from coast to coast...$55. Write for the name of a dealer near you. (The suit is a Botany "500"...at $45.)

BOTANY 500 TAILORED BY DAROFF

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

● The Service man smokes your cigarettes, chews your gum, eats your ice cream...If you can't get the Botany clothes you want, remember he wears our fabrics too.

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Fabric by Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N.J. Tailored by Daroff, Philadelphia around. I don't want anything on the cuff. Whatever we do, it's on me. I have the dough to waste. That's understood."

"A delightful understanding," Lilley said. "I'm entirely happy with such an agreement."

The waiter brought him a huge stone stein, evidently reserved for his personal use, with a lily pictured on it. He drank steadily for half a minute. Then he wiped his mouth.

"You seem to be doing well, Doctor," Aggie commented.

"Very well, my dear," Lilley said smoothly. "I'll never recapture the old days, but I'm no longer young and not in the best of health. I'm content to go along—or almost content. I have my house here, a new field of art to explore, and the confidence of a man who lets me manage his investments in a country destined to be great. Shall we say I have found peace?"

"Shall we say," Aggie said, "that you have found a new and less profitable racket?"

"That's not kind, Agnes. But then, you never were noted for your kindness."

PATRICK found his eyes shifting from Aggie to Lilley, as if he were at a tennis match, and he was more absorbed than he would have been watching a championship game. They were like a pair of fencers with buttons on their foils, yet wanting to kill. The hatred between them was so mortal it possessed an unreal quality.

"I have always regarded you," Aggie said, "as a trophy of mine. I regret you aren't hung in my game room, Doctor."

"I'm a trifle large for a wall," Lilley said, "don't you think? Besides, as you undoubtedly remember, you weren't entirely successful."

"Wasn't I? You're out of Chicago, aren't you? You're out of the country. And you don't dare go back. The heat's on, Doctor, for all that spellbinding fiction you unreeled in a federal court. You can't be a government witness and still stay on the wrong side. Don't try to cross the line again, Doctor."

"I won't," Lilley said.

George's head had been drooping. Now it rose with a violent leap, and he hiccuped loudly enough to be heard over the music. He got up, looking guilty and ill.

"'Scuse me," he said. "The altitude's got me. . . ."

He wandered off, circling tables and dancers and hurrying waiters with elaborate care. Lilley watched him go. His shining lips arched in a smile. It was completely humorless. No one spoke.

"You did a good job in Chicago, Agnes," Lilley said finally. "Of course, I was careless."

"Probably in not having me murdered by someone in the beginning. Remember your specialty, Doctor?"

"No, I don't seem to remember anything like that."

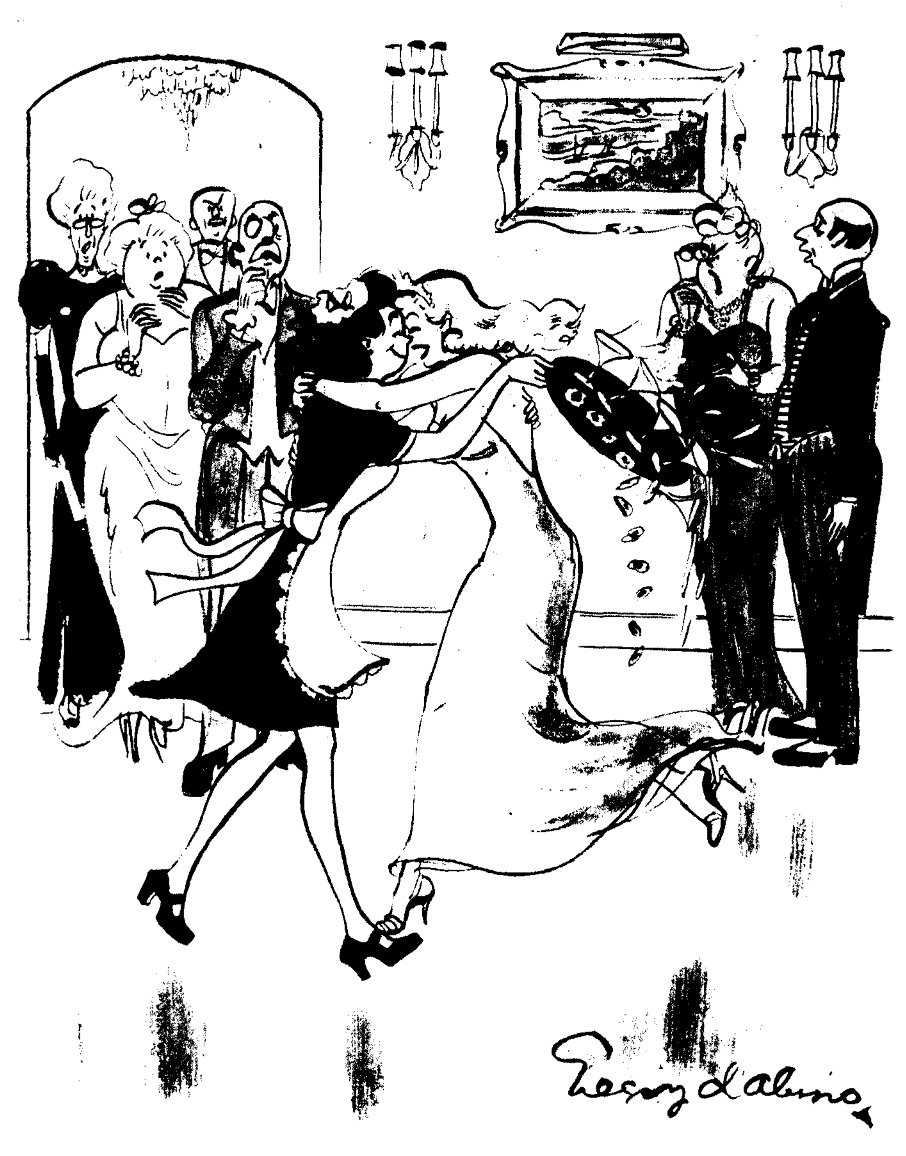
"Ever consider getting even?" Aggie said. "You're reputed to have a long memory. Wouldn't it be nice to sort of write our little association off?"

"You writers see drama everywhere, don't you?" Lilley replied. "No, Agnes, I take real pleasure in letting bygones be bygones. Besides, you're insulting my intelligence. As you may recall, I operate only for a reasonable profit."

"You're a bum," Aggie said harshly. "A small-time bum who got in fast company. You're a lousy crook with a lot of ideas for taking money from the stupid and the poor and the honest. The only thing that makes you important is that you're a killer by remote control." She drew a long, shaky breath. Her eyes were blazing. "I didn't get you the first time. But come back home, Doctor—just come back home!"

(To be continued next week)

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"It seems Miss Pamela and the new maid were in the same Wac outfit in the Normandy campaign, Mrs. Van Giltgold"

COLLIER'S

GUY LOMBARDO *remembers his mother*—
with flowers-by-wire on his birthday...

On your birthday, when she's thinking of you, send flowers to her—by telegraph, if you're away

My Birthday—
your Bouquet
Much love—
Guy
In any event—
wire Flowers

When someone dear to you
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1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers — state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

• Listen to Guy Lombardo on *Musical Autographs* every Saturday night at 10:00 EWT over the Blue Network.

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Look For This F.T.D. Seal On Florist Window

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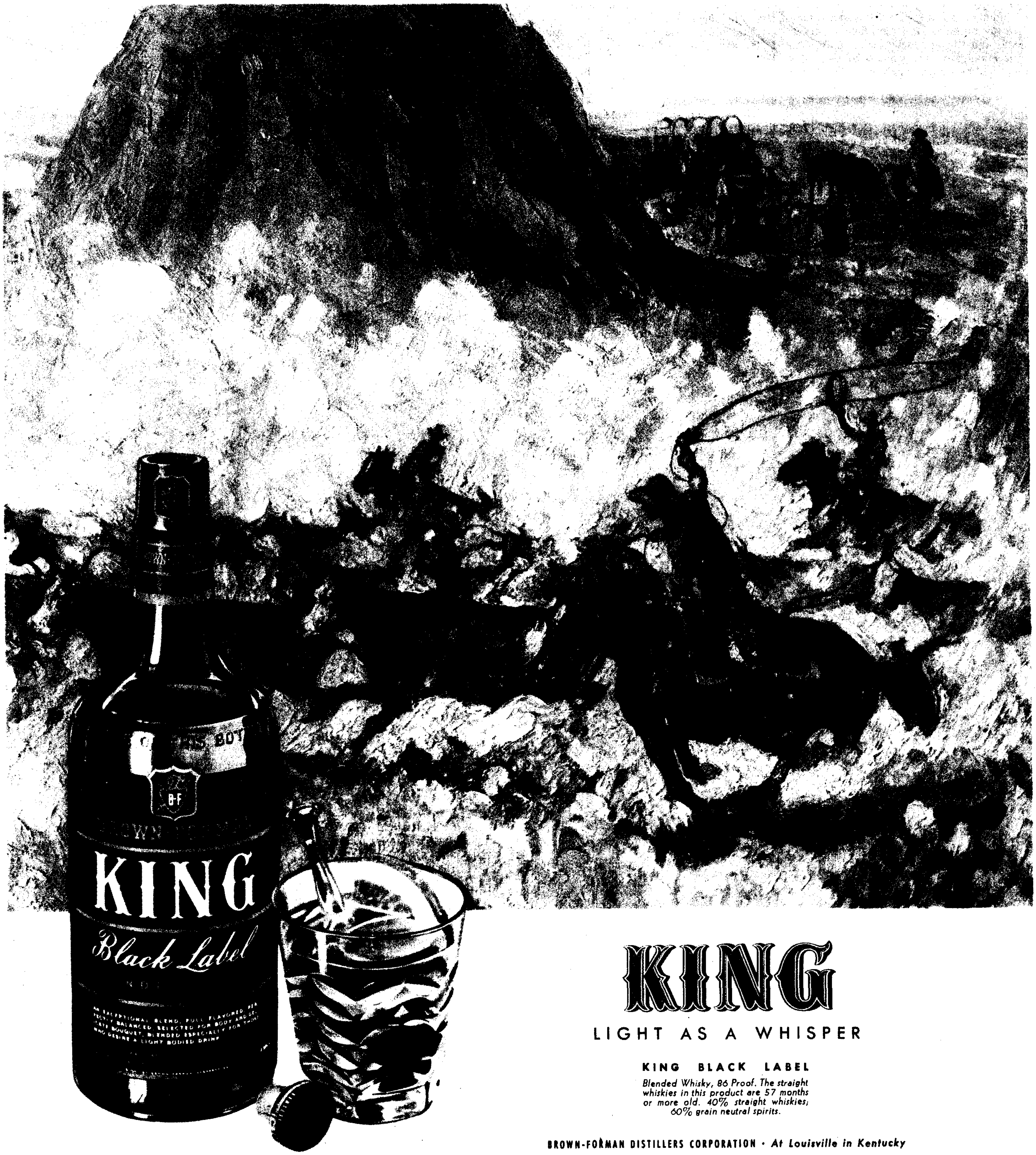

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The Japs Don't Want to Die

Continued from page 15

Our military and civil affairs authorities were faced with the unknown when we went into Saipan—it marked the first time that consideration would have to be given to enemy civilians. We knew that on this island we would encounter Koreans, Chamorros and Japanese by the thousands. We did not know how they would react to our coming.

Thousands upon thousands of leaflets were dropped on Saipan before D-Day, pointing out that the civilians would receive fair treatment by making their way into our lines—that they would be fed, given water and, if necessary, medical care. A few hours after our Marines went ashore, the civilians of the sugar-mill town of Charan-Kanoa did surrender. A few days after D-Day, civilians in internment camps numbered in the thousands.

It is quite probable that our intense naval, air and artillery bombardment was the chief cause of civilians' surrender to our care. Although they had hidden in huge caves, formed by nature and improved by man, and were relatively safe from this unprecedented bombardment, they did surrender. It was not lack of food or water which drove them out, for the caves were well stocked. Apparently the human mind and body can stand just so much military punishment.

Jap Soldiers Prevented Surrender

Scores of Japanese civilians, when they were safe in our collection camps, admitted that they would have surrendered earlier except for fear of their own soldiers. There were countless incidents in which three or four Jap soldiers, holed up in caves with fifty or a hundred civilians, threatened to shoot any who attempted to escape or to give themselves up.

It was difficult to convince these dug-in civilians of our honest intentions. We used loud-speakers, with Japanese-speaking Americans at the microphone, to reassure them. Many failed to believe us. Thousands upon thousands did believe us.

On one occasion we were able, quite inadvertently, to prove to the civilians that we meant them no harm. It was when our fighting men were pushing their way toward Marpi Point, at the extreme north of Saipan Island. The men came upon a tremendous cave high in a hill which sheltered nearly 200 Japanese civilians. By means of loud-speakers mounted on jeeps, the civilians were urged to come out.

For more than an hour, there was no sign of understanding from them. Finally, a few children from four to eight years old appeared in the entrance. They started to make their way down the side of the hill. It took them nearly half an hour; while many watched the children, others noticed that the entrance of the cave was filled with adults.

The Marines gave the children pieces of hard candy as soon as they reached our outer patrols. The unconcerned youngsters took the candy and allowed themselves to be led to a truck. The Marines hoisted them up, and then the children began to laugh and jump about.

As if the laughter were a cue, the adults began to stream out of the shelter and actually raced down the hill. So eager were some that their speed plus the incline served to bowl them over like roly-poly dolls.

"When we saw that you did not kill our children, we knew we would be safe," an elderly Japanese woman told one of our interpreters.

"Who told you we would kill your children?" the interpreter asked.

"The soldiers said that if you caught us, you would first torture us with unspeakable means and then kill us," she answered.

There was another instance of this indoctrinated suspicion among the civilians. A man of about sixty surrendered. He said he came from a cave which we had failed to spot, where there were nearly a hundred civilians. They wanted to give themselves up, he said, but were reluctant to believe they would not be killed.

"I have been appointed to offer myself," he told an interpreter. "I desire to see how you are treating our people."

The doubter was taken to an internment camp where he spent the following forty-eight hours. He walked around and inspected the housing facilities, the sanitary conditions, the food. He talked to internees who were his friends and to others he did not know. He questioned them hour after hour. On the morning of the third day, he approached an interpreter and said he desired to return to his people with his report.

He was taken to his cave, entered it, and came out again within a few minutes. Men, women and children followed him.

"I believe the Americans," he said. "My friends believe me. Soon they will believe the Americans."

Once established in our hastily constructed camps, the Japanese civilians soon lost their fear. They helped to improve their housing facilities. They delegated groups from among themselves to prepare food. Women lent a hand in treating the hurt. All this, of course, was done under the authority of our civil affairs officers and military.

The speed with which the civilians on Tinian lost their fear was illustrated by one case: On Tinian, commanded by an exceedingly crafty Jap colonel, the civilians had taken their food with them when they were evacuated to caves on the southern end of the island. They hid the food in the caves in hastily dug holes. When they surrendered, they had no food with them.

After a couple of days in camp, a youthful Japanese approached a guard and asked, through an interpreter, to return to his cave. There was food there, he said, and he thought his friends would rather have their own than eat the American field rations. With a companion, he was taken in a truck to a heavily wooded area. Although he pointed to the cave, the guards could not make it out, it was so well hidden.

They allowed him to go into the hide-out with his companion. Within ten minutes, the two returned heavily laden with food. Following them were five more Japanese, all carrying food, who had been hiding in the cave. The youthful Japanese had simply told them that they could stay there if they wanted to, but he thought they were fools if they did.

Actions Spoke Louder Than Words

That, by and large, was the story of our relationship with Japanese civilians on Saipan. It is doubtful whether our deeds on Saipan and Tinian will be known for a long time to other millions of Japanese, whose ears Tokyo keeps so effectively shut. But the experience with these enemy civilians has proved, if nothing else, that deeds and acts of kindness can very quickly dispel the effects of even the most persistently repeated propaganda.

Saipan is a small sample of what American forces may be encountering soon on a far larger scale. The population of Formosa, one of Japan's oldest colonies, is 5,000,000. It is possible that American soldiers or Marines will some day have to encounter and deal with some of the more than 70,000,000 citizens of the Japanese home islands.

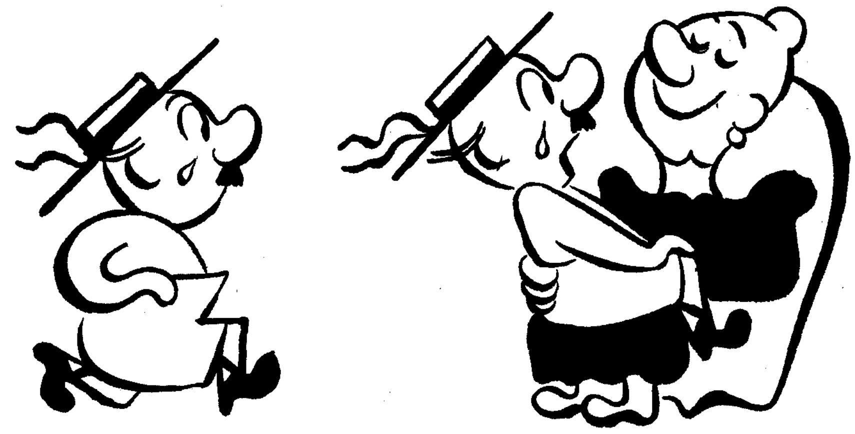
Obviously, what we have experienced so far in dealing with civilians is nothing compared to what lies ahead.

But Saipan has shown us the attitude which may be expected on the part of Japanese civilians. It has shown that anti-U.S. propaganda may very well be the greatest obstacle to overcome. Undoubtedly, as we get closer to the Japanese homeland, we shall find a better armed and better organized civil defense.

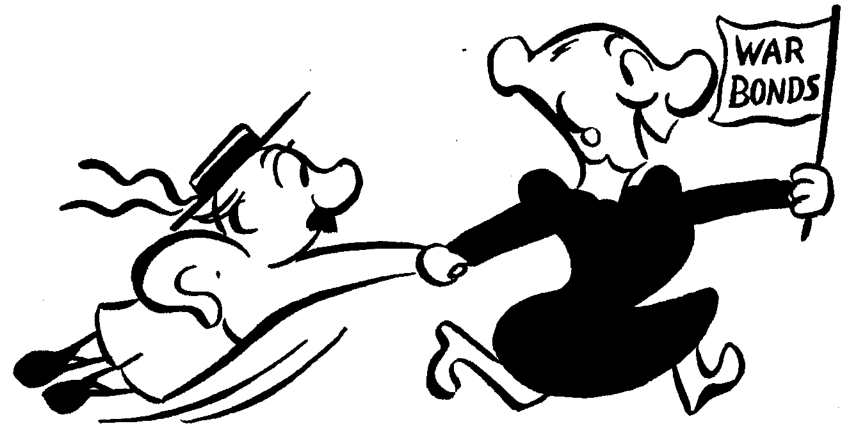
Undoubtedly, too, the greatest job of all will be one of education. But kindness and decency can be potent teachers.

THE END

When buttons bothered Peter Price . . .



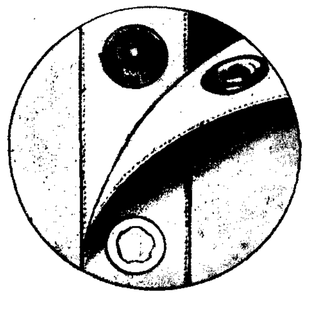
He asked his Mother for advice . . .



Buy Bonds, she said, because she knew . . .

They'd bring back YANKS and GRIPPERS, too!

Enough for everyone! . . . When the war is won there'll be more Gripper fasteners, and on a greater variety of merchandise than ever. Until then, our men and machines are working night and day, contributing vital war materials for victory!



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tch fo Bacal

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Here's that Hollywood story again: Beautiful girl, picture in paper, gifted director, star. The movie people predict she'll be the sensation of the year

ABOUT once every ten years a new female face appears on the screen, sundry free souls of a vulgar nature set up a shrill whistling, and a motion-picture career is born. It happened with Theda Bara and Clara Bow; it happened with Marlene Dietrich and Katy Hepburn and Hedy Lamarr. And now watch for Lauren Bacall, pronounced Bock-awl.

The young lady with the strange name appears with Humphrey Bogart in To Have and To Have Not. When she walks down the corridor of a rickety hotel in what purports to be Martinique and turns at the door to fix our hero with a long, arrogant stare, the audience sits up as if stabbed in the seat by a tarantula. When she follows this with three or four words that sound as if they have come up from her ankles, the shock is almost more than the delighted spectators can bear.

What this seems to prove is that the business of motion-picture acting is a joke. The Bacall girl is now nineteen and two years ago was a model in New York. Her previous acting experience consisted of (a) a walk-on part in a Broadway show where she sat at a restaurant table and kept her pretty mouth shut, and (b) three weeks in another play that opened in Wilmington, Delaware, and closed in Washington, D. C. With this interesting preparation and eight months in Hollywood in which she was adjured to forget everything she had previously learned, she is now a screen personality. What she will amount to hereafter is a matter for history and the Warner Brothers.

The Svengali in this tableau is Howard Hawks, producer and director of the picture. For a long time he had kept himself bemused with the notion that he might make a film play of one of Ernest Hemingway's lesser efforts, the aforementioned To Have and To Have Not. Whether he took a hint from Hemingway in those periods when the two were actively wiping out the wild life of great stretches of Western United States is not known, but it is scarcely likely. Hemingway may be amiable with movie directors on hunting trips, but his views on what Sam Wood did with For Whom the Bell Tolls verge so closely on the unutterable that it is not possible he would crave more sacrilege with his works. In any event, he had sold To Have and To Have Not to Howard Hughes for $10,000. Hawks rebought it from Hughes for $80,000, no part of which Hemingway could possibly fasten upon.

This accomplished, Hawks looked around for a possible cast. Bogart was already set for it, but the one young lady Hawks had in mind for the girl was a very pert thing who had caused him previous agonies. He was grousing around home one night about the miseries of a producer, when his wife, known as "Slim," interrupted him sharply.

The Better Half Wises Him Up

"If you don't like her," she said, "why don't you throw her out on her ear?"

"Oh, very good," said Hawks sardonically. "And then what do I do?"

"Get somebody else," said she sensibly. "For goodness' sake—" She picked up a fashion magazine and started paging through it rapidly.

"Here," she said. "Here's one for you."

Hawks looked at it, turned his head one way and then the other.

"H'mm," he said. He went to the telephone, called his business manager, gave him the name of the magazine and the page, and asked him to get information from New York about this girl. "What sort of a background has she? Can she read and write? Does she stutter? You know . . ."

A week passed and one morning the business manager called up. "She's here," he said.

"Who's here?"

"Why, that girl in the magazine you asked me about. Her name's Betty Bacall and she's here."

This was most certainly not what Hawks had wanted, but there was no harm in seeing her, which he did, and that's when the lovely fairy tale began to evolve. He liked her, signed her and started to train her.

The Bacall girl was a long, slim, gawky individual who possessed a sort of oblique charm and had a very malleable, even spongelike, type of mind. When she hinted that perhaps she had something more to learn about acting, Hawks brought her up sharply.

"What you have to learn is nonacting," he said coldly, and began to work on it.

From the first he had noted that she had a sort of instinctive balance that always found her looking correct even when taken by surprise.

"Great athletes have it," says Hawks. "She has it."

He next found that she was photogenic from every angle. Her face is such that she would photograph well even if standing on

The critics have come galloping out of projection rooms and scared startled citizens almost to death with cries that Lauren Bacall is the most sizzling character the screen has seen in years

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

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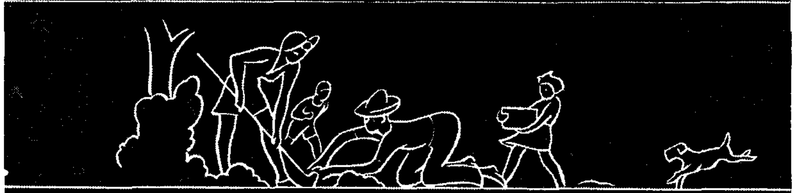

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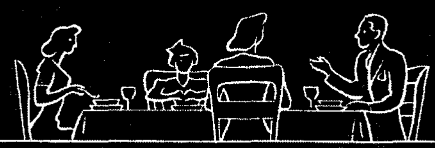

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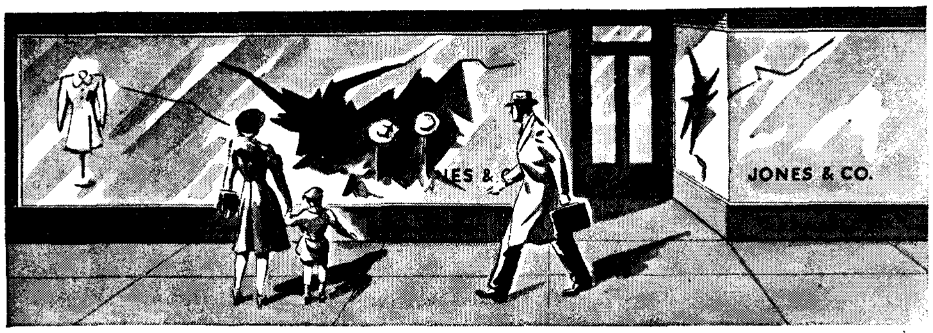
It's a big, big package of protection—all for just $10 a year! Only $25 for three years! If you employ full-time domestic help, or reside in New Jersey, inquire about differences in cost and coverage.

Your Hartford agent or your own insurance broker can tell you about this new policy. See him today.



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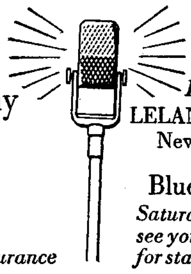

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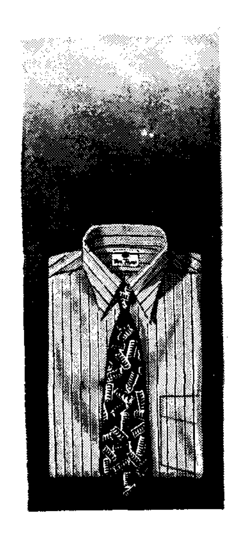


her head. What he worked on primarily was her voice, which he wanted to deepen.

"It's exciting to men," says Hawks, "but it's the women who really love it."

He had her read aloud for hours at a time, and at intervals she would scream at the top of her voice. After a few months of that, she was talking like somebody in a barrel.

She is a New York girl and, as usual, belongs to a divided family. Her mother is still quite young and now works as a secretary at an airport near Los Angeles. About her father she either knows very little or says very little. Betty, as she was known before Hollywood changed her, went to public schools in New York and eventually to Julia Richman High School, an institution for young ladies that has thousands of them. It was at that time she started her career in modeling, going down on Saturdays and getting jobs.

"Kid's play suits and stuff like that," she says. "Did you ever see those ads where the girls had skinny legs about nine feet long? I was one of *them*."

She wasn't particularly interested in the theater, but it looked like soft work, and when she was about sixteen she got the walk-on part in Johnny 2 x 4. They fixed her up with some pretty slick clothes in that one and she attracted the attention of the art editor of the fashion magazine heretofore mentioned. That was quite a break for her, because the work was steady, she had no agent's commission to pay and she began meeting the right people. She could make up to $250 on a good week but the average was around $100. She had lunches at "21" and an occasional date at The Stork, which is why she now possesses a fondly inscribed photograph from Cole Porter and can allude to other similar gentry without seeming affected.

She got her second acting job by buttonholing George Kaufman in the lobby of the theater where Franklin Street was being rehearsed.

"Mr. Kaufman . . . Gimme a job, won't you?" she said, looking up—or perhaps down—at him with those eyes.

Kaufman promised nothing, but later he said to Arthur Sheekman, co-author of the play: "There's a nice little kid out there; see what you think of her."

Sheekman thought she looked all right, and although the reading she gave was something less than sensational, they decided that, after all, it wouldn't hurt to have a little allure on the premises.

Two Weeks of Suspense

In Hollywood now she is known as one who not only has aplomb but perhaps possesses some of the dark secrets of womanhood. At that time, she was scared pie-eyed for fear they were going to heave her out into the night. According to Equity rules, there is a preliminary tryout period in which the management can fire an actor if he isn't liked. After that, he's hired and can only be discharged on two weeks' notice. One night during the torture period, Sheekman knocked on the door of her dressing room.

"Betty, can you come out for a minute?" he asked.

There was a strange rumble from within. She knew this was it. It took her ten minutes to collect herself. She finally came out, looking green.

"That line, Betty . . . you do it all right. But would you mind just inflecting it a little at the end?"

If she practically fainted with relief then, she has since made great strides. When the Hawks invited Clark Gable to dinner to meet the new lady, he went away shaking his head in admiration. He may have felt that a new race of women had arisen since he was away at the wars, but he merely said that she was certainly a fine girl.

When Hawks felt that it was time to shoot the picture, there was some apprehension about the reactions of Mr. Bogart to this new flower, but these were quickly resolved in action. She was not aggressive with him and not afraid of him. He, always being a kindly man at heart, helped her get started and, after that, found himself fighting for his cinematic life. From the first it was apparent that in a scene between the two, the audience was not centering its attention exclusively on Mr. Bogart.

"Not only does she soak up everything you tell her," comments Mr. Hawks, "but she absorbs things just by walking through a room."

Her character in the picture is that of a sultry, sexy, rather tarnished young lady. By some legerdemain of direction or metamorphosis of thought, she creates a complete illusion of one who has lived life almost a bit more than necessary. One would have thought it a feat quite beyond the capabilities of even a precocious child—which she happens to be—but she makes it seem easy.

Mr. Hawks' direction is based on the simplicity of action. He wants people to be natural and he found Bacall perfect in that respect.

"If I told her to walk into a room and confront Bogart and say a few words, she did them absolutely naturally. She's like a young colt around the studio, but on the set she never turns left when she should turn right; she's a bloody wonder at that balance I was telling you about."

Not Just a Beautiful Robot

From this one might assume that Bacall is a sort of junior robot, but that wouldn't be right. Hawks may be a great man but he could direct until he was hoarse if he had nothing there to work on. She may be a malleable kid but she is intelligent, and she grows in intelligence by the minute. If there is any knowledge around to be picked up easily, she'll get it.

So far she is not in the big money. She lives with her mother in a small apartment on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. She has a dog and a car. She has the careless and expensive-looking clothes that smart models in New York learn to pick up at sales. She swims, but so far she has no other athletic hobbies and possibly never will have.

The Hollywood experience has made her rather cocky in a pleasant way and she battens on any slightest word of approbation. She hasn't the faintest idea of what is going to happen to her when the picture is released and she finds herself a celebrity. She thinks it's going to be too wonderful for words and doesn't know that it is also going to be overwhelming. People will consider her another Dietrich, a continental woman of great sophistication; she'll be under the necessity either of playing up to that or admitting the truth.

As this is written, she is almost entirely unknown even in Hollywood. Hawks said nothing much about her while making the picture, and the Warners regarded her as another of the young ladies they pick up fresh and hurl into leading parts.

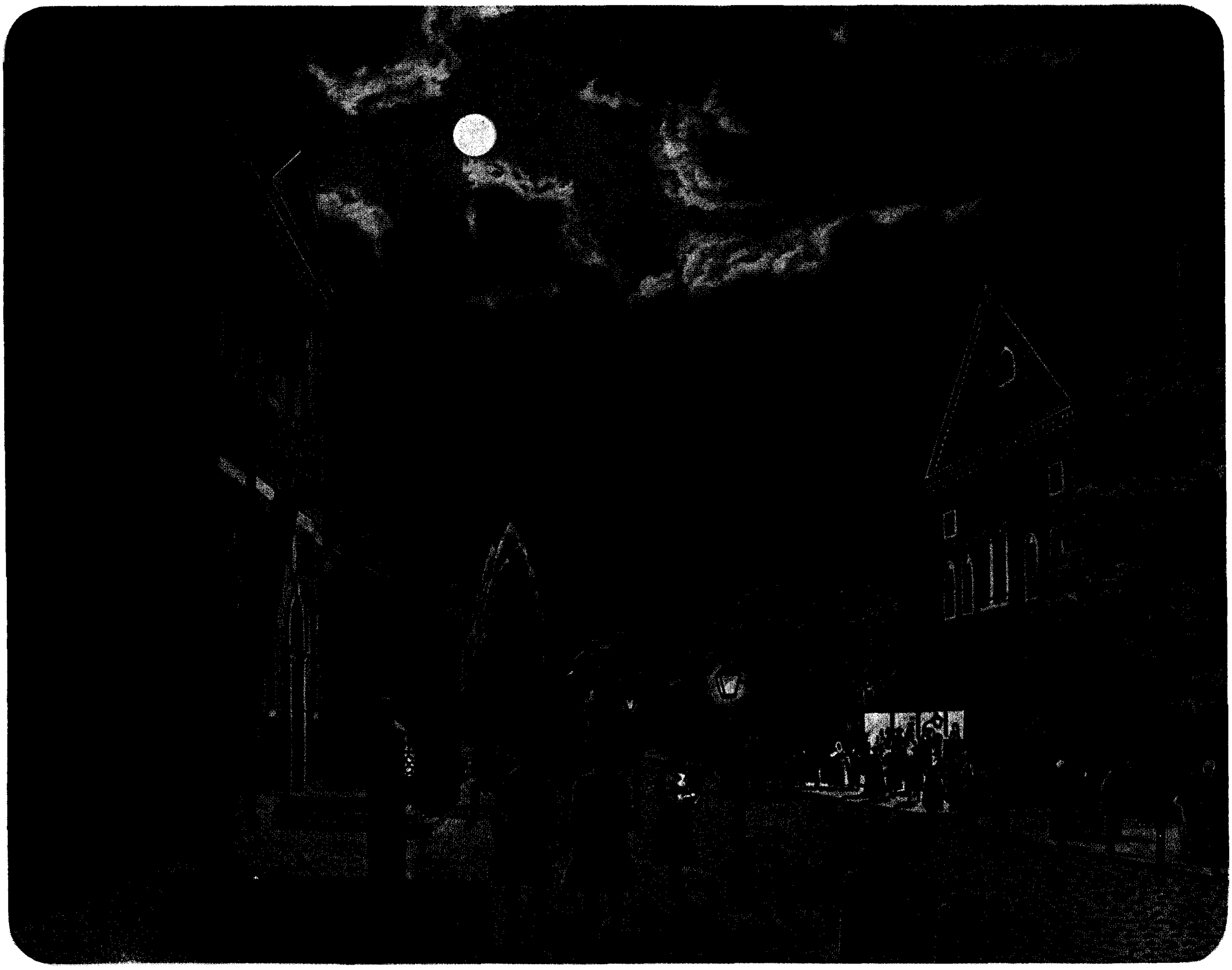
The picture was scheduled to come out as an ordinary release. Then the usual weary group of studio executives drove down to Huntington Beach for the sneak preview. When it was over, Jack Warner came running out of the theater like one possessed. Behind him still rang a chorus of wolf calls, whistles and womanly sighs.

"Howard," said Jack, his eyes bugging out, his breath coming in gasps. "Ye gods—!"

It was then decided to delay the release of the picture until November to give it the build-up of a major production. Hawks, who had thought to let Bacall (the Lauren is a family name) be taken over by another director for a second picture, immediately reversed his field and is now working on a new script which will pair Bogart and Bacall again. This is predicated on getting Bogart off suspension, where he has been lingering for months rather than do a picture he objected to. Hawks is confident that good old Bogey will be willing to take a chance on another as successful as To Have and To Have Not.

Bacall has nothing to do with it. She sits on her fleecy cloud and whirls lustily ahead—a very lucky girl who may at the same time become a sensation. The people who have spoken of Hollywood as the modern setting for another Arabian Nights may have underestimated the case.

THE END



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Over the Top of the World

Continued from page 20

troubled him; he was fond of Angutjuk. But he could see nothing wrong in it. That was what a young seal would do, attack an aging bull for the possession of his female who sat by, watching with patient eye; whichever lost, she won.

Angutjuk's sled finally appeared as a little pin point on the great expanse, and Kellitjuk urged his team on with whip and shouts. After an hour the pin point grew to a line, then the sled became visible, then Angutjuk and his dogs. The dogs were in an uproar, pulling furiously at their leashes.

KELLITJUK fastened his huskies, slipped the whip under the lashings of the sled and gripped his harpoon. His broadly oval face was sober and composed with an expression of concentrated purpose as he walked over the ice. Angutjuk, kneeling on the ground, had his back toward him. He turned his head quickly, recognized Kellitjuk and returned to his occupation.

Hovering over him, a bit to one side, Kellitjuk saw his slightly yellow face, the little friendly wrinkles around the temples appearing, because of his age, through the coating of grease and smoke; the little eyes, obliquely set, black and bright; the coarse inky hair, loose and unkempt behind, clipped in front, dangling out of the jacket hood. He planned to drive the harpoon through Angutjuk's neck and then throw the body into one of the seal holes. The murder would not be discovered; he would be spared the disapproval of the community—the only penalty where there were no chiefs, police or prisons, and yet a punishment as bad as death.

Cautionary Poem For the Mental Type

Overthinking may injure brain tissue, says specialist.
—News Item.

Don't overwork your little brain.
It knows no panacea
To ease the pain, the baneful strain
Of just one Bright Idea.
Take no swig at Wisdom's fount.
Don't cry, "This here one won't count!"
"Just a coupla quick ones?" Nay!
Schizophrenia lies that way!

Thinking causes headaches, fits;
It's habit-forming, tricky.
It'll blitz your wits to itsy bits—
A sort of mental Mickey.
Rashly stirring up your mind,
There's no telling what you'll find!
Is it worth the risk, *chéri?* . . .
Better play it safe, like me.

Ethel Jacobson

But Angutjuk wasn't watching, spear in hand, over one of the holes that the seals keep open in the ice. There was no opening where he knelt, and he was busy with his knife. That aroused Kellitjuk's curiosity and, looking around, he discovered the object of Angutjuk's interest and the fury of the dogs: a bear.

And the bear was hungry. Months of hard living had whittled down the flesh accumulated during the summer, and his big winter pelt hung loosely around his fatless haunches. This bear, partly by chance and partly by scent, had just come upon and devoured a rabbit. Now, with whetted hunger, he regarded the two men. Likely as not they were the first men he had seen, and the first sleds and dogs, for he studied them uneasily and with suspicion.

"We must get him," said Angutjuk.

"We must," Kellitjuk assented, feverishly. Bear was rare and difficult game.

Shaking a little with the lust of the hunt, he came down at Angutjuk's side and said, "Let us send the dogs at him."

Angutjuk shook his head. "They would chase him away. And he would kill many dogs. No Kellitjuk. You watch and learn."

They knelt as if in a low fortress, barricaded by sleds and the raging dogs. The bear was slowly coming closer, now circling and sniffing.

With his knife Angutjuk had detached a long splint from his whale-rib bow and carefully sharpened the ends. Now he bent the thin strip of whalebone in his hand, releasing it suddenly to see if it sprang straight. Then he took out a chunk of blubber that he had been warming within his clothes against his stomach, kneaded it to a ball, and into it he pressed the whalebone, doubled up and wrapped with sinew. The blubber hardened instantly on the ice. Angutjuk proceeded rapidly and with skill, wasting neither movement nor time. He weighed the ball in his hand. "When the blubber melts, the blade springs open."

He began moving on his knees and elbows toward the bear, and as he advanced the bear withdrew growling, with little agile jumps, throwing up his shaggy and yellowed hindquarters, casting leery glances over his shoulders.

Angutjuk stopped and called to the bear with motions and strange cooing sounds, and the bear returned circling tentatively. Angutjuk's sparse mustache trembled as he rolled the yellow ball forcefully over the thin blanket of snow.

A few paces from the bear the ball came to a halt. Intrigued, the beast approached it cautiously, sniffed at it and whimpered a little in uncertainty. His stomach told him to eat; another instinct, deeper and mysterious, told him to distrust whatever came from man.

Angutjuk remained flat and motionless in expectancy, arms and legs spread like a frog. A few paces behind him Kellitjuk knelt, staring breathlessly. The bear put out a blue tongue and licked the ball, retired, licked again, and stanchly retired again. But he was unable to resist temptation forever. With a sudden willowy movement of his neck, his pointed snout shot forward and engulfed the ball, and in a single gulp it dropped into the big black pit of his hungry belly.

Simultaneously Angutjuk and Kellitjuk leaped up with shouts of joy. Then they laughed, for the bear was theirs.

Almost.

THE beast moved away at the men's sudden outburst, then made a half-circle around them, puzzled. Perhaps they were not so dangerous as he had feared. He sat on his haunches and studied them for a while. Then he began closing in.

Suddenly he jumped up and moaned a long anguished moan that ran unchecked over the great sea. The moan was answered by the barkings of the dogs, and now the bear bucked and growled savagely. Brusquely he turned his back on the men and made off, yammering.

It was already dusk by this time, but without a word Angutjuk and Kellitjuk started after their big game, glancing at each other and laughing, laughing with the glee of the hunt, everything else forgotten.

Stumbling and wailing, the bear drifted rapidly toward the coast.

Night had entirely fallen when they reached the first bluffs, and the stars were big and near and almost within reach. The bear began to stop frequently and look around to see if he was still pursued, threads of spittle dangling on his chest. His lair must be near by, but he would not lead the hunters there. Reluctantly he moved on again, up the frozen hillsides.

The soles of his feet, covered with close-set hairs, enabled him to walk securely on the ice, while the men's boots, worn smooth, found no grip on the slippery slopes. They had to be careful not to work themselves

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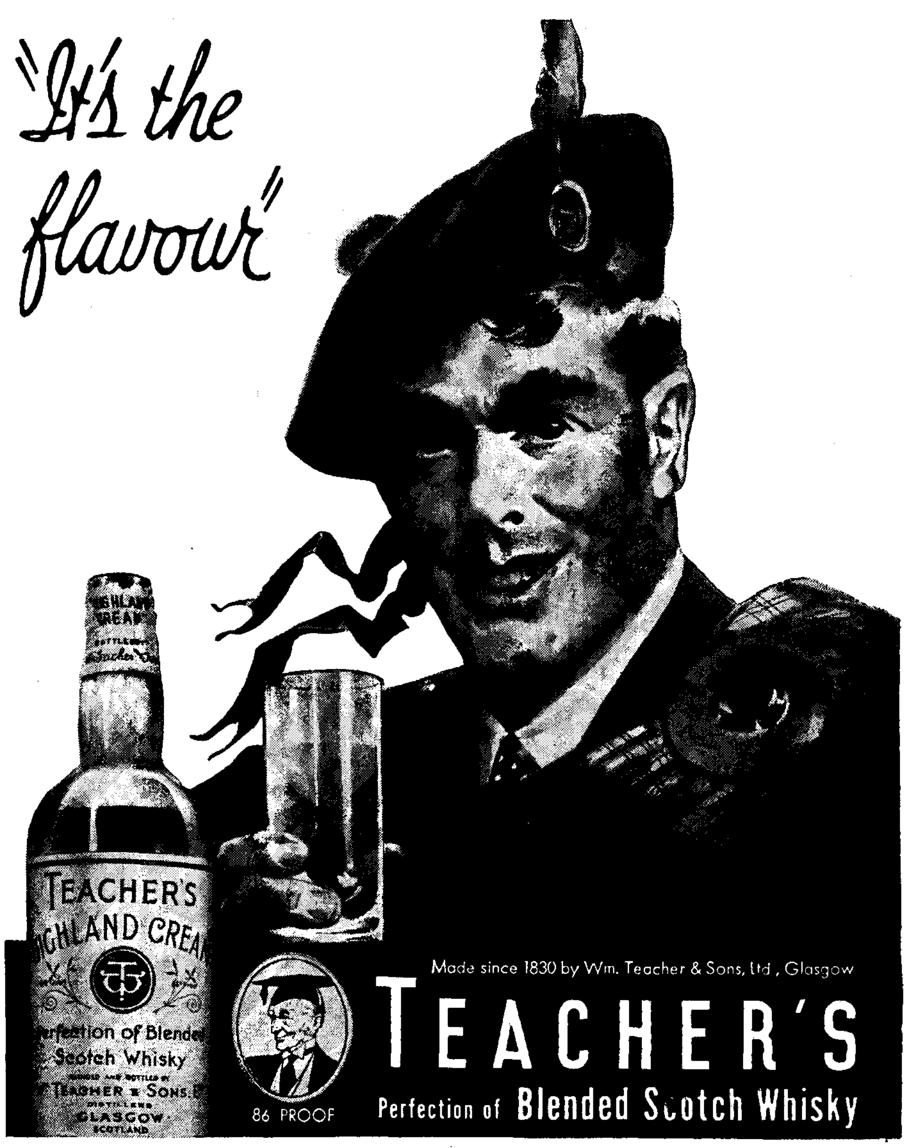
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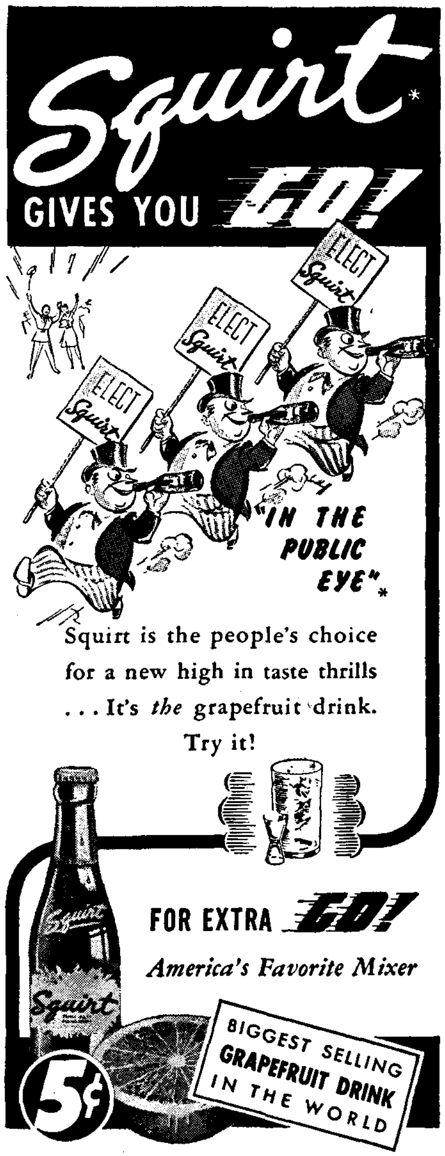
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into a sweat, ever—for it would mean freezing in a mold of ice. But the bear was showing less purpose than they, and his course was erratic; in order to keep up with him they needed to walk only half the distance that he had covered.

It grew much colder in the heart of the night, fifty or sixty below, and the beloved gale blew, and Angutjuk and Kellitjuk were happy because they hunted. It did not occur to them to worry about having left all their provisions behind, and the dogs and the woman. They themselves were not hungry at the moment . . . the dogs were always hungry anyhow, whether fed or not . . . and the woman would manage somehow; women always did. This was the hunt. This was the very essence of life.

Only when the slow morning came and with it the hour for breakfast did hunger begin knocking at the walls of their stomachs. Kellitjuk stopped.

"I am hungry." These were the first words spoken since the pursuit had started.

"I am hungry, too," said Angutjuk.

But never for a moment did they think of returning to their sleds.

AT NOON a blizzard, racing in from the glacial ocean, churned up the shallow snow, powdering the pallid day an even opaque gray. For a while they lost sight of their prey in the weather and lunged forward in sudden alarm.

They were led back to the bear by his laments and almost crashed into him. A snarl of rage rose up from a big fumbling shadow standing upright in the snow mist and died away again in the wind; and from then on they kept close to the bear's heels.

A few times he wheeled about in rage and charged them, growling; hurriedly they waddled off, chanting in terror, stumbling and slipping, until the beast sat down on its haunches shaking its head from side to side; and the instant danger was over the men laughed.

The second night was the worst. The blizzard increased, forcing them to keep ever closer to the quarry, while the pangs of hunger hammered with mounting intensity, weakening their knees, and increasing the danger of sudden perspiration. And the bear, who seemed to have a hundred lives, pressed incessantly onward in his furious trek, up and down the forbidding slopes. . . .

Once they came within a few hours' march of a cache of food which they had made earlier, some miles inland.

"Perhaps he goes off that way," Angutjuk said, "then one of us can get provisions."

They tried to drive him in the right direction. But without success. The bear knew nothing about the cache and stubbornly persisted along the shore line.

When this hope failed, it had been four days since they had last had sleep and food, and their wills had to make up for the dwindling forces of their bodies. The thought of giving up the hunt never for an instant crossed their minds; their lives were linked irrevocably to the capture of the bear, and with the frenzy of the chase was suddenly coupled the animal fear of doom.

They lost all notion of time until the blizzard abated, revealing that a new day had long since risen. They were high up on the bluffs, dominating the frozen sea. In the south the sky was luminous, and the silent earth seemed mellow and soft with the distant promise of spring.

By this time the bear was obviously failing. In his lumbering fashion he dragged himself on; his head, that had grown too heavy, barely clearing the ground. Sometimes stepping false and falling to their knees the men followed stonily, their laughter gone, the lines of will marking deeply their shiny faces, their cold-reddened eyes rimmed with rime. Hunger had departed. Sensibility had been exhausted. Their stomachs had gone to sleep. They did not even scoop up handfuls of snow any longer. Their mouths were set, their stomachs forgotten, and all thoughts and memories had perished in their minds. Between skin and flesh, fat had been burning away incessantly, unreplaced, and now they were shivering a little, and for the first time the cold knifed noticeably down their throats with every breath. And still, there was nothing better than this—chasing the great bear over the top of the world.

Abruptly the end came. Suddenly the bear gave up. He knew that he was doomed, and it was as though he had decided that if he had to die he would die in dignity. He squatted on his hindquarters, forepaws in his lap, and waited. No longer did he cry. Only the clouds of respiration came fast and his little reddened eyes moved helplessly. There was a napkin of frozen froth around his neck.

The two men closed in slowly, ready to jump if he struck, Kellitjuk from the front and Angutjuk from the side. The bear grabbed and broke Kellitjuk's harpoon like a straw, but Angutjuk speared him cleanly through the throat, below the jaw, where the pelt was thinnest.

They barely ate after the kill, their hunger still asleep, and they too eager to show off the whole trophy at home. They only sucked the blood, for strength, though it badly burned their lips, and removed the entrails in a hurry before the flesh froze. Then they dragged their kill down the slopes onto the ocean, cached it in the ice and went off to get their sleds. Traveling now in a straight line, laughing uproariously on the way and slapping each other's big padded backs, it took them less than two days to arrive at their starting point.

As yet the famished dogs had not devoured one another, but they were close to it and had been battling furiously; some were licking the frozen gore of their wounds, wild-eyed with hunger and frustration.

There was fish and musk-ox meat on Angutjuk's sled, and they went at it with the ax, picking up the chips and defrosting them in their mouths and tossing bits at the howling huskies. With food the men's appetites slowly came back, and they kept munching all the way to the bear and all the way back home.

During their absence a second igloo had mushroomed, and now there were unknown puppies playing before the tunnel. Utukuluk emerged and Pedersuak, Angutjuk's brother, with his wife and two daughters and two small children. It was a loud arrival—nine Eskimos made quite a crowd.

At first they all greeted one another with great ceremony, grinning and bowing, Eskimo fashion. That done, they effusively admired the catch and then crawled into Angutjuk's igloo, to eat and laugh.

ALL night they ate, starting and working their way through all the more tender parts of the bear, while the toughest cuts were flung on the charnel heap to rot and mellow, and the tongue was set out to dry.

They alternated the freshly killed game with musk-ox and caribou meat and frozen fish, gulping tea in between. Angutjuk and Kellitjuk ate and ate, and the more they ate the hungrier they became. They stood about, stripped to the waist, radiant with glee and warmth, eating until, unable to move, they had to lie down on their backs, while the women kept dropping tidbits of blubber and flesh into their mouths and pouring tea down their throats.

This was life! With eyes that were tearful with merriment Kellitjuk looked from one of Pedersuak's daughters to the other as they hovered over him with food and laughter. These were women who knew how to treat a man and certainly knew also how to scrape hides and sew boots and do other little things for him. Only which one to choose, he couldn't decide. One was prettier, but the other's laughter was warmer.

He felt utterly contented, Kellitjuk, and friendly toward the world. He closed eyes and mouth, and the laughter around him came only faintly to his ears. He would give the food time to settle and, after a while, he would be ready for more. He stretched out his hand to make sure that Angutjuk was by his side. Angutjuk was there, already snoring like a family of walruses. Vaguely Kellitjuk thought there was something he wanted to tell him. Probably that he had intended to kill him, a few days ago—for Kellitjuk belonged to those Eskimos who knew not how to lie to a friend or keep their thoughts to themselves for any length of time. But Kellitjuk strained his memory in vain. The thought was dead and buried and forgotten. He slept.

THE END

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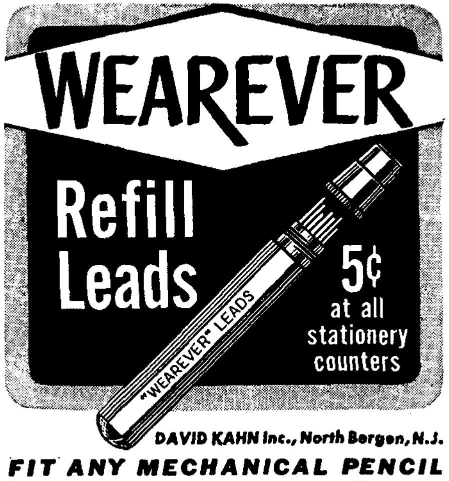
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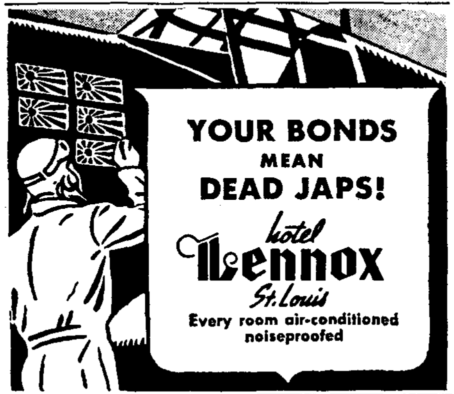
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They'll Fight Again

Continued from page 17

is devoting time, energy and research to continuing improvement in these centers. General Grant's concept of treatment, "We are treating the whole man," has permeated every medical facility of the AAF. The wounded soldier has become an individual and not Army serial 34753215.

Convalescence in the Army used to mean sitting around counting the hours and listening to the billing and cooing of visitors who with misty-eyed pity would murmur, "You poor boy! Oh, you poor boy!" It was only natural that some patients got to thinking of themselves as "you poor boy" and soon became so sorry for themselves that they developed a mental atrophy from which nothing seemed to arouse them.

The story of the new treatment emanates from St. Louis, though the doctor who worked it out insists that it's not new but simple common sense. From private practice in St. Louis, back in 1942, Howard A. Rusk was commissioned a major in the Medical Corps and placed in charge of Medical Services at Jefferson Barracks, then one of the Air Forces' basic training centers. The hospital was loaded to the rafters with sick soldiers. Those who were convalescing were doing a fine job of marking time and letting nature take its course. The doctors were busy with the sick. The convalescent soldiers were completely bored, unhappy, and in varying stages of self-pity. Why, thought Rusk, should the men be drifting around aimlessly when the loafing wasn't doing them any good? When they got back to duty, the idleness would undoubtedly leave its mark on them and make them poorer soldiers. Why not employ this time in making them better soldiers? Rusk went to work.

Convalescence was traditionally the stepchild of medicine. Sporadic attempts had been made to do something about it, but not too much ever came of it. Doctors were almost invariably overworked. Treating the disease kept them busy enough. The patient was on his own when he began to get well. Rusk worked on the theory that convalescent training should begin before the disease was cured.

Patients began exercises while they were still in bed. As soon as the ward surgeon declared the soldier was physically able, he began the rehabilitative process. In many instances it started forty-eight hours after an operation.

Training in those days was proceeding at a very rapid pace. We were building a huge air force overnight. So, said Rusk, let's bring some of that training right into the hospital.

It's a G.I. tradition to hate military hospitals, and there's some sense to the feeling. You stay in a military hospital longer than you would in the average civilian hospital for the same wound or disease. The reason is, of course, that when a patient is discharged from a civilian hospital, he can go home and take it easy for a while.

When men are sent out of a military hospital they go back to full duty. There is no in-between period. They go back to training and, in some cases, back to combat. Sometimes it involves heavy work, long marches, and bivouacs. But the average G.I. doesn't figure this out. He only knows he doesn't like Army hospitals.

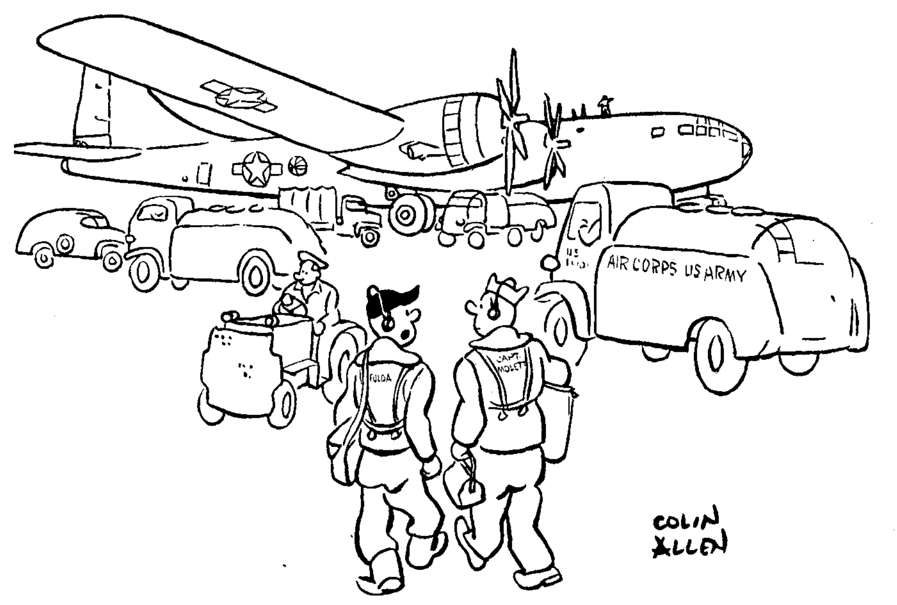
The patients at Jefferson Barracks were introduced to the idea of activity, both physical and mental. It clicked. Boredom lifted. Men got out of the hospital faster and in better physical condition. Fewer came back. And they went back to duty up to snuff in their training. The idea didn't stop at rebuilding the soldiers' bodies; their minds must also be treated. So, in addition to physical reconditioning, courses were started in radio theory and practice, navigation, map reading, languages, tactics, chemistry, photography, journalism and dozens of other subjects. The courses were all voluntary, the soldier could choose which he wanted to attend. Anything was better than boredom, and the boys didn't have to be persuaded to attend classes. Their attitude was, "What can we lose?"

The experiment begun, Rusk got the green light from his superior at Jefferson Barracks, Colonel James R. McDowell. Soon General Grant, the Air Surgeon, had him in Washington in charge of a new division to do the same job in all AAF hospitals.

Science Approves New Methods

That was the beginning of the Air Forces Convalescent Training Program. Today it operates in all AAF hospitals and in eight Convalescent Centers, devoted entirely to the rehabilitation of battle casualties. The medical profession has put its stamp of approval on it. Numerous scientific research projects have proved the efficacy of the program. But more important is that thing which research can't put the finger on: the morale of the patients. Disciplinary problems have been practically nil where an efficient convalescent program is in operation. In the Army, that's a sure test. The morale is high.

General Grant won't admit that his Air Forces patients begin exercising their way up the road to rehabilitation even before they are out of the ether, but it begins pretty soon thereafter. They start working at it before they are able to sit up. If the patient can't come to the classroom, the classroom is brought to him—right in the ward, almost to his bed. In one ward, a 16-mm. training film may be on the screen; in another, men propped up in bed may be making camouflage nets; in another, the patients may be listening to a lecturer on current events. Pa-



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tients do about 75 per cent of the instructing.

Here is a soldier patient who was a former professor of political economy. He is asked to hold classes in his specialty and take over daily discussion groups in current events. Another is a wiz at radio theory. He was elected instructor immediately. And so it goes. It's good therapy for the teacher as well as the student. When a patient leaves the hospital and returns to duty, he takes a diploma with him, telling just how many hours of instruction he has had.

General Grant has watched many of the patients, battle casualties, coming into the Convalescent Centers. The patient's attitude is usually skeptical. He has a "show me" attitude, or worse, and the general doesn't blame him. His history may show he has been pretty well shot up or worn out by combat. He's spent weeks, maybe months, in crowded combat-zone hospitals. He's a little fed up on hospital life. He's no longer sure of his future, if any, and he's certainly good invalid-breeding material.

Not Just Another "Case"

The battle-wounded Air Forces man comes into the AAF Convalescent Center—Pawling, for example—and is given a very thorough examination. "And I really mean thorough," says the general. Every muscle in the soldier's body is tested in terms of how much use he now has of it and how much can be restored. The doctors hold a conference over every individual patient. He isn't just another "case." He's an individual now, and a very important one because he has given so much to his country.

An analysis is first made as to whether or not the soldier can possibly be rehabilitated sufficiently to be returned to duty. Soldiers, upon being told that they will be back in service within a month, have been known to blurt out, "You're nuts, Doc," forgetting military courtesy. "Why, I can't even walk!"

"If you want to make a small bet on it," says the doctor, "you can name your own odds."

In practically every instance, the "doc" is right. The soldier gets expert guidance, and everyone is there to help him along, but the secret of the AAF convalescent program is that he is on his own. He works out his own destiny.

If it is determined that the soldier can return to duty, his whole history is analyzed. When he goes back will he be fitted for the same job he held? Perhaps he was a gunner. With his disability he may not be an active gunner again, but he may be the instructor type. Now while attending to his physical rehabilitation he brushes up on his gunnery. He takes a course in teaching methods, so that he can pass on his knowledge and combat experience in the most effective manner. Thus when he leaves the center he is more valuable to the AAF than when he came.

But suppose it is decided that he cannot go back to the service. We posed that question to General Grant. He came up with the quick answer, "What did the soldier do before the war? Did he enjoy it? Was he a success at it? Sometimes the vocational guidance experts at each AAF Convalescent Center find that the soldier has outgrown his old job. The war has opened new vistas to him; his horizon has broadened; his new experiences have made their contribution. Possibly he used to be quite happy working as a filling-station attendant. But now he has flown forty missions as a radio operator. He has excellent schooling. He can never be happy feeding gasoline to hungry automobiles. So we put him into classes that give advanced radio instruction, pointing toward training him for some civilian job in the field of radio.

"Perhaps he was a farm boy and he wants to go back to his father's farm. That's easy. At Pawling we have a 550-acre farm, run almost entirely by patients. The work method and classes in agriculture add to his knowledge. He'll bring back the latest dope on farming. Usually even boys who have lived all of their lives on farms find something new here; something to hurry a potato along and to grow more of them on the same plot of ground. They get a practical course in hydroponics (growing vegetables with chemicals), learn to grow a better stalk of corn or a larger tomato. These soldiers will go home much better farmers than before they entered the Air Forces."

In that other war when a man lost a leg or an arm, he got an awful lot of sympathy. The AAF gives him everything but. Medical officers working in the Convalescent Center are especially trained to give the soldier the benefit of every technique known to medical science. Many officers, nurses and enlisted men have been sent to the famous Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City where they learn the latest training and therapeutic methods.

The first thing the staff does is knock out of the soldier's head that he is a cripple. The average soldier doesn't have much patience with the gold bricks—those who purposely evade responsibility. The AAF instructors convince the wounded soldier that he is goldbricking against himself if he ever gives up to his disability. The almost universal anxiety among men who have lost arms or legs is: Can I handle my old job? Can I handle *a* job? First the AAF finds out what the old job was. Maybe the soldier used to be a truck driver.

"Sure you can handle that job when we're through with you," he is told. "But, man, you'd be a sucker to go back to it. While you're here, look around. Maybe you'll find something you'd like better. We'll start you on the road to it. Want to be a mechanic? Want to be a photographer? Name it, soldier, and we'll help you."

That's the spirit of Pawling and the other AAF Convalescent Centers.

Colonel Rusk told me of the time when he was showing some of his Army colleagues through the center. The atmosphere of the place puzzled them. It was somewhere between military courtesy and discipline and informality. The book didn't quite cover it. It was difficult to tell the difference between a colonel and just plain G.I. Joe. And everyone likes it that way.

Rusk's Army friends saw a dozen men fishing in the lake; another dozen were swimming in the pool; a group of patients trotted by on saddle horses; a foursome with golf clubs were leaving for the Pawling Country Club just across the road; others were working out their stiff or atrophied muscles in the gym; others were being rubbed down by expert physiotherapists; still others were playing tennis and badminton. The visiting officers had a steak dinner that night, including soup, three vegetables and ice cream.

Understanding Plus Treatment

"What the hell is this?" one of the officers exploded to Colonel Rusk. "A hospital or a country club?"

"It's as near to both as we can make it," Colonel Rusk admitted cheerfully.

"Aren't you pampering these men a bit?" one of the officers queried.

"Not by a long shot," answered Colonel Rusk, "unless you want to say that giving these men the best we have in the way of understanding, treatment and medical service is pampering."

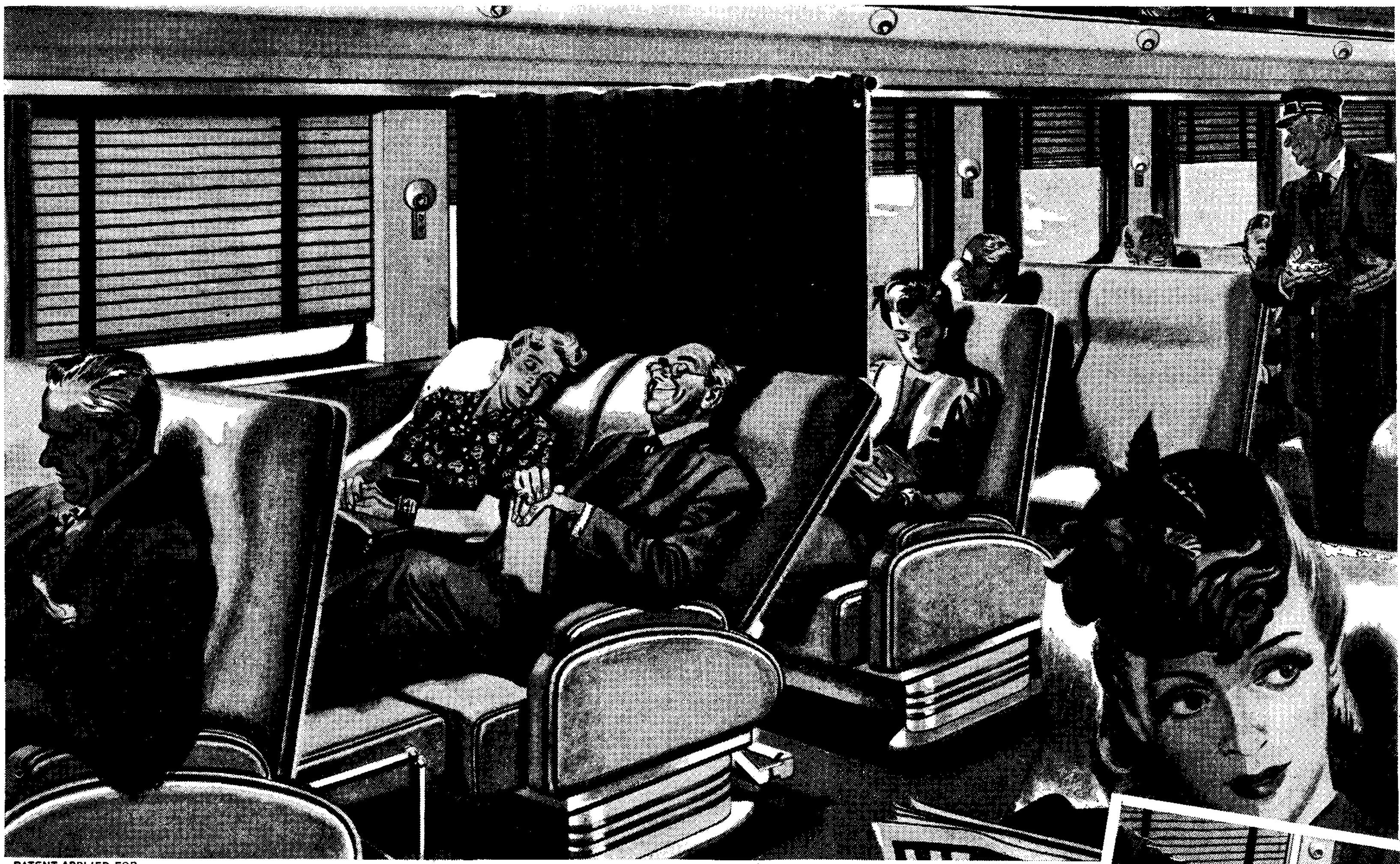
The officer wasn't satisfied. "But they'll never go back to duty or combat," he said.

"Go and ask them," said Rusk. "Sit around and listen, then look at our records, you'll find that 90 per cent of the officers and enlisted men who have been through this center have returned to duty."

Wounded soldiers of the AAF are being paid off in the currency of opportunity. It was Colonel Rusk's axiom, "The debt of all disability shall be paid in the currency of opportunity," that caught on among the Air Forces personnel working in the Convalescent Center programs. No soldier patient wants or gets sympathy. He is not patronized. He wants a chance to work at his old trade or a better one if possible. The AAF feel that they are giving him just that in the Convalescent Training Program.

The aim of General Arnold, General Grant, Colonel Rusk and all of those working in the Convalescent Program is simple: Return the soldier to duty a better soldier. Return him to civilian life a better citizen. That's nice for us ordinary civilians to know.

THE END



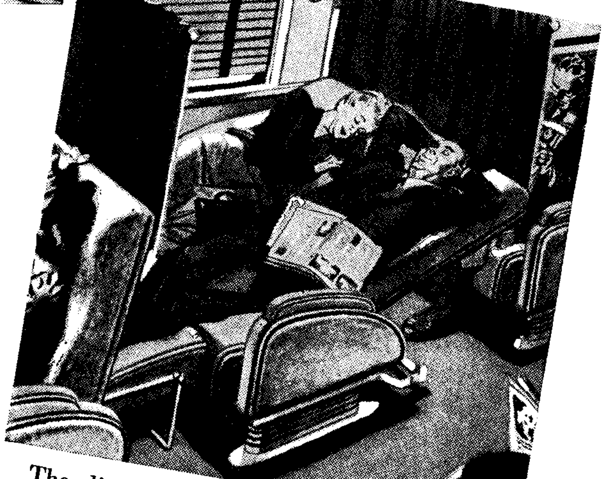
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Complete relaxation and freedom from travel fatigue are the gifts of new design in this magnificent coach. Reaching new standards of luxury and restfulness in low-priced accommodations, this long-distance coach of tomorrow will allow complete relaxation by day and sound sleep at night.

THE NEW *Day-Nite* COACH

CHAISE LOUNGE COMFORT ON WHEELS

Pullman-Standard's latest travel innovation



The adjustable screens give you added privacy, and restful sleep is made possible because these newly-designed reclining chairs support the whole body and eliminate leg fatigue.

This new dimension in coach comfort is achieved by superb seating facilities designed with low-angle reclining adjustments that support the whole body while you relax at full length. For added privacy, movable curtains will screen your space from the lights and sounds of the rest of the car, while permitting you to read under a *focalized* light without disturbing your neighbor.

Individual dressing rooms—spacious, modern, and well equipped—will eliminate congestion. Unneeded baggage will be checked into a new, out-of-the-way storage compartment to relieve over-crowded baggage racks and cluttered aisles.

Care for passenger comfort has also included many unseen engineering features . . . smoother riding at high speeds, improved braking and coupling, healthful air-conditioning, cleanliness en route, and sound-deadening. They all add up to a high expression of travel pleasure in safe equipment marked with the prestige of Pullman-Standard design.

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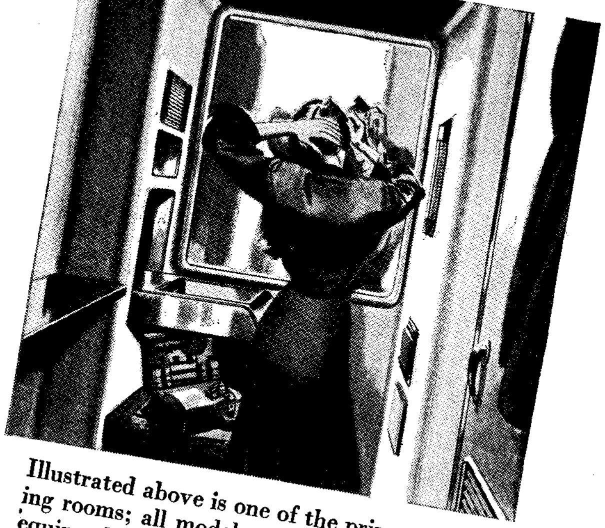
Soundly engineered and designed, plans for this and many other types of advanced postwar railroad equipment are being shown in Pullman-Standard's Engineering and Research exhibit. They demonstrate how amply we are prepared to meet transportation's requirements as soon as construction of cars is again permitted. ***This is one of Pullman-Standard's contributions to the problem of postwar reemployment.***



Illustrated above is one of the private dressing rooms; all models of scientific planning, equipped with broad mirrors, ample lights and complete comfort facilities.

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CHICAGO • ILLINOIS
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YOU CAN STILL GET a Dry Martini with a pedigree—and *know* what you are getting.

Just ask your liquor store for HEUBLEIN'S DRY MARTINIS, made with scarce, smooth, pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN, and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth.*

Completely ready and perfect. All you do is add ice and serve.

THE FIVE POPULAR COCKTAILS

Dry Martini, *71 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof*
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DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

The Knight of Pentagon

Continued from page 16

down. Why, what's a uniform? Lots of people have no uniform. Look at the President!"

His eyes thanked her but he shook his head. "No dice, baby. The Armed Forces are the guys that matter."

"But you've tried . . ."

"I tried them all. The Army, the Navy and the Marines. They all treated me fine. They were gentlemen; they made me feel I was a gentleman. But they wouldn't take me."

"But you're in the War Department?"

"I write documentary movies for the War Department, to improve morale."

"But that's wonderful," she said. She looked beyond the immediate diapers and floor managers, out into the blue. She saw another day, brilliant with the clash of arms.

"Why, you carry the banner," she went on. "That's better than a gun. In all the battles of the world—'way back in the Crusades, when humanity first went to war for an ideal—the knight who carried the banner came first."

THE trumpets faded. He looked into her face. "You've got an angle," he said at last. He grinned. "The Knight of Pentagon. But what about you? Where do you fit in the big crusade? When the store closes, do you ride out on a white palfrey? Do you keep bright the sacred shield of some enlisted personnel?"

Her face drooped over the vests like a flower. "No," she said. "I'm shy of men. Especially in uniform."

"You see? It's the costume, baby. It's the insigne on the sleeve. All I've got is a pair of garters to keep my shirt cuffs out of my typewriter."

He snapped them disparagingly through his coat sleeve.

She tried to keep the envy out of her eyes. She wished to appear no less than noble before him.

"I'm not afraid of anything else," she said stoutly.

"What? Nothing?" He laughed. "Not mice?"

"There's a mouse in my room. I watch it play."

"Not spiders?"

"I like spiders. Daddy longlegs I love."

"Well, snakes, then?"

"Snakes are dragons. Dragons are beautiful."

He whistled. "A girl that's not afraid of mice or spiders or snakes is out of this world."

"We're both out of this world."

It was said before she could stop it. Their eyes met in a cerulean clash. Far off, the trumpets gave a final peal. A misty battlement opened and from its casement leaned a damsel's face. Then into the silence between them came a whir and clatter; the pneumatic tube, contemptuous of romantic eyewash, had spat out a practical gray carrier.

She heard herself saying, "That must be your change." Her stiff fingers twisted the felt top, and the change rolled out upon the counter.

He cleared his throat. He stared at the cylinder and his voice took on a twinge of respect. "That's a neat gadget. When it comes down, how do you know it's for you and not for somebody else?"

"The sales slip has my number." She showed him. "Thirteen."

"How does it know where to find you?"

"The tube number is on the slip. And all the tubes meet up on the eighth floor. That's where the cashiers sit and open the carriers and make change."

"It must look like an octopus up there."

"I guess it does. I like to think the cylinders are carrier pigeons and I send them off with messages into the blue."

What if the buyer should hear her? She added up her sales sternly. But he was nodding.

"Yes. Yes, that's nice. Carrier pigeons . . . colored doves. With messages. 'I sent a message to my love.'" He sighed and picked up the bundle. "You went to a lot of trouble for me. Thanks a lot."

"Oh, come back," she said. "I mean, come back tomorrow. We're almost sure to have stork pants tomorrow; they've been ordered for two months."

"All right," he said. "I certainly hope you do. It'll be very nice."

He mashed on his hat and started for the nearest opening which happened to be the stockroom.

"No, no . . ." began Bennie, but Tweets was inside with a pile of boxes and set him right. He fled into an elevator and was gone.

"Nice going," said Tweets. "I was taking care of six while you was taking care of him. What do you mean, man-shy?"

"That boy?" said Bennie. "Why—he's married. He must be married. He's got two children."

"H'mm. I notice he's got an eye for other places besides the play pen."

A wolf?

"Next time come out a little from behind the counter. There's nothing the matter with your legs."

Bennie departed to consult the buyer on the subject of stork pants. It was fifteen minutes later that her ears reddened to the summons from the wrapping desk. Someone had opened a carrier for her.

"But I haven't sent anything up. I can't have done anything wrong," she said in dismay.

She put out her hand for a white paper that had just descended the tube. The note was blank; all that showed was her number. She turned the carrier upside down, and from its depths rolled, incredible as a talisman, a tiny chocolate mouse.

"Coming along, aren't you?" asked Tweets.

"Yes," sang Bennie, "I am." And slipping the gift into her pocket she circled the desk, legs and all, and pranced straight up to wait on a terrible general who was frowning through the counter at a teething ring.

All day the assault continued in the Infants' Department, and the mouse in Bennie's pocket began to lose his crisp contours. She ate him.

He was good, but there was no time for reminiscence, sentimental or gastronomic, for the rush went on.

AND now Bennie discovered that fathers were not the only ones who purchased infants' wear. Grandmothers arrived; then sisters and unmarried aunts and friends, all inquiring vaguely for binders, strollers, safety pins. There were also the nearly-mothers, and these were by far the worst, the more expectant, the more irritable.

Her last customer was a nearly-mother. Bennie privately named her "Lady Snarling."

"My bassinet has been ordered for six months." She gesticulated. "How can I have a baby without a bassinet?"

Bennie, trapped and ignorant, summoned the buyer, a perpetual casualty of the OPA, who wanly replied that the bassinets had arrived but were still packed and in the basement.

A friend of Lady Snarling's, in nervous attendance, now suggested a prudent return home.

"The salesperson can send it out, dear. It's only to Chevy Chase."

Bennie piously promised that the bassinet should leave Arbuckle's practically with tomorrow's dawn.

"And stay home and wait for it," implored the friend. She added darkly, "Remember my cousin."

Lady Snarling reluctantly allowed herself to be elbowed toward Chevy Chase.

The next day was a Wednesday, a flat and undistinguished weekday on anybody's calendar, but Tweets was in fine fettle; at the first contact she had captured a large Marine without a struggle.

Bennie's morning was spent administering to the needs of a submarine machinist's mate who had incautiously surfaced one morning to find himself the father of twins. When he finally departed, Bennie realized that it was noon, and the civilian who had been waiting his turn in patience was the Knight of Pentagon.

She turned the color of the pink appliqué crib sets—$10.95—and in swift defense wished him good morning in a voice from Labrador.

He was confused. Humbly he asked for christening slips. Coldly they were displayed. The chocolate mouse hung between them, suspended in silence.

"This one is sweet," said Bennie, holding up a six months' size.

But the Knight of Pentagon made his own selection. "Too big. This one is better. For a little new attraction, just released."

"Oh! When?"

"Night before last."

She dropped her sales book but he had already moved on to the case of toys. "Something for a girl of three. Maybe the Teddy bears."

She followed him to where the bears were arranged. "Which do you like? Couchant or rampant?"

"The rampant, with ribbon gules. Say, you can talk heraldic talk. That's pretty."

So then she broke down and told him about the coats of arms and then about the oculist. "And perhaps I'll never paint again."

He cracked his knuckles in sorrow. "I know. I used to write plays, myself. Nobody produced them; they weren't box office. Romantic stuff—the Tudors and Plantagenets."

"Really? I'm named for a Plantagenet. Bennie—it's short for Berengaria."

"Why, sure, the wife of Richard . . ."

"The Lionhearted."

"What a guy!" He shook his head admiringly. "What a crusader!"

"To far-off lands."

He picked up the Teddy bear uncertainly. "I'd like something from far-off lands."

"Well—we have some Chinese things. Sixth floor. Department of paper toys."

"Look. How about the panda?"

It was the last panda left, black and white and handsome. She reached into the case but stopped short at a leather voice behind her.

"Hey, that's for my nephew. Grab it, sweetheart, grab it for the Marines." It was Tweets' Marine, pointing.

Tweets' hand reached into the case, too, but the Knight of Pentagon had seen the panda first, and Bennie was no Milquetoast. She snatched it.

The Marine stood between them. Turning, Bennie saw him in all his might. She read his chest. He was from foreign lands, all right. From the magnitude of his quests and hemispheres, he peered down upon the untraveled Knight of Pentagon.

The knight paled and cracked his knuckles, and then—Oh, shame! Oh, drooping plume!—he took the panda from Bennie's hands and yielded it to the adversary.

And Tweets laughed.

As she wrote up the christening slip, Bennie's lips were stiff with scorn. The knight had the exact change, so that made it worse. There was nothing to wait for, nothing to say.

She handed him his package, her face frozen, then stalked into the stockroom and slammed the door.

"He ought to be in here, too," she sobbed. "With the pantywaists."

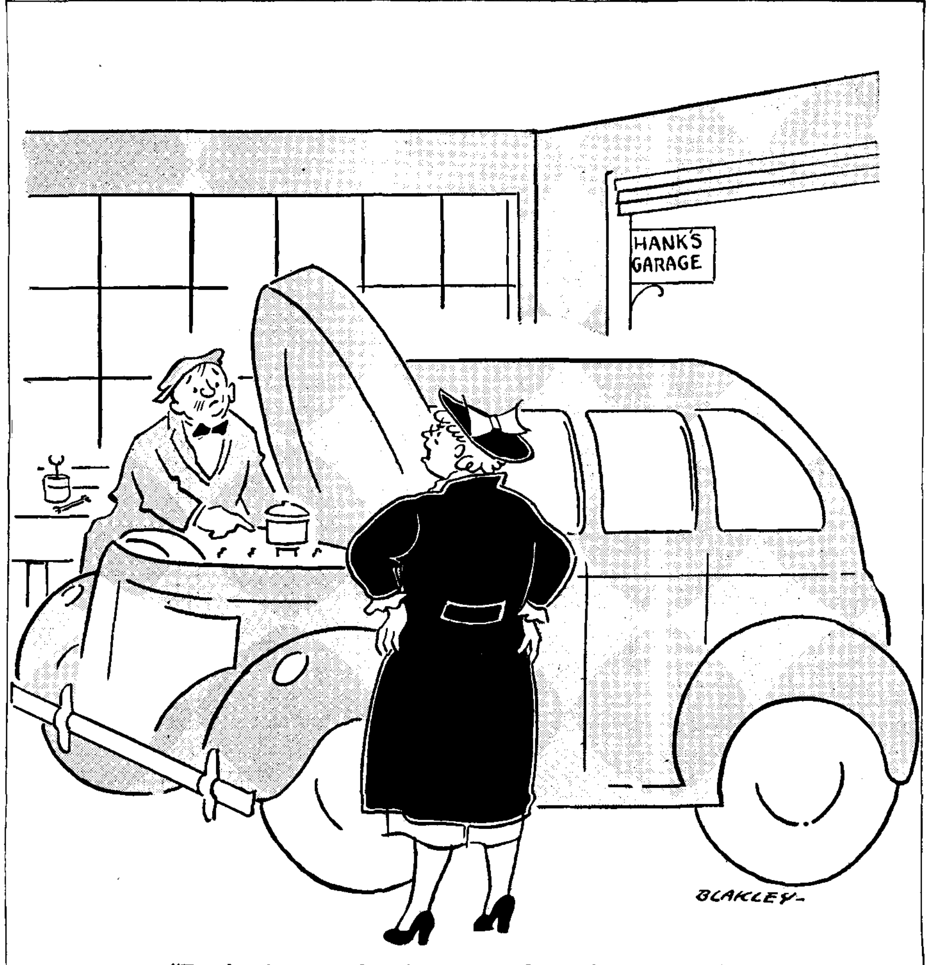
IT WAS the floor manager who found her. The floor manager was too busy to observe the tears, but she carried a fragile package addressed "Department Eleven, Number Thirteen."

"This came down the tube early this morning," she said crisply. "I wanted to speak to you about it before, but you had customers. The carriers must not be used privately, and unusual transactions are handled by Personal Service." She was gone as quickly as she had come.

Bennie untied the tissue. It contained, of all things, a spider; but what a spider! A poem, not an insect. A spider of ice and glitter. A jewel for a lady's shoulder, a fancy for a lady's hair.

"And he's gone," wept Bennie. "And I have no date to wear it for." After all, who wanted the intellectual type? Only one, and perhaps a wolf, at that. And she had let him go.

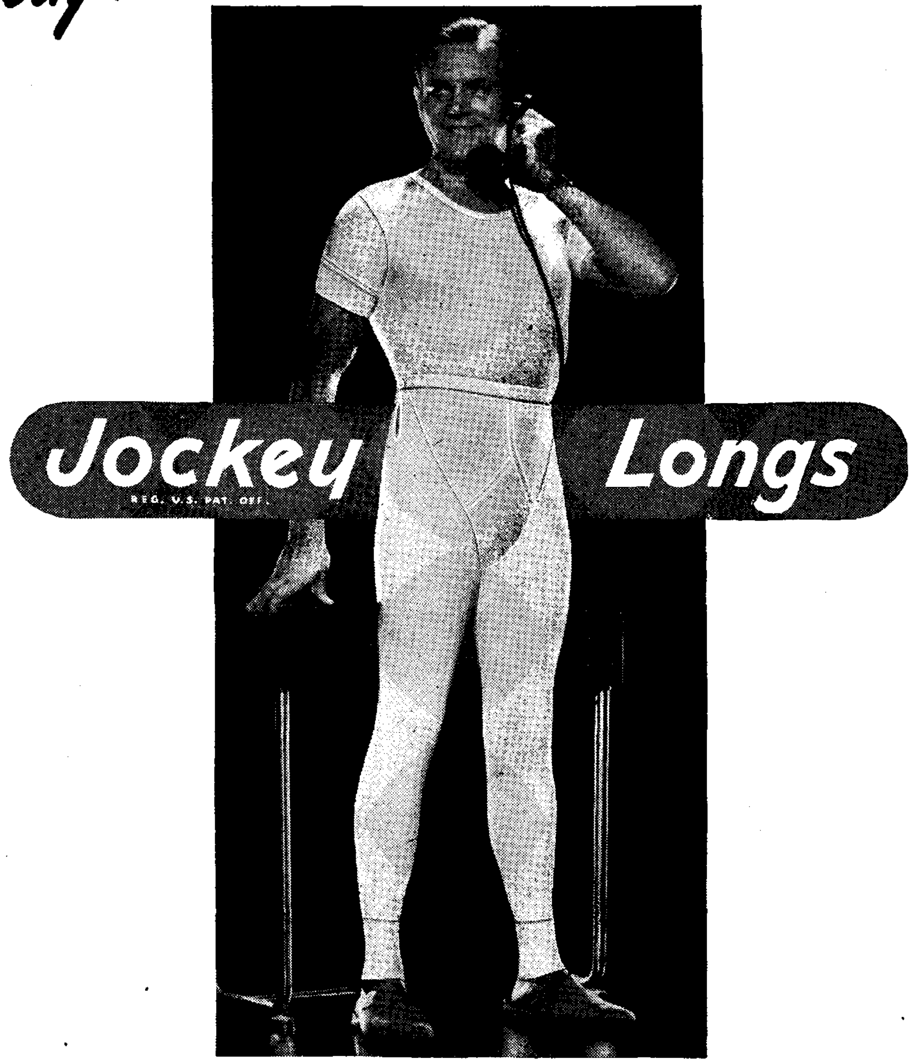
Then came Thursday, the shoppers' paradise. Thursday, the salespersons' pain. Every Thursday at twelve-thirty the doors bulged open; at nine-thirty at night, they were forcibly shut, and the last customers went out by knee action. By nine-twenty-five this Thursday night, the shelves were finally bare, and Bennie wondered if she were still



"Don't give me that hogwash—knuckle buster. I've put in two years assembling Fortress engines!"

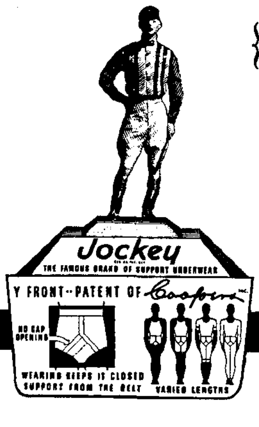
COLLIER'S TOM BLAKLEY

If you NEED long underwear; buy it SOON...but just your share!



This winter will you be occasionally exposed to cold for several hours? Must you guard your health carefully? Will your job keep you outdoors? If your answer is "yes" to any of these questions, you'll really need the warm protection of Jockey Longs. Shopping early helps assure you of your supply and helps avoid a distribution problem caused by the manpower shortage. Remember, Jockey Longs have the same patented Y-front construction and firm, unfailing support that you enjoy in all Jockey Underwear. So buy now—but buy only as many pairs as you'll need! Remember the other fellow!

Go Long on War Bonds!



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KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

Why don't you take it, Mommy?

NO WONDER Billy wanted *me* to try a spoonful! That awful-tasting laxative I used to give him was enough to sicken a person. And I didn't discover how upsetting it was until I had taken some, myself!

Some laxatives are too strong!

THEN I SWITCHED to another laxative—one that was supposed to be very mild. But Billy didn't like that one any better—said it was "nasty stuff". And the worst part of it was that the "mild" medicine only stirred up his little tummy, without giving him the relief he needed!

Some laxatives are too mild!

THANK GOODNESS, Billy's gym teacher guessed what his trouble was . . . and told him to tell me about Ex-Lax! I got some for Billy. He just loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to find a laxative that's so effective, yet so gentle. Not too strong, not too mild . . .

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

alive. Only Tweets still fluttered, undismayed, for Tweets' Marine had come back, and had drawn Tweets into a corner by the perambulators, where they were lost in conversation.

There was a leaden sensation in the arches of Bennie's feet, but a more leaden sensation in the vicinity of her heart. The elevator halted to drool out a last passenger, and her heart halted with it, then beat forlornly again. It was not the Knight of Pentagon, it was a nearly-mother. Oh, horror! It was Lady Snarling!

"The bassinet!" Torn by emotions and customers Bennie had forgotten it, of course. "Yes, it's here. In the stockroom. But you shouldn't carry it . . . I mean, wouldn't it be better to Charge Send?"

"I'll pay for it now. I'll take it now. In a taxi." Lady Snarling flung down a bill.

Bennie wrote out a Cash Take with trembling hands. The wrapping girl had departed, so she tied up the bassinet herself, and with interference, since two paratroopers had dropped in, no doubt from the sky, and were claiming her attention over so earthly an object as a baby carriage.

So she took care of them. Their Charge Send followed Lady Snarling's Cash Take into the tube.

"Where's my change?" said Lady Snarling.

One of the paratroopers was having a qualm. "Suppose the carriage is too short! We never measured the baby."

"Men shoppers," Bennie groaned. "You never can make up your minds." Once more she demonstrated the carriages.

While she was working the brake, a carrier came down with a thump. It was blue!

FAR away, trumpets and nightingales began to sing. Bennie raced for the wrapping desk but Lady Snarling was already there.

"That's my change," she snapped, and yanked off the top of the carrier; then she screamed, her voice cutting through the department like a bazooka.

Carrier covers are tight, they open with a jerk. This cover acted like the lid of a jack-in-the-box, and out sprang a dragon; an accordion-pleated Chinese dragon from the department of paper toys.

The paratroopers jumped, the buyer swung around, a clothes dummy was knocked over and fell on its face.

"A-a-a-ah!" screamed Lady Snarling. Then she clutched the counter and said surprisedly, "Ow!"

"Get her out of here," ordered the buyer. "Get her home."

"Get the nurse," shouted Tweets, and ran for the telephone.

"Get her to a hospital!" The paratroopers huddled together.

Bennie looked at Lady Snarling. "It's too late. Get her to bed."

The elevator door opened, and out stepped the Knight of Pentagon.

"The nurse has gone home," shuddered Tweets from the telephone.

"Never mind," cried Bennie, "he'll help. He knows all about babies. He's got some."

"Who, me?" the knight halted. "I'm a bachelor."

"Nonsense. He's got all kinds. Big ones, little ones, girls of three, boys of two. He's got some six months apart."

"Those are the neighbors' . . ."

"He buys slips, vests, stork plates, hot pants. . . ."

The knight shook her. "Listen. Those were errands."

"Errands?"

"I live in Buckingham. It's full of babies. Upstairs, downstairs, across the hall, across the court. I never heard such a racket."

"But . . ."

"I feel sorry for the mothers where the fathers are at war. So I buy things for them, baby things." He stared at Lady Snarling. "What gives here?"

"She's . . . she's finding out there isn't any stork," Bennie said frantically. "Do something. It's all your fault."

"Mine?"

"You scared her. You scared her with that thing you sent down the tube. Don't just pace the floor and crack your knuckles. She's in terrible distress."

"Distress?" The word came rolling to him down the centuries. The brave, beautiful word, the challenge to the heart. He took off his glasses. The click as he snapped shut the case was as the snapping of a visor; the pencil he leveled was the lifting of a lance.

"You two," he pointed to the paratroopers, "carry her into the stockroom. Lay her on something soft. You," to Bennie, "bring a pillow from a crib. And you," he fixed the Marine, "help me. We'll start production."

"Me?" cried the hero of the South Pacific. He recoiled to the bonnet rack. "You've already got three to help."

"We'll need them. Maybe she'll have three. Everything in Washington is filed in triplicate."

"I'm no midwife." The Marine indicated Tweets. "She's getting an ambulance as fast as she can."

"I'm no midwife, either. But I've read it in a book."

"So I read it in a book. Okay, featherweight, it stays in the book."

It was only one punch but it served. Behind it leaped the thwarted power the Knight of Pentagon had hoped to thrust against the Japs, and against the Germans he had meant to slay. It might not have penetrated that granite jaw, but without his glasses the knight missed the jaw and hit the solar plexus. The solar plexus is the center of strategic planning.

The veteran sat down.

He looked at the Knight of Pentagon, wheezed, and unexpectedly began to laugh.

"Why, not bad, chum," he said. "Not bad at all. Next time, watch your footwork. All right, since you feel so tough about it, I'll help."

Things were under control by the time the ambulance arrived. It was a fine baby, and right away he hollered like a stagehand. They put him in his bassinet and carried him off to the hospital, in the ambulance with Lady Snarling.

"I'm sorry I scared her," said the knight, rolling down his shirt sleeves and snapping the elastic bands. The paratroopers helped him on with his coat.

Bennie picked up the paper dragon. "It's sweet," she said. "I'll keep it all my life—and the spider, too. I ate the mouse."

"I'm glad you liked them. They'll be easy to pack."

"Pack!"

"I was going to tell you. I'm transferred. The unit is transferred to New York. I'm out of the Pentagon."

"That's wonderful."

"You'll like New York, won't you?"

"Of course, but . . ."

"I'll show you how you could paint again, and it wouldn't hurt your eyes. You could paint stage scenery."

"Scenery!"

"Sure. When you made coats of arms and maps, everything had to be little; a lion was a flea, a mountain was a tack. But if you paint a stage set, the guy in the back row has to be able to see it. A mountain is a mountain, and a lion is as big as the Pentagon Building."

TWEETS rustled forward. "Break it up," she advised. "We're all going out to celebrate. We're going to do a little private christening. And you!" she rattled her bracelets at the knight admiringly. "How come those pretties in the pneumatic tube? Which one of the cashiers is in your little black book? 'Personal Service,' he says, and it makes with Personal Service the whole eighth floor!"

But Bennie put her finger tips across the knight's mouth. "It wasn't the eighth floor," she explained to Tweets. "They came from farther up than the eighth floor."

"Where?" demanded the paratroopers, taking a professional interest.

"A far country. A fair and magic land."

The Knight of Pentagon knew where it was. "What a place!" he hailed it with enthusiasm. He gave it his accolade, "A production!"

And undoubtedly he was right. For those with ordinary vision behold only the mortal expedient, but the nearsighted and the farsighted can see the things out of this world.

THE END

TOMORROW YOU'LL BE *VIP** ON THESE AIRLINES

- ★ All American Aviation
- ★ American Airlines
- ★ Braniff Airways
- ★ Chicago & Southern Air Lines
- ★ Colonial Airlines
- ★ Continental Air Lines
- ★ Delta Air Corporation
- ★ Eastern Air Lines
- ★ Hawaiian Airlines
- ★ Inland Air Lines
- ★ Mid-Continent Airlines
- ★ Northeast Airlines
- ★ Northwest Airlines
- ★ Pan American Airways
- ★ Pennsylvania-Central Airlines
- ★ Transcontinental & Western Air
- ★ United Air Lines
- ★ Western Air Lines
- ★ A. B. Aerotransport (Sweden)
- ★ Aer Lingus (Ireland)
- ★ Aerovias Braniff, S. A. (Mexico)
- ★ Aerovias de Guatemala, S. A.
- ★ American Airlines of Mexico
- ★ Australian National Airlines
- ★ Avianca (Colombia)
- ★ B O A C (British Overseas Airways)
- ★ Canadian Pacific Airlines
- ★ China National Airways
- ★ Cia. Mexicana de Aviación
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- ★ Cruzeiro do Sul (Brazil)
- ★ Indian National Airways
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- ★ K. N. I. L. M. (Dutch East Indies)
- ★ L. A. P. E. (Spain)
- ★ Panair do Brazil
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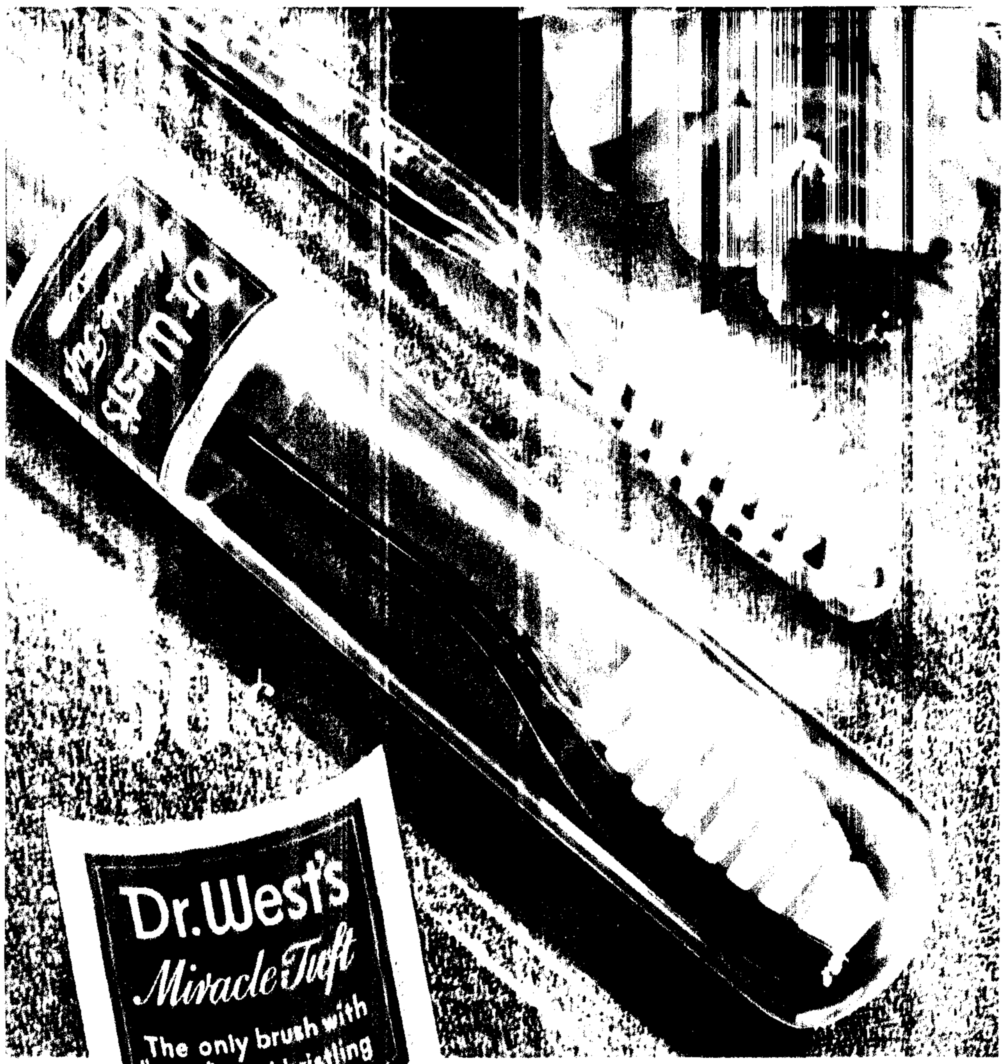

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The smiles that charm are those that sparkle . . . and they depend upon sound dental health! You can brighten *your* smile, better guard *your* health with the *extra protection* of a new Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush. For *only* in Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft do you get the important advantages of waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling—better cleansing, longer life. So, discard that battered brush that does only *half* a job. Get Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft . . . see how refreshing, how satisfying a real tooth cleansing can be!

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"EXTON" brand waterproofed bristling—the ONLY waterproofed anti-soggy bristling. Greater strength. Cleans better.

Try to pull it out! Bristles won't split or break off. Their irregular shape is an important advantage in penetrating crevices.

Double convex shape—Conforms to all surfaces. Reaches the hard-to-get-at places. Handle is streamlined for greater efficiency.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY

Commander Bruce McCandless is awarded the Medal of Honor by Admiral E. J. King

For Spike's Sake!

Continued from page 37

a memorable six-round battle underground with Lieutenant Charles Ledoux, the great little French boxer who then held the European featherweight title.

With the big guns engaged in an artillery duel overhead, Spike and Charley, forgetting their differences in rank and the fact that they were comrades in arms, fought a bloody six-round battle in a dank, dark concrete canteen underground, just behind the front lines at Verdun with cheering poilus and doughboys crowding them for elbow room. Both boxers mopped up some of the cold, muddy seepage with the seat of their trunks before the referee held up their right hands by way of proclaiming the bout a draw.

Selected as coach of the A.E.F. boxing team after the armistice, Spike prepared Gene Tunney, Bob Martin and other good American fighters for their bouts. Then he returned to America, and, in September, 1919, was appointed boxing coach at the U. S. Naval Academy, and that's been his lifework ever since. Spike's pioneering at Annapolis blazed the trail for boxing in American colleges. Most of them have since adopted the sport. Between 1919 and 1941, Annapolis lost 14 boxing meets out of 114. Until 1931, Navy's supremacy in the ring was unchallenged, the Middies being undefeated for eleven years in succession. Spike has coached four American Olympic boxing teams, three of which brought back the championship. Among the outstanding boxers developed on his Olympic squads were Frankie Genaro, and Fidel La Barba, both of whom later held the world's flyweight title; Lou Salica, who became bantamweight champion, and Petey Sarron, who won the featherweight crown.

Devoid of eloquence before a crowd, Spike becomes the most convincing talker in the world when he gets a Navy boxer's ear just before an important bout and sobs out a story of what will happen to the Atlantic Fleet, U. S. Naval supremacy and the Magna Charta if the bloke blows his match.

Even though Spike's boys have won two Congressional Medals of Honor, two Distinguished Service Medals, twelve Navy Crosses, three Legion of Merit Medals, three Distinguished Flying Crosses, two Gold Stars, one Navy and Marine Corps Medal, one Air Medal, three Silver Stars, five Purple Hearts and enough other decorations to plug up the business end of the bass horn in the Annapolis Band, he still thinks of the Navy boxing heroes in terms of left hooks, good footwork and right crosses, rather than ships sunk or planes downed by them.

The name of Lieutenant John J. Powers, posthumous winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, was mentioned to Spike. Johnny, in his Navy fighter, helped sink two Jap carriers, damaged another, sent a gunboat to the bottom, crippled another, and beached a 20,000-ton transport in the Battle of the Coral Sea before his crippled plane was seen to disappear into the Pacific. The President singled out Lieutenant Powers for a citation in his radio address to the nation on September 7, 1942.

"There was a fighter after my own heart," was Spike's comment. "Skinny, but could hit like a sixteen-inch shell! Jimmie Johnston, the fight manager, was his uncle and asked me to look after the kid. When I spoke to Johnny about it, he liked to take my block off—and me the coach, mind you! He just let me know bluntly he didn't want favors from anybody."

A bystander remarked that Lieutenant Powers comes close to being the Navy's No. 1 hero of the war to date.

"He's more than that," asserted Spike vehemently. "He's the best middleweight I ever had at Annapolis." Spike's cerulean optics were focused on an object that might have been in another world, so far away was the look on his face. Startled out of his reverie, he apologized, "It's that rope hangin' from the ceiling of the gym there. Every time I look at it, I get to thinkin' how close it came to robbing us of the second best heavyweight we ever had at the Academy. Ever heard of 'Moon' Chapple?"

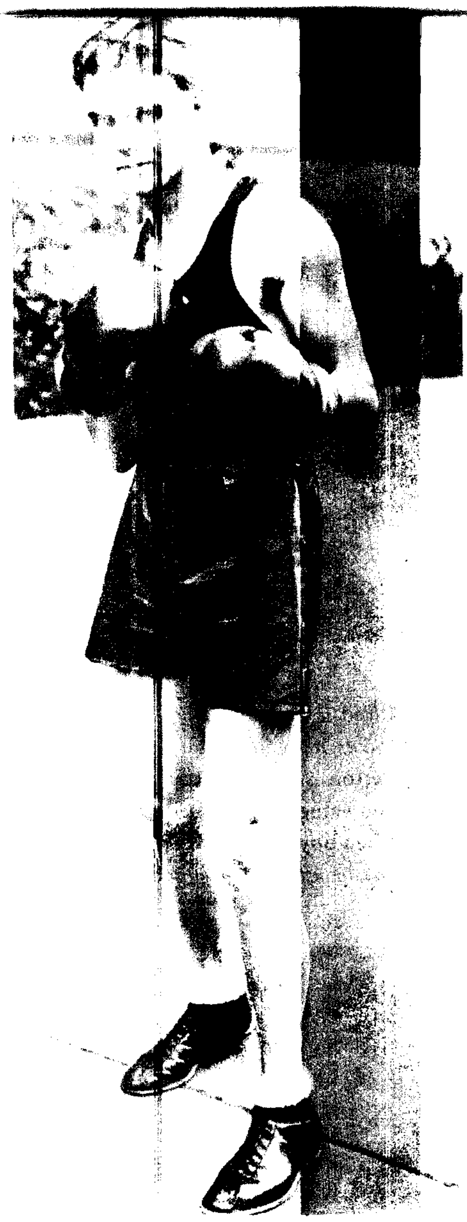
The Man Everybody Knows

That question, of course, was asked for rhetorical effect. Everyone in America has heard of Chapple either by his Academy nickname "Moon" or his official title, Commander Wreford Goss Chapple. Two-time winner of the Navy Cross for sinking Japanese shipping of telephone-number tonnage with his submarine, Moon is one of the nation's current pin-up boys.

"Yep, he almost hung his boxing career on that very rope," said Spike, reminiscing. "You know, every midshipman must climb that hunk of hemp, hand over hand, twenty feet to the ceiling, from a crouching start or he's out. Chapple's no skinnymarink, you know. Stands a good six feet two and weighs two-ten. But there's the rub, as Longfellow said. The heavier a guy is, the harder the rope trick is for him. The skinny guys eat it up because, like those Japanese victory claims, they don't carry much weight. It's the guys with the beef that fall down on this one.

"The first time Moon tried it—this was back in January, 1929, when Admiral Halsey, then a captain, was the faculty boxing representative—he got to within two feet of the top, then slid down and burned the palms right off'n his hands. It hurt me and Captain Halsey more than it did Moon, though, because we were countin' on using him in a meet with M.I.T. the next day.

"Anyone else but Moon would have taken a month's rest and let his rope burns heal before tackling it again, but not Chapple. Just seven days later he was back, this time with



Commander Jimmie Dempsey was a bantam; now he's a submarine skipper

Lt. Comm. Slade Cutter is another of Spike's boys now a hero on submarines

half the Academy packed into the gym to root him in. Up he went, this time slowly, like Old Glory at a ball-park flag-raising. You've often seen the flag stuck up near the top because the ropes get all twisted and have to be unsnarled? Well, that was the way Moon looked. He came to a dead stop at the very point where he was stymied before, and you could have heard a flake of dandruff drop. When Moon started to quiver again like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake, we didn't have the heart to look up and see which way he was moving. Then we heard a thud as Moon banged against the rafter with his right hand and we knew he'd done it! And just to think, we might have missed his services on the boxing team that year when we had no other good heavyweights."

Another Annapolis heavyweight who has been landing heavy blows to the Japs' midsection from a submarine is Lieutenant Commander Slade Cutter, winner of the Silver Star Medal.

"To think a great heavyweight like Slade is wasted on them puny Japs when he could be making a million as a professional fighter," sighs Spike. "He knocked out Fred Cramer of the Virginia team in thirty-eight seconds and kicked the field goal that gave us a 3-0 victory over Army in 1934." When Spike says "us" he means the Navy football team. He didn't play on it, but, for that matter, neither did Tecumseh.

Navy Juniors Learn the Manly Art

One of Spike's pet projects at Annapolis, the Navy Junior Boxing Class, is a familiar subject to all rotogravure-section readers and newsreel fans. Annually, the young sons of Navy officers put on the gloves and stage a show for Annapolis society. It seemed like exhibitionism until it produced a Congressional Medal of Honor winner not long ago. He's Commander Bruce McCandless, the young officer, who, though badly wounded, took over command of Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callahan's task force off Guadalcanal one night when a Jap shell blew away the bridge of the cruiser San Francisco and sent Admiral Callahan and Captain Cassin Young into eternity, with all the senior officers.

Young McCandless, regaining consciousness after the shell hit, realized he was now the senior officer and with the resourcefulness he had first developed in Spike's Junior Boxing Class when his dad, Commodore Byron McCandless, was athletic officer at Annapolis, he barked out orders that led to the sinking of one Jap battleship and the routing of the rest of the task force.

"I could never make Bruce hold his left high enough," sighed Spike.

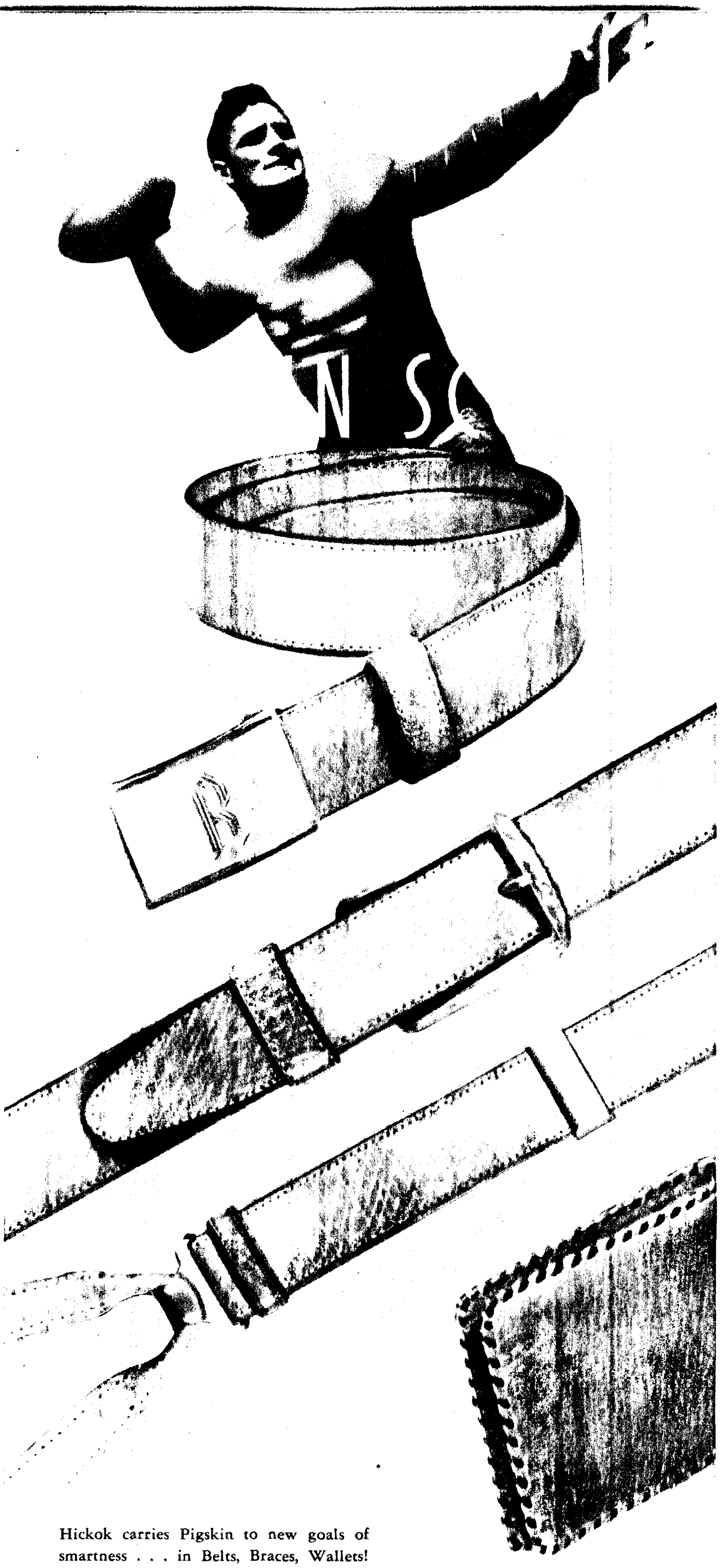
To Spike, Commander Jimmie Dempsey isn't the daring skipper whose feats with an antiquated 800-ton submarine won him the Navy Cross and Gold Star. He's still the crack bantamweight who was called "Little Jack Dempsey" in his boxing days because of the wallop he packed.

Then there is Commander Jim Flatley, winner of the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, for shooting down Jap planes and strafing Jap shipping. To the rest of the country he's a hero, but in Spike's book he's still a featherweight who punches accurately with either hand.

The list seems interminable as Spike rattles it off—Lieutenant Commander Gus Lentz, a heavyweight, who went down with the Wasp; Captain Edgar A. "Bat" Cruise, a cruiser-weight, who won the Navy Cross at Guadalcanal; Lieutenant Commander Roger Woodhull, who managed the Navy boxing team in 1937 and managed to help sink a Jap carrier and eight other enemy ships at Tulagi; Lieutenant Commander Richard S. Bull, a good heavyweight at the Academy, who lost his life in the Coral Sea; Lieutenant Commander Jack Blitch, the 1933 boxing captain, who won the D.F.C. for leading his bombing squadron on operations against the Marshalls, and dozens of others.

Among them, they've acquired enough decorations to sink many more Jap warships by sheer weight. They want to lay them at the bunion-encrusted feet of good old Spike Webb, so that the old impostor Tecumseh won't beat him out as a collector of tributes.

THE END



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G.I. Divorce Dangers

Continued from page 13

state where one of our soldiers obtained his freedom *pro tem* discloses the pattern of a typical service divorce. Take the case of the girl who didn't know she was divorced. Her husband's action, like most doughboy divorces, was undefended and won by default. (Nevada's records, for instance, show that 50 per cent of that state's divorces are decided in this manner.) Either as a result of his military training or the romantic impact of the cute hash-slinger in the diner just outside the portals of his military encampment, he has apparently suffered an attack of amnesia. He just can't remember his wife's Brooklyn address, or the last time he heard from her and or his children, and the summons must be served by publication.

Service by publication is the court's way of giving the wife in Brooklyn "fair" warning that Johnny is starting a divorce, so she can come before the court and defend. Service by publication is a little two-by-two-inch notice in the Cherokee Gazette or whatever newspaper is in the area where the soldier is stationed. Usually, though, the first notice that the wife receives will arrive when the War Department, Office of Dependency Benefits, in answer to her frantic inquiry, advises that, "Family allowance has been discontinued. Reason: soldier divorced." The Office of Dependency Benefits sends out hundreds of such notices a year.

There may be any number of reasons why the soldier decides to get a divorce. One is a new, fast-growing racket. F. A. fever, or the quest for a family allowance, has made the newly-inducted or about-to-be-inducted youngster fair game for small-scale fortune huntresses. Thousands, with more youth than foresight, on the eve of induction or home on furlough, have been talked or drunk into hasty marriages.

The most avid huntress is often a divorcee or a woman with children. These mothers have learned that under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act their children from previous unions become stepchildren of the serviceman upon marriage and eligible for an allowance from the brand-new stepdaddy. For a huntress with three children, $120 per month, tax free, may seem big game. Actually, a particularly ambitious young huntress married not one but thirteen servicemen and filed for a family allowance from each—without benefit of a single divorce.

With wisdom born of advancing age or increasing sobriety, our young, impulsive soldier has a rude awakening and a divorce dilemma. Getting a divorce in his home state, he discovers, is much more difficult than getting married.

While all states agree that marriage is the backbone of the nation and impose almost identical prerequisites, they can't seem to agree on grounds for divorce. None are permitted in South Carolina. Washington, on the other hand, recognizes twenty-seven separate grounds. Other states range all the way between the two extremes, New York recognizing only adultery, and Arizona twenty-six grounds, including abandonment, public defamation, willful neglect, violent temper or behavior, drunkenness, cruelty, or the refusal of a wife to move to a new residence.

Court costs in divorce actions vary almost as widely as do grounds for the divorce. Exclusive of attorney fees, they range from $2 in Minnesota to more than $240 in certain parts of Pennsylvania.

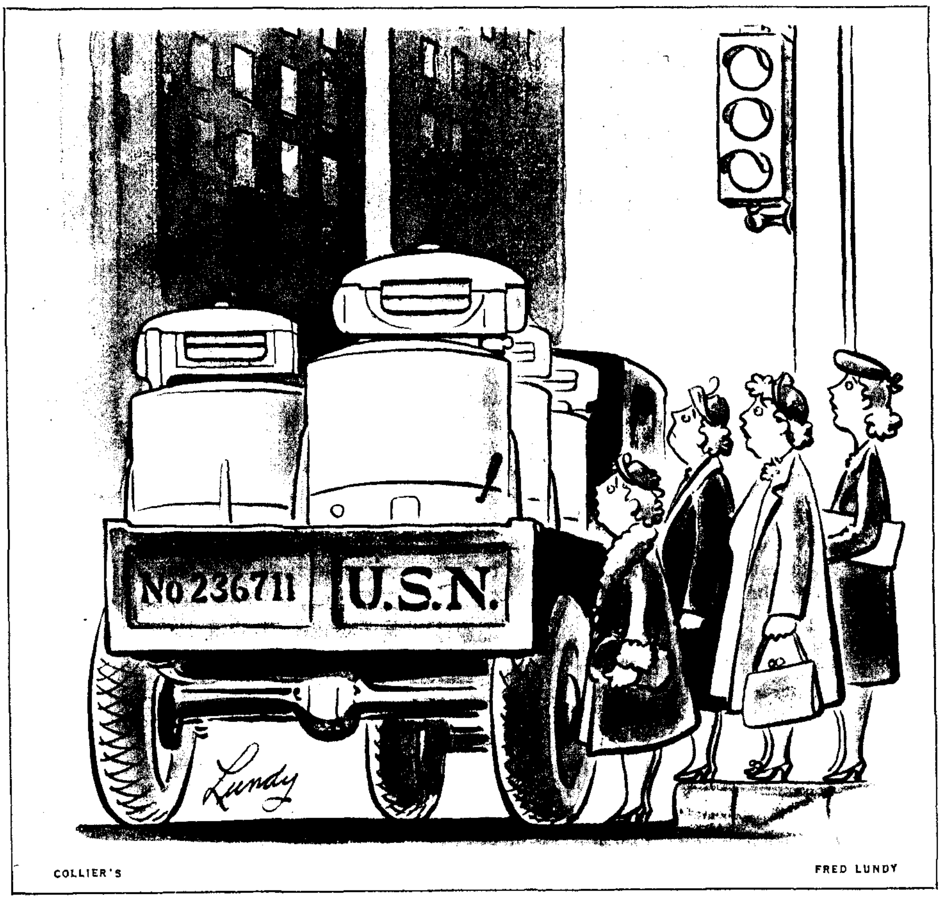
Bargains in Legal Aid

But for the soldier, even lawyers' fees are now cut-rate. Many attorneys throughout the country, with purely unselfish motives, unwittingly encourage the moneyless serviceman seeking divorce. As a patriotic gesture, many members of the American Bar Association, through the Army's Legal Assistance offices, primarily concerned with keeping up soldier morale, have agreed to render free legal services to the Armed Forces in matters arising from their military service.

Where the facts seem to warrant—and of course, the Legal Assistance officer and the attorney hear only one side of the controversy—this free service may be extended to marital matters. In some states, attorneys will handle a soldier's divorce for fifty per cent of the normal fee, with occasional fees as low as $10. Other states have fixed their maximum soldier divorce fee at $50.

When Uncle Sam breaks tottering home ties and moves the soldier to an easy, cheap divorce state, and divorce becomes desirable, the consequences may seem unimportant to him at the time. But the consequences are going to be innumerable marital mix-ups and legal headaches when he comes marching home.

Such "foreign" divorces (those brought in states other than the true legal residence of the parties) will be the cause of will contests, disinheritances and confused property rights.



COLLIER'S FRED LUNDY

Alfred is an ad man—
Knows it's wise to buy the best.
Merton is a merchant—
Puts value to the test.
When buying *socks*, they both agree—
"*Westminsters* are the socks for me!"

Robert's on the radio
Announcing for your pleasure.
He wears tweeds and casual clothes
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This tip from Bob is worth your while—
Westminster Socks have fit and style.

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Women who remarry following such divorces may (like one young lady who took her case to an appellate court) find themselves in the absurd position of possessing two husbands but no dower rights in either estate in the event of their deaths. Results may be tragic. Children born of apparently legal unions may acquire the stigma of illegitimacy. Take, for example, an actual case:

Margaret and Richard lived in the District of Columbia. She left him to live with an attorney. Acting on the advice of this attorney, Margaret went across the line to Virginia and obtained a divorce. She and the attorney were married but some years later she sued him for a divorce. He, being a clever fellow, brought countersuit for an annulment on the theory that the Virginia divorce had been invalid.

Richard, in the meantime, remarried and had two innocent children certain to be affected by the ruling, since if Margaret's second marriage was void, so was his.

The court was concerned for the sake of Richard's children but could not sidestep the fact that Margaret had not been a true resident of Virginia. The Virginia court, therefore, was without jurisdiction or power to grant a valid divorce. Consequently, the ensuing marriages were void. On appeal, the decision was upheld on the jurisdictional ground.

Some states, recognizing the normal difficulty for a soldier to acquire a domicile, have passed laws designed to help or encourage servicemen to get divorces. Georgia has a statute permitting any servicemen within the state for twelve months to bring a divorce action. The home state may recognize the permission but not the divorce decree. Besides, twelve months is a long time to wait, and some doughboys have resorted to false affidavits as to the length of their time in the state in order to speed justice and shed an unwanted mate. Some divorces obtained by this fraudulent device have already been set aside.

Still more flagrant cases have been reported in Arkansas. Soldiers stationed across the border in Tennessee have spent five dollars to have their names listed in an Arkansas city directory. After the listing has been carried for two months, which is the state's residence requirement, the divorce action is started. Certainly few such divorces will stand up under judicial probing.

After demobilization, most of the boys in service are sure to make a beeline back to their homes, friends, jobs or businesses. Very few, if any, who obtained divorces will return to the states which granted their divorces. This will tend to prove that the divorce residence was not bona fide and the divorce, therefore, invalid.

Despite the highly debatable validity of these divorce decrees, many soldiers who got them have parlayed a quick second marriage. In many cases children born of these second marriages will be the innocent victims of marital problems similar to the case of Margaret and Richard.

Some few servicemen have acquired new domiciles and valid divorces. A California decision was based on the following facts to prove the soldier's true intent to remain: an application to the State Medical Board for a license to practice; conferences with other physicians looking to the future formation of a partnership; repeated declarations, verbal and written, of an intent to remain; and registration to vote.

An Ohio court also held true domicile acquired when the soldier purchased property within the state, established a home there and continued to maintain the home after he was ordered to another state.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court appeared at first glance to eliminate all doubts as to the validity of "foreign" divorces. The decision resulted from an effort of North Carolina to prosecute a defendant for bigamy. He had married after a Reno divorce, and the second marriage would be bigamous only if the Nevada decree were invalid. The Supreme Court held that the prosecuting state "was bound to give full faith and credit to a decree of a court of the State of Nevada granting to a person domiciled in that state a divorce from his absent spouse."

The Question of Domicile

This decision momentarily relieved many a worried divorcee and undoubtedly induced many a doughboy to gamble on a comparatively painless unhitching. Very quickly, however, several state courts served notice that they considered the important words in the decision, "a person domiciled in that state." These seemingly innocuous words tossed the whole divorce dilemma right back into its age-old uncertainty.

True residence of the parties remains the basic question, and the much publicized divorce battle between Mr. and Mrs. (the former Doris Duke) James H. R. Cromwell shows that courts of different states may not see eye to eye on this all-important question of domicile.

California, New York, Washington and West Virginia have already declared certain servicemen's divorces void.

Few of the many divorces have yet been subjected to court attack. Often the wife, when she discovers she has been made the unwilling recipient of a quickie divorce, finds that the soldier is out of reach or just hasn't the funds to hire a lawyer in the distant state. When Johnny comes home he may find the girl he left behind waiting with a welcoming gift in the form of a court summons, and despite foreign victory, he's sure to be the loser in his domestic battle—if two "wives" claim him in court.

THE END

Any Week

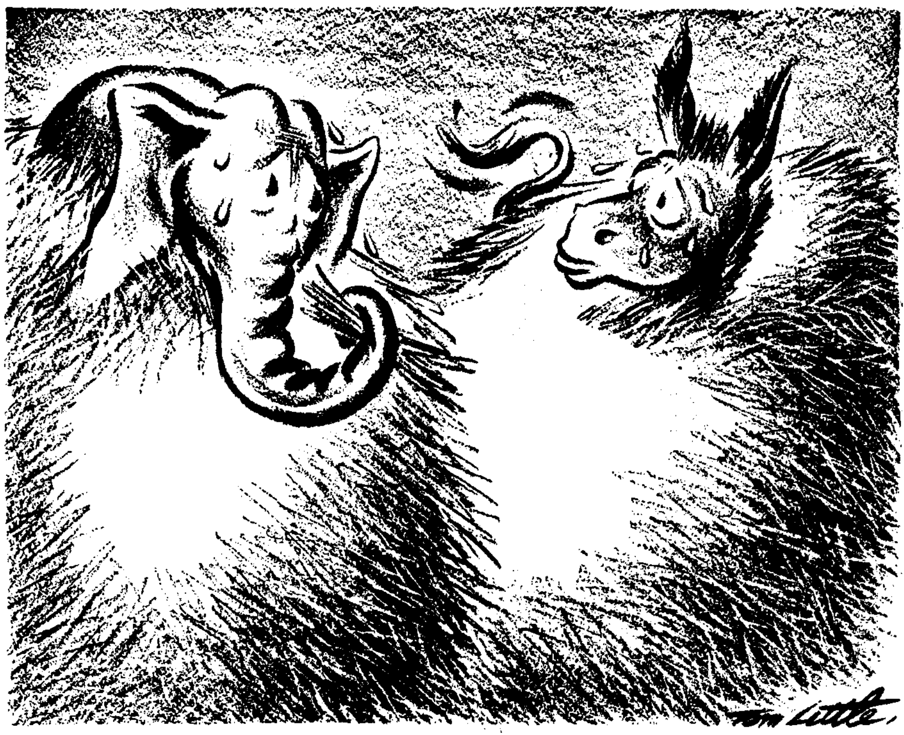
Continued from page 4

you what they really are. We know three of them personally, the ——.

WITH becoming diffidence we report that we've been in a saloon. It was Connolly's Saloon on Third Avenue, New York City, and over the bar there is a sign saying that ladies will not be served at the bar. While we were having our beer and cheese on rye, three colored citizens came in, accompanied by three colored girls. The large Tipperary barkeep addressed the latter: "Do you see that?" pointing to the sign. They read, replied, "Yessir," and departed. Then said the barkeep to the men, "Now what is it you'll have, gents?" And all was serene and democratic as usual in Connolly's.

ALL this talk about jet propulsion bores Mr. Laurence M. Smith of Los Angeles, California. Away back in the middle twenties, while this country was being purified by the late eighteenth amendment, the cellar and attic of Mr. Smith's house produced buzz bombs that are still remembered by the entire community. "Although," says he, "the rockets frequently exploded prematurely, many raced and twisted from wall to wall beyond control. Had I reduced the size of the vents, I might have developed a long-range projectile. The projectiles were glass, and the propellant a certain formula of water, sugar and malt with a few raisins thrown in to lend zest. The charge was known as Volsteadite. Remember?"

OTHERWISE, we're doing as well as the next, except that in a recent issue someone wrote in this magazine that a lady in Philadelphia was hit by a "tossed brick." With mild but righteous indignation, Mr. W. K. Harmon of Brookings, Oregon, remonstrates. Mr. Harmon assumes, and quite correctly, that the incident came in the course of public argument. No brick, says he, so introduced into combat is ever tossed. It is heaved, thrown or even trun. So employed, a brick is known as a dornick. Of course, Mr. Harmon is right. Many the time in our youth . . . But never mind. . . . W. D.



That ain't hay

• In the parlance of pollsters and politicians, each stalk of the stuff you see strewn about the opponents above represents a prospective *vote*.

• How many for which man, we don't know. Maybe the "yea" straws for one side are way ahead of the others. Maybe they're just about evenly matched.

• This much we *do* know, however. When Election Day rolls around, actual *figures* . . . not ephemeral straws—will determine the results.

• Americans, in deciding an issue, prefer to conduct their affairs that way. Their regard for sound, impartial figures is reflected in their *business* dealings, too.

• And their desire to have those figures in the least time, at the lowest cost, is reflected in their constant and increasing use of Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods.

• The Comptometer, made only by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Illinois, is sold exclusively by the Comptometer Company.

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ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES and METHODS

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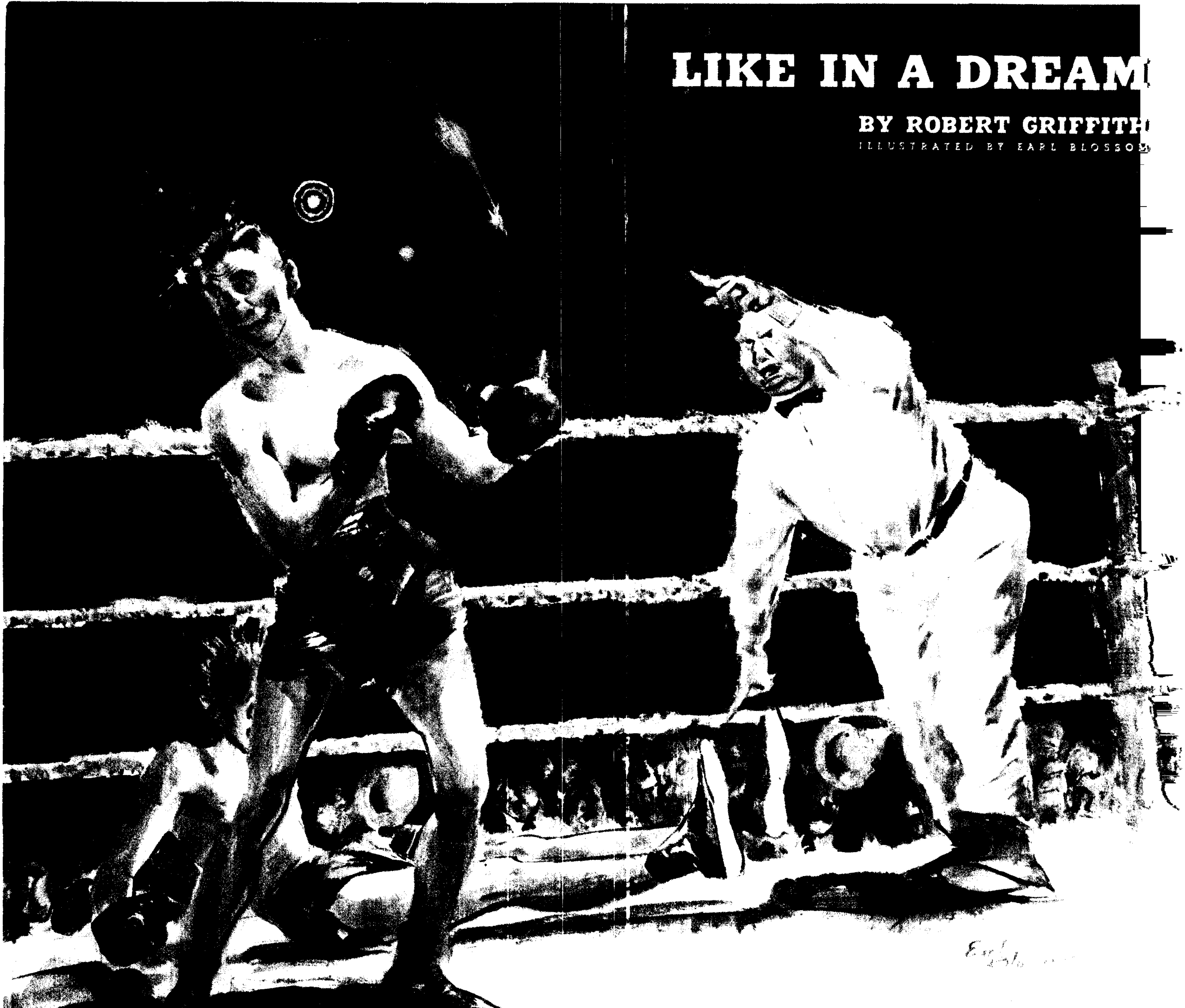
LIKE IN A DREAM

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The ring was pitching and the crowd was whirling like a merry-go-round. Eddie threw another one and Joe sat on the floor. "Well, I'll be darned," the referee gasped

Some men fight for money, some men fight for fame, but when Eddie went in there against tough Joe Tulip he thought he was Sir Galahad

EDDIE walked through the small lobby and went up the stairs and down the uncarpeted hallway to 108. He paused when he heard George and Alice talking. George was big and fat; his voice was usually easy but now it sounded sharp and nervous. "All right," he was saying; "all right, dear."

"I'm so sick of Florida," Alice said, "I could walk home."

"We'll go home, after, dear."

"People insulting you right in the papers."

"Wait'll I see him," George said, sounding mad.

"Living in this lousy hotel room. Like a darn' gypsy." Alice's voice changed suddenly. "George," she said, *"what are we going to do?"*

"Please, dear," George said, "don't get crying again."

Eddie knocked, and George said, "Come in, kid, come in. Family argument."

Alice was fixing the breakfast dishes on the trunk, when Eddie opened the door. She smiled and dabbed at her eyes and said, "Eddie, did you see the paper yet?"

George's fat face got red. He reached hastily for the paper, as if to hide it; then he pushed it over to Eddie, and put the doughnut box on top of it. "Pitch in, kid," he said. Eddie knew that George had eaten two doughnuts and Alice, one; there were three left. "Alice," George said, "pour Eddie's coffee."

Eddie watched Alice as she lifted the bright little pan to fill his cup. The sun had made Alice very tan and platinum blond. She showed up well in light-blue sweater and slacks, Eddie thought, but it was plain that she had put on weight since coming south. They had lived pretty high, before George's main-bout fighter had left him cold. Eddie said, "What's in the paper?" and George's face began to look as it did when he was having one of his gas spells. "That Gallant," he said. "Insulting people."

EDDIE saw George's name beginning the daily column of Tom Gallant, and he started to read, frowning as he followed the lines with a slow forefinger: "Fat George Coon won't have to go back to cooking, after all. Not if he can get away with matching 17-year-old Eddie Povich to sub against smart Joe Tulip Friday night. Povich is the clumsy one who accidentally squiffed Kid Miff in last week's semi . . . We're about fed up with these fly-by-night characters who come south to loaf through the winter, they and their lush babes, supported by kids who ought to be home in school."

Eddie looked up at Alice. Her face flushed, and she said, "Oh, isn't that awful? Lush!" And then, quickly, "Eddie, wouldn't you just as soon fight Joe Tulip?"

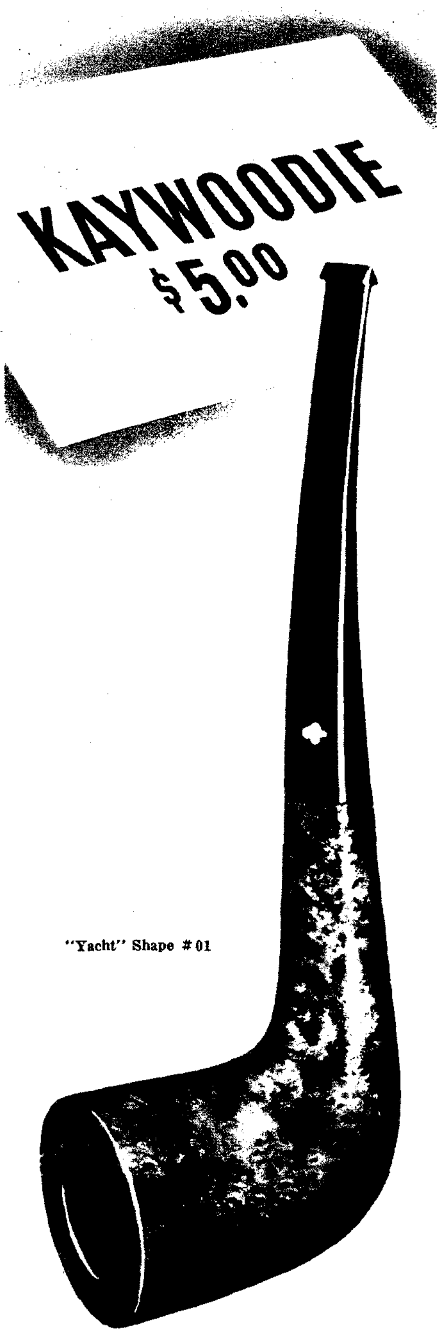
"Me?" Eddie said, looking hard at the paper. Me in there with Joe Tulip, he thought. He felt himself for an instant facing the brown, slender, seriously smiling Joe Tulip, walking out to meet him. He could even feel the gritty canvas through the holes in his boxing shoes, and he was seized with the cramped awkwardness that always bothered him, the slow labor of getting over his haymaker and the empty anguish when it didn't land; getting hit and missing and getting hit again and again.

"George," he said, "you want I should fight Joe Tulip?"

"All it *was,*" George said uneasily, avoiding Alice's eye, "Pop White asked me would you fight, and I said I'd *see.* Practically same as saying no."

Alice sat down abruptly. "I'm going home, if I got to earn the carfare myself." Her eyes were angry, and her lower lip drooped "I guess I could earn it quick enough," she said, looking at George in a funny way.

George's mouth turned down, and his eyes looked gassy. He got up and took his hat from the bureau. "You want to come with



The Flavor of Home

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War Bonds come first

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

me?" he said to Eddie. "I'm going to find Tom Gallant, and I'm going to slap his dirty mouth."

Alice was crying. "I wanted to go before, when we had money," she said, "and you said no."

Eddie walked downstairs with George. They went out, and the hot sun hit them.

Before they had walked a block, sweat was standing out on George's face. He glanced upward and sighed. "Poor Alice," he said. He fished a handful of change from his pocket and studied it. "How about a beer?"

They walked into the cool and pleasant-smelling place, and Pop White, the matchmaker, peering from a curtained booth, beckoned and called, "George, Eddie—come on over." He was a kindly old man, but ill-fitting teeth gave him a sly look.

Eddie and George walked over. George was smiling till he saw the untidy little man who sat with Pop.

Tom Gallant's eyes were sharp and malicious behind nose glasses. He held up one hand, squinting, like an artist sighting with a pencil. "For a second there," he said, "you reminded me of P. T. Barnum. Or maybe it was something Barnum ate."

George scowled and said sternly, "That was a nice thing—what you wrote in the paper about me."

Old Pop clicked his teeth fretfully. "Tom," he said, "this here is Eddie Povich. He's a good boy."

"P. T. Barnum," Gallant said, eying Eddie, "and the boy with two left feet. What grade are you in, son?"

"What I want from you," George said, trying to look mad, "is a apology, or I'll slap your damn' face."

Gallant's brows went up. "Now, now," he said. "I didn't mean to be unkind. Just nasty."

GEORGE sat down beside Pop, and a waiter came to take away the glasses. "Four more," Pop said. "Tom, I wish you'd appreciate my position. I gotta get *somebody* to fight Joe Tulip or go in the hole."

"It just happens," George said, glowering at Tom Gallant, "that girl happens to be my wife."

"Congratulations!" Gallant said sarcastically.

Pop cleared his throat. "Now, about the fight," he said, smiling anxiously at Eddie. "You willing to take a chance, make something of yourselves, you and George here?"

Eddie looked at George.

Tom Gallant snorted and stood up. "Boy," he said, "you got no business in there with Joe Tulip."

Pop looked annoyed.

George put on his tough face, squinting up at Gallant. "I'm waiting for that apology," he said.

Gallant laughed sourly. "I apologize," he said, bowing, "for fouling good paper with your fat name."

George's eyes popped, the gassy look growing in them; he opened his mouth to say something, but Gallant turned and walked away.

"About the fight now, George," Pop said, clicking nervously.

George's face was mottled, and he was patting his stomach in distress. "I'm sure," he said, giving Eddie a hurt look, "I wouldn't force anybody to fight anybody's going to kill them."

"Oh," Eddie said, feeling very sorry for George, "I just as soon fight him, George."

George belched. Relief flooded his face, and Eddie was glad he had said it.

Pop White clicked his teeth and said, "Good boy! You'll do good, too. Why, really, it's a big break for the both of you. I mean that."

"Sure," Eddie said. But again he felt himself in the ring, clumsy and impotent, walking out to take a beating from Joe Tulip, and he could not return George's smile.

Eddie and George came into the room, and Alice turned, nodding proudly toward the trunk, where three places were set.

"Salmon," she said gaily. "Salad and rolls *and* ice tea."

"Wonderful," George said, beaming. Eddie could tell which place was his, because Alice always gave him the biggest serving.

"Wonderful, dear," George said; and then, putting on his smart face, "Well, I saw him, and I told him."

"I knew you would, dear," Alice said, giving George her proud look.

"You should've seen his face," George said. "It turned all the color of a rainbow." Eddie nodded, Alice smiled, and George glowed righteously. The pay phone down the hall, which George used for business, rang loud and long. "Prob'ly old Pop," George said, and he hurried out.

Alice smiled at Eddie. She was wearing the bright red dress that George liked, and she seemed happy and excited. Nobody had said anything about the fight, but Eddie was sure that Alice knew.

"You start eating, Eddie," she said.

EDDIE was embarrassed at being alone with Alice. He had always suspected that she didn't really like him, and now he was disturbed by the excitement in her manner. "Eddie," she said suddenly, looking straight into his eyes, "you'd just as soon fight Joe Tulip, wouldn't you, Eddie?"

"Sure," Eddie said. But he knew again the feeling of walking out to meet Joe Tulip, and he couldn't say it as if he meant it.

"I wouldn't want you to fight," Alice said, not smiling now, "if I wasn't sure you'd just as soon. And George wouldn't."

Eddie ducked away from Alice's eyes, and she laughed. She reached across the trunk, put her fingers under his chin and lifted his face upward. "Oh, you dumb kid!" she said. She placed her hands lightly on his shoulders and kissed him on the mouth.

Eddie was so surprised that he just sat there; for an instant it was just as if he had run into somebody's right-hand swing, one he hadn't seen coming. But then he was overcome with a wonderful feeling of warmth and elation. He had been troubled in mind, but now everything changed, and he was happy. It is just like in a dream, he thought.

George came in, smiling in his old fat and confident way. "Ha-ha to sourpuss Gallant," he said. "That was old Pop. Two hundred bucks—a hundred in advance. How's that, baby?"

Alice clapped her hands and cried, "Oh, George!" She put her arms around George and kissed him, and George was pleased. He took his place at the head of the trunk. "Now," he said to Alice, "was they anything to worry about, dear?" He chucked her under the chin and winked at Eddie. "Tonight," he said, "we go some place and eat in class."

Then he stopped smiling and looked very serious. "Just one thing I want to be sure about, or I'll call the whole thing off," he said. "Eddie, you sure you can go okay with Joe Tulip?"

Eddie hesitated. Once more, he was in the ring, walking out to meet Joe Tulip, peering up into the serious, smiling, watchful face, dropping his right hand to throw the haymaker that always missed. But this time was different; he was still filled with the warmth of Alice's kiss and, miraculously, the clumsiness fell away and he was as smooth and easy as could be, stepping in and smacking Joe Tulip with a smart left hook, letting the right sail after it and feeling it sock solidly into Joe Tulip's chin. "Oh," Eddie said, "don't worry about me, George."

Alice's face had grown thoughtful. "When you get the advance," she said, "you hand it over to me, George. The way *you* throw money around."

George winked at Eddie. "Treasurer of the firm," he said.

EDDIE sat in his dressing room, bandaging his hands under the respectful scrutiny of half a dozen fight fans. He had finished, the fans were exchanging satisfied glances, when George came beaming mysteriously into the room with a box under his arm.

"Boys," George said, "go out and lay your life savings on my umbay." He opened the box and tossed it to Eddie.

Eddie blinked and picked up one of the cheap, new boxing shoes. He hastily removed the right shoe that he was wearing, the old one with the big hole stuffed with

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MOUTH WASH

Training and Teamwork Brought us Back

BACK IN THE U. S. A. ***Left to right:*** **Major Crosson, Captain Grant, Sgt. McCaskey, Sgt. Johnson. When this picture was made, Sgt. Steslow was an Aviation Cadet, in pilot training.**

by Capt. Charles S. Grant

As Navigator of the B-26 bomber, *So Sorry*, Capt. Grant flew 37 combat-missions in the Southwest Pacific theater. Here is the Captain's story of his most unforgettable flight.

THE *So Sorry* was dishing it out that morning over the New Guinea coast. Six or eight Zeros had jumped the formation, and our gunners—Sgts. Lawrence Steslow, Melvin McCaskey and Andrew Johnson—were strictly "on the ball."

Johnson in the top-turret, Steslow firing from the tail, and McCaskey manning both guns in the waist had cleared the air of enemy fighters as our pilot, Maj. Gerald Crosson (then a Capt.) swung in over our objective at 8,000 for a long, steady bombing run. A few flak bursts blossomed around us—but we ignored them. We wanted to be sure that we drew a good bead on our target.

The bombardier's eye was glued to his sight. He had the Nip air-strip caught square in the crosshairs, and was all set to lay his eggs in there . . .

And then the whole sky caved in on us! A terrific shock hit the plane—as a 75 mm. ack-ack shell tore through the bomb-bay doors, three feet from my head, and burst backward.

I had a sensation of overpowering heat . . . and the entire compartment around me was one great swirling ball of angry red and yellow flame.

The blast picked the *So Sorry* up and stood her on one wing. Her bomb-bays became a shower bath of oil and hydraulic fluid. The bombs jammed in their racks. The elevator controls were severed and the rudder and ailerons partially fouled.

It looked like we'd spin right into that ack-ack battery. But with the stick limp and useless in his hands, Major Crosson managed to pull us out with the trim-tabs! It was the finest piece of flying I have ever seen.

The nearest spot for a landing was back of the Allied lines, 200 miles south. But before we had gone a third of the way, we ran into typical New Guinea weather. Every landmark suddenly "socked in." We limped along on dead reckoning.

Now a navigator has to say to himself: "You're right!"—and believe it. And when you're as scared as I was that day, you sweat out even the simplest calculations. I didn't take any part of the ride "with my feet on the desk."

When my charts said we should be over our base, we ducked cautiously down through the fog and driving rain. Sure enough, there was a landing strip . . . and bouncing along beside it, an American Jeep. We knew we were home.

Major Crosson cut the engines, feathered his props and brought us in with our wheels up, our flaps down, our bomb-bay doors wide open and our bombs still hanging crazily in their racks. We hit hard—slid 400 yards—and buried me under an avalanche of dirt scooped up through the open doors.

I dug myself out and looked around—at the men whose courage and skill and training had brought this airplane back when it should have been at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

And, looking at them, I knew why *nothing* will ever stop the AAF. I knew what the General meant when he called it "the greatest team in the world."

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paper, and thrust his foot into the new one. "It fits good," he said, pleased, looking up at George.

"Okay," George said, trying to hide his own pleasure by putting on a businesslike face. "Lace 'em up and move around a little. The semi's on now."

Eddie laced the new shoes and stood up. And stronger than ever he felt the sensation of going out to meet Joe Tulip and being easy and smooth; he did not walk this time but danced swiftly.

Derby Keller, Joe Tulip's manager, stood in the hallway, eying Eddie. "So you come," he said. He was an irritable-looking man with a trick mustache. George winked at Eddie and said, "Maybe I better go up and remove them horseshoes out of your boy's gloves, Derby."

Derby Keller's mustache twitched. "I can tell you now," he said, "it ain't any use crying to that Joe. He wouldn't carry his own old lady."

George's face got red and he said, "Who wants anybody to carry anybody?" Derby Keller spat on the floor and moved away.

Later, George went upstairs to get a look at the semifinal, and Eddie, bundled in his robe, sat quietly waiting, thinking of the fight. Tom Gallant, looking funny in a wide and flat tweed cap, stuck his head into the room and said, "Where's P. T. Barnum gone? There's a lady looking for him."

"Lady?" Eddie said, standing up. Gallant smirked and his hands described curves. "It must be Alice," Eddie said.

"Alice?" Gallant said. "With tears in her eyes and yards of railroad ticket in her hands?"

Eddie was startled; he went out into the hall. Gallant said, "You better go find him, yourself. When he sees me he gets upset and starts belching." Eddie started down past the staring fans that lined the hallway. "And, hell," Gallant said, "that's no way to say goodby to a lady, belching."

There was a bare little room just off the rear entrance, and Alice was waiting there in the dim yellow light of the single bulb. Eddie stopped and stared without speaking, for Alice was crying; she was wearing the black suit that she used for traveling; and she had long strips of green ticket in her gloved hands. Eddie said soberly, "I'll go get George for you, Alice."

But George himself pushed Eddie aside and stood in the doorway, looking at Alice, with his fat face blank in bewilderment. Alice tried to smile, but her lips were trembling. "I used all the money for tickets," she said.

"Tickets?" George said.

Alice started to cry again. "I wanted to go home before, but you kept saying *after, after!*" She thrust one ticket into her handbag and held the other in her hands, as if to tear it in two. Her eyes were wide and desperate, and she said, "Are you coming, George, now?—Because if you're not, I'll tear this ticket in a million pieces. I will! And you'll never see me again, George."

"Alice, Alice!" George said. His lips quivered. "Don't talk like that, dear."

"I'm not going back to that lousy room," Alice sobbed. "You'll want me to stay, like you did before. Even if he gets knocked out. —And he will! You said he would!"

Pop White came running down the hall. "George! George!" he was calling. "Eddie!"

EDDIE heard the roar of the fight crowd upstairs; he knew that the semifinal had ended in a knockout. "George," he said, "we got to go up now, George." He peered over George's shoulder at Alice; she would not look at him. "Alice," he said, "wait till after the fight, and we'll all go together. That's a promise, Alice."

"Yes," George said. "After the fight, Alice."

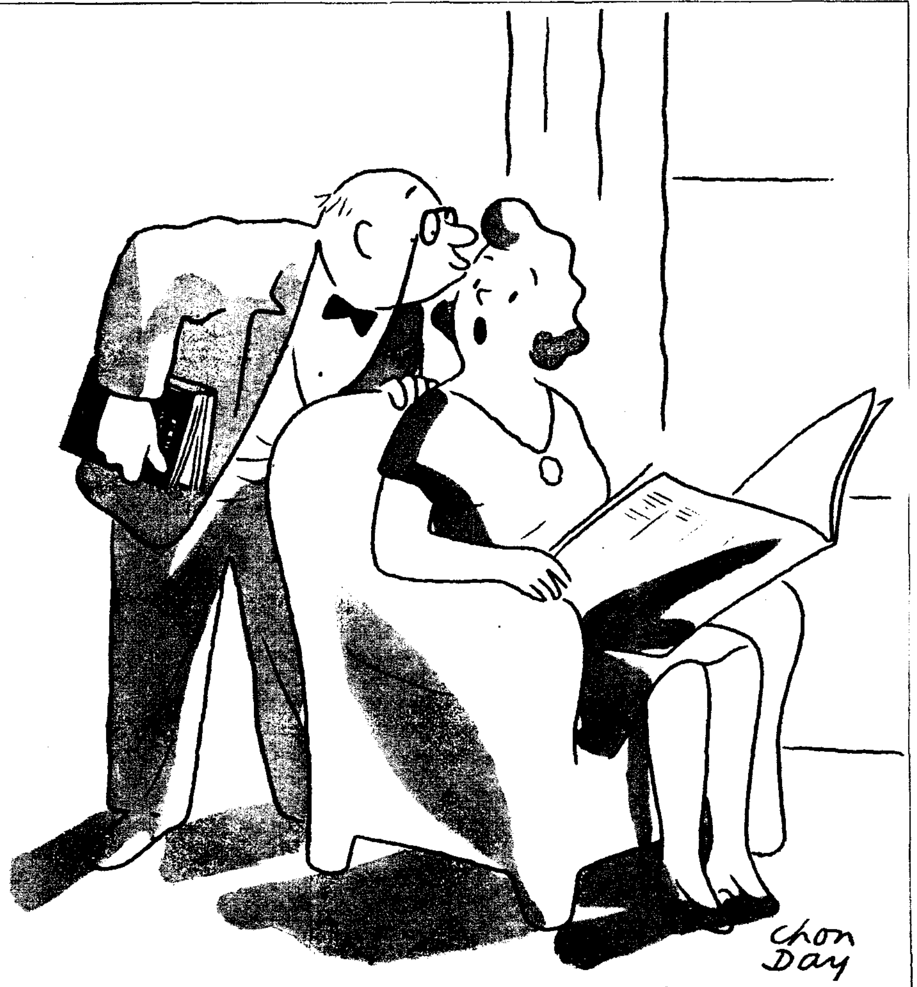
The green ticket shook in Alice's hands. "No," she said, standing now like a stubborn child, looking at the floor. "Not after *nothing.*"

George's face was mottled, and anguish was growing in his eyes. His mouth was open, and he patted his stomach frantically. "Alice," he said, his voice breaking, "please, please, Alice, I can't leave Eddie go out and get knocked—I can't leave Eddie go out there *alone.*"

Alice sobbed and suddenly turned away. She ripped the ticket twice across and threw it to the floor. George put out his hands too late. Alice slipped past him, out of the room, out of the sickly yellow light into the dark of the alley, walking rapidly, her arms swinging, toward the street.

George inhaled sharply as he watched her go. His cheeks puffed, and he let out a giant belch. "George," Eddie said, "you want to go with Alice, why, go ahead."

George didn't seem to hear. His eyes were



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dazed; he groped for Eddie's arm. "Come on, kid," he said.

They walked together toward the arena. Far down the canyon of high bleachers, Eddie saw the ring and the faces around it. Joe Tulip sat straight on his stool, serious but

hands and stood straight, refusing to duck, when Joe Tulip feinted again with the left.

"Well," Eddie said, "why don't you let it go?"

Joe Tulip jabbed Eddie's nose and socked him hard in the chin with a freely swung

Swamp Angels

Continued from page 23

that while beach patrols have been reduced along all the rest of our coast line, they have not been cut at all at Grand Chenier.

The outfit's biggest rescue job came along before they were officially in the Coast Guard. A twin-engined bomber, returning from target practice in the Gulf, crash-landed in the swamp. Without much trouble, the five men aboard were brought out. But presently an Army Air Forces salvage crew of twenty-seven men, led by a major,

But when his comrades disappeared, the man left on the beach became frightened and raced after the man walking east. Meanwhile, the man walking west had plunged into the swamp, just missing the Coast Guard horse patrol. Later he staggered out, fell exhausted on the beach and was found semiconscious by the returning patrol. From him they learned that two others had survived.

Cajun Coast Guard men, hunting in the night, finally found the tracks where the two

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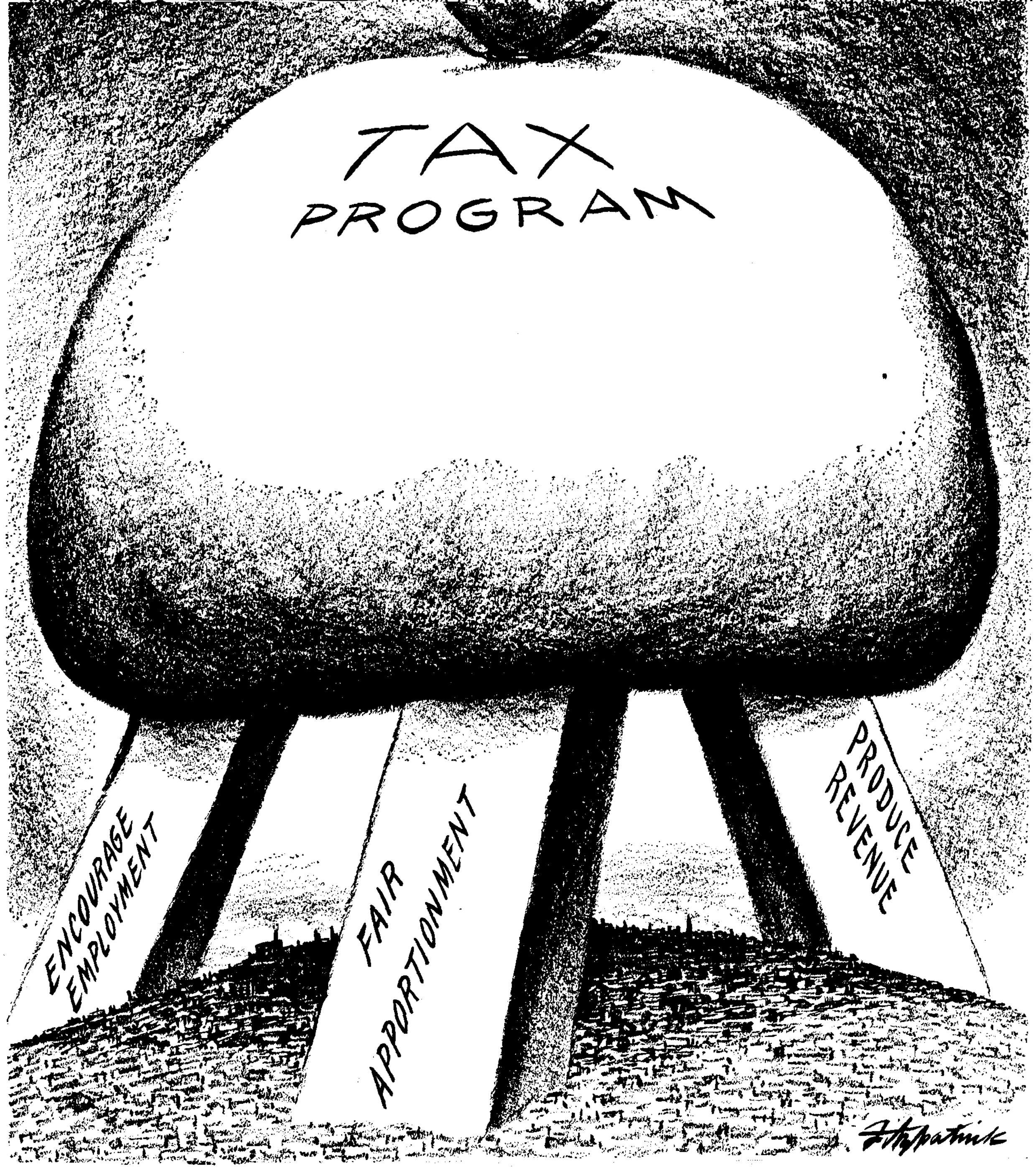

Prosperity Taxation

THE above title sounds contradictory. We know of nobody who feels prosperous just after paying some tax. Taxes look to most people like unavoidable brakes on prosperity. And they can act that way, and worse—as, for one classic example, pre-Revolutionary France's glass tax, which kept a lot of people from having glass windows in their houses and thereby stepped up tuberculosis among Frenchmen.

However, many present-day thinkers insist that taxes can be used so as to stimulate prosperity. If that's true, we'd all better get these people's basic ideas worked into our thinking about taxation, because we're 99 per cent sure to be paying high taxes for many years after

income taxes by an average of one third from their present exalted levels; and it would tax corporations at the same rates as individuals. Excise and sales taxes would be out, except on liquor, tobacco, and perhaps gasoline. The excess profits tax would stop with the war, as being a sure-fire peacetime eater-up of business' financial seed corn. "Assistant President" Jimmy Byrnes made the same recommendation in his recent report on reconversion—of which more in this space anon.

There would be an end to the present scheme of taxing dividends going and coming, a practice which further disgusts and discourages possible investors of risk capital in new enterprises

COMMON SENSE IN CALIFORNIA

A CALIFORNIA outfit called the Japanese Exclusion Association tried recently to round up the necessary 180,000-odd signatures to a petition for an initiative measure to make it virtually impossible for persons of Japanese descent to earn their livings in California. The petition failed by about 100,000 signatures—and California and common sense won, if you ask us, by the same score.

We don't hold with bleeding hearts and those advocates of a soft peace with Japan. But the facts in the Japanese-American case since Pearl Harbor simply go to show that measures like the one rejected in California are not necessary to our national safety.

In Hawaii itself, with a population some 40 per cent Japanese, Jap sabotage since Pearl Harbor has been practically nil—partly, of course, because of Army-Navy vigilance, but also partly because the great majority of Hawaiian Japanese are loyal to the United States. On the Italian front, a considerable number of Japanese-American troops have rolled up an admirable record. And we seem to have rounded up all, or almost all, disloyal Japs in the continental United States and interned them where they can't do us any harm.

Altogether, it looks as if the ancient American policy of giving minorities—any and all of them—a fair shake pays dividends, in peace and in war. Why, then, chip holes in that ancient American policy?

TO POSTWAR MOTORISTS

NOW is the time, judging from current Axis misfortunes, for U.S. motorists and expectant motorists to do some thinking about safe driving and safe highway conditions when gasoline and tire stringencies relax.

Do we go back to our old custom of slaughtering one another with cars, or have we learned something from wartime curtailment of car use and highway speeds?

The National Safety Council, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois, hopes we've learned something and will carry that knowledge over into peacetime. It is now agitating for more and better postwar safety educa-

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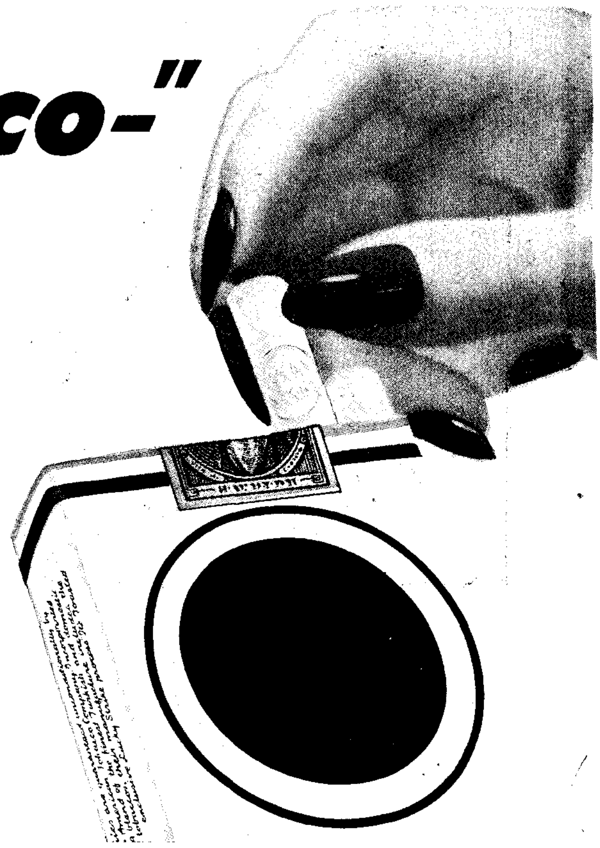

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